

THE
LITERARY MAGNET

OF THE

Belles Lettres, Science, and the Fine Arts:

CONSISTING OF

- I. ORIGINAL SATIRICAL ESSAYS OF PERMANENT INTEREST;
II. SKETCHES OF SOCIETY, HUMOROUS AND IMAGINATIVE;
III. ORIGINAL POETRY;—IV. MISCELLANEOUS MATTER:

FORMING A BODY OF

Original and Elegant Literature.

What though no marble breathes,—no canvas glows,—
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be our's to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will:
And cheaply circulates through distant climes
The fairest relic of the purest times.

ROGERS.

WITH
NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND COPPER.

EDITED BY TOBIAS MERTON, GENT.

Assisted by various Wits of the Day.

VOL. III,

LONDON:

GEORGE WIGHTMAN,

46, FLEET-STREET: SOLD ALSO BY

BURDEKIN, YORK; ROBERTSON AND CO. ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE, EDIN-
BURGH; M'PHUN, GLASGOW; EWBANK, BRUSSELS;
AND WESTLEY AND TYRRELL, DUBLIN.

1825.

THE
LITTELL'S MAGNET

OF THE
LITTELL'S MAGNET
A MONTHLY MAGNET OF LITTELL'S MAGNET
IN THE LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET
LITTELL'S MAGNET, LITTELL'S MAGNET

LITTELL'S MAGNET

THE LITERARY MAGNET.

SOMETHING NEW.

I think the world's asleep now.—LEAR.

WE shall certainly die of the spleen. We have read Doctor Buchan's Essay on Hypochondriacism, and find our case is hopeless. We are in the last stage of the blue-devils. We are not however, we have every reason to believe, positively *dead*; neither are we in the hopeless condition of some of our cotemporaries—*asleep*. Still we are in want of something to arouse our dormant energies; we need some impulse to call into action our slumbering faculties; we are in want of something to give health and vigour to our diseased sensibilities; in two words, we are in want of *something new*.

It has been said, that if the mind is allowed to lie fallow, even for a single day, it is sure to sprout into follies. We believe our author is Addison, but that is of little consequence, we have only to do with the fact. Now, for want of exercise, for want of some powerful excitation, our own mental powers are precisely in this desolate situation. Our energies are withered, and the spring-time of our imagination is gone. Alas! that a mind which was once (we blush as we confess it) full of the choicest blossoms, should become as dreary and full of weeds as a wilderness. To descend to plain unsophisticated terms, alas! that we should be so—incorrigibly dull.

This arises, as we said before, for want of something new. There are, it must be owned, new poems, and new novels, in abundance; there are also a sufficient number of *New Magazines*; but these are of little interest. Then there is Medwin's book, which tells us a great many things that are—*new*; and there are the good people of the London Magazine, who tell us that their "*poetry shall be—poetry*;" that also is new. This declaration of theirs, reminds us of the gentleman, who hearing his coal-merchant say, during the high price of fuel, "*coals are coals now*;" replied, "*that he was glad to hear it, for the last he received were nearly all slates.*" Then we have plenty of new schemes, new companies, and new adventurers; and the New London Bridge, the new tunnel, the new railway, and the new courts at Westminster; the new Lord Mayor, and the new Hammersmith ghost. But all these are far from sufficient to satisfy the cravings of our voracious appetite for novelty. We want something more important and spirit-stirring. We want things, as Jeremy Cockloft says they are in America, "*on a large scale.*" There are now no battles of the Nile, no glorious victories, no long "*lists of killed and wounded,*" to delight us. There are now no illuminations, save the solitary G. R.s, which decorate some chandler's shop on a royal birth-day; and no bonfires, save the funeral pile of Guy Faux on the fifth of November.

ABROAD, every thing betokens peace ; the grand Seignior is becoming more of a Christian ; and good old Mrs. Ferdinand, less of a Turk. At home, we are all as gentle and innocent as lambs : these are no longer days of treason and conspiracy—even Mr. Ketch is in the Red Book. Oh ! that these horribly dull times were at an end. We would, for a little while, be satisfied with a suicide or two—a new murder would be quite refreshing.

“ There’s nothing new under the Sun,” was never more true than at the present moment—we mean as far as our own wants are concerned. It is an axiom in the science of human misery, that the more enlarged a man’s mind becomes, and the more it extends the sphere of its operations, the greater are the objects on which it fixes its attention. Just so is it with the man who leaves the humble scenes of some quiet village, for the bustle of a great city ; he looks back upon his native hamlet with feelings of contempt—he is accustomed to view things “ on a grand scale.” So is it with him who rises in society ; he cannot behold his former acquaintances without the aid of a magnifying glass—his organs of vision have become adapted to *persons* “ on a grand scale.” So is it with ourselves : objects which once engaged our attention, are now passed unnoticed ; circumstances which were once deemed worthy of our reflection, have now no ingress to our mind ; the world has grown diminutive in the same ratio in which our own views have become enlarged. We are honest enough to confess, it may be on this principle that we declare ourselves to be in want of something new. There was a time, perhaps, when we might have found, in the simplicity of passing events, enough to occupy our attention ; but we cannot, from our present elevation, look down upon such pigmy incidents.

There is a complete stagnation of circumstances. The vitality of the world is gone ; and if it exhibits signs of reanimation, ’tis but to turn round once a day to look at the Sun, and then, like a confirmed sluggard, it quietly wraps itself again “ in the blanket of the dark.” Oh ! ’tis a world that feels, at its inmost veins, the withering influence of time : but

Time’s a god !

Hast thou not heard of Time’s omnipotence ?

The mighty men, whose deeds shook the creation to its centre, have “ mingled with forgotten dust.” Those master-spirits of the age, whose very nod swayed wondering millions, have passed from before us, like the phantoms of a dream. They are all either bodily or spiritually dead. We have now no hundreds of thousands of men marching against other hundreds of thousands of men—Buonaparte is in the grave. We have now no radicals, nor riotings—Mister Hunt is a blacking-merchant. We have now no wars, nor “ rumours of wars”—The Burmese are all killed, and the Ashantees have all run away. We are no longer in fear of having our throats cut in our beds—every body is most provokingly loyal. The Chronicle is coquetting with the Courier—and Blackwood is exchanging civilities with the London ; whilst the Old Times has nothing to talk about, and half a dozen other papers continue to talk about nothing. Cobbett’s gridiron is removed from the fire ; and Alderman Atkins has taken the river Thames out of the Atlas Insurance office. The silly *tattle* of the Whig orators is at an end, and so is the “ *tottle*” of their redoubtable champion.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

We are very confident that the elements of dissatisfaction are mingled profusely in our composition; we are abundantly gifted with the outward and visible signs of a sour disposition: our very visage is typical of our fretful temperament; instead of the natural genial current in a human body, our cold veins flow with vinegar; we are a personified growl. Such then is the temper of our mind, that we are ever dissatisfied with the things that be, and are continually craving after *something new*. Still, when we look around us, and mark the various passions and affections of our fellow-men, we are disposed to be content with our own peculiarities. "Every man has his hobby." The antiquary delights in poring over an old manuscript, or a rusty coin; the poet sets his affections on skies and groves, and streams and flowers; the lover admires his mistress; *some* men love their wives; we are fond of—something new. Our Publisher, it is true, tells us that we have plenty of *new* subscribers—there is something in *THAT* however; and the Almanacks tell us this is the *NEW YEAR*—there is something in this too. A new year! well, we suppose our readers consider that we are bound to say something on the occasion.

We detest long speeches; we detest, as we think we have before shewn, *old* subjects of every kind; and, above all things, we detest cant. We shall therefore abstain from moralizing our readers into a fit of the spleen, and forego the host of second-hand reflections with which we might announce the commencement of a New Year. Crabbed as we are, we will not say that the delightful feelings are gone with which we once hailed the present day.

"Gone! they *ne'er* go; when past they haunt us still." We behold, in imagination, the gladsome faces of our early friends, as they exchanged the customary salutation of this happy morning. We recall to our memory the smiles that once met us at such a season, and still meet thousands. We hear anew the merry peals that ushered forth our early years; and we behold the honest rustics of our native village, tripping, with joyful heart, in the gay morisco. But we are now wanderers from our home; and it is merely the echoes of those sounds which vibrate upon our ear, and the light of those smiles which—— Out upon such trash! Give us a good "mouth-filling oath," and we will swear vengeance against every melancholy rascal in Christendom. What! shall we become pathetic in our old years?—shall we, "that *ne'er* did weep, now melt in woe."—Pshaw! bring us a cup of sack. Reader—thy health—and whilst thou hast at thy command a volume of the Magnet, may'st thou never, like us, commit the heresy of saying thou art in want of—Something New.

J. H. H.

TO-MORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved, To-morrow?

Whom young and old, and strong and weak,

Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,

Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—

In thy place—ah! well-a-day!

We find the thing we fled—To-day.

ON M'ADAMIZING.

By the Author of the "HERMIT IN LONDON," the "HERMIT ABROAD,"
the "HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY," &c. &c.

Et jussas lapides sua post vestigia mittunt.—OVID.

WHENEVER I consider the works of this justly celebrated son of Adam,* which have so contributed to *mend our ways*, my scholastic reminiscences present themselves to my imagination; and I indulge amid the flowers of fable which Ovid so profusely and tastefully spread over his path through life; which, however, was not free from dire vicissitudes, the ordinary portion of genius—may this not be the lot of our modern Colossus of *Roads*! Amongst the many vagaries of my favourite author, after giving his readers an account of chaos, and the organization of the world, the elements, the zones, the adorning of the firmament with stars, the four ages of gold, silver, brass (which *soit dit en passant*, seems to have returned again), and of iron; after the fictitious account of Jupiter's convocation of the gods, and an exquisite description of the *via lactea*,† or milky way (in plain English), he proceeds to the fabulous history of the giants, to the transgressions of mankind, then announces the deluge, and lastly, the "*Homines e lapidibus procreati*;" whereby we are informed that the *post-deluvian* generation was extracted from the hard inflexible substance, whether of silex, lime-stone, or common pebble, imports not; be that as it may, this is giving great honour and antiquity to geology; and we may, therefrom, yet cherish hopes of *moving the heart of a stone*. I will not follow the poet through his whimsical *conceitti* of the males and females being brought into life, the former by the hand of Deucalion, and the latter by that of Pyrrha; nor account for the obduracy of times from this origin, proving our worldlies of to-day to be so on that account—"Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque laborum," &c.; but merely confine myself to the subject, as far as it will serve to bestow the just meed of praise to our modern Deucalion, whose new creation has made "the rough places smooth," and has procured so many facilities and advantages to the town and country at large. Our ways are altered! and it was time they should be so; how were our ancestors bumped and jolted, agitated and contused, knocked about and stunned, by the rattling of carriages! how many more *asperities* did life present, and still does present, in those parts of the town where the gentle M'Adam is unknown! In the formal days of powder and pomatum, the *beau* and *belle* were often in *nubibus* from the concussion of their equipages against the rough pavement; whilst the delicate frames of sensitive females, of the aged and infirm, of convalescents and of effeminate coxcombs, were agonized on their road to an opera, a concert, or a ball; even now, the curling fluid scarcely preserves the glossy serpentine twistings and trimmings of natural or artificial tresses, unless her ladyship is driven over M'Adam's granite carpet; whilst the dandy rival of Shock, the *curly dog*,‡ appears with locks as

* M'Adam, and Adam's Son, are synonymous terms.

† Nothing can be more sweetly expressed than the following lines:

Est via sublimis cœlo manifesta sereno,
Lactea nomen habet, candore nobilis ipso:
Hac iter est superis ad magni tecta Tonantis,
Regalemque domum.

‡ There are curly dogs of divers descriptions—"A word to the wise."

lank as the tallow-chandler's sign, after a drive on the old pavement. What gratitude is due to Mr. M'Adam from these parties! The author and studious man, the composer of music, or of verses, even the writer of the tender perfumed *billet doux*, owe great obligations to our road-making genius; how easily the thundering of numerous vehicles will drive a deep reflection, a bright thought, a happy guess, and an impassioned idea, from the brain—how is the rounded period lost; on such an occasion, how the sweet shake is marred, the *cadenza* lost, the *sostenuto* drowned and murdered, by a jolt upon a rugged stone, which vibrates on the distracted ear! In cheerful conversation, half the good things of a punster, or of a table-wit, may be thrown away, or, the thread being cut by the clattering of wheels, be entirely disfigured, or made nonsense of; whilst the whisper of Philander may be quite *inaudible* in a populous street. Many accidents too were set down at the apothecary's and lucinian practitioner's door, which may be diminished, or made more easy, by Professor M'Adam. Nor are the inanimate beings less indebted to this gentleman, than the animated ones; the poor quadrupeds, who tramp the street for man's use and pleasure, will be on a less painful footing on the new pavement, than on the rounded or sharp surfaces, and the harsh inequalities, of the common paving stones; whilst that noble animal, the horse, will feel his poor shoulders and joints infinitely eased by the improved system of road-making. Lastly, economy is promoted by the diminished wear and tear of carriages;—so that the man of money, and the man of mind, the noble and the trader, the sick and the vigorous, the lover and the lazy, livery-stable keeper and horse-dealer, coachman and modest cabriolet driver, man and beast, horse and foot, are all benefited by him who has meliorated their lot in the path of life; and I would vote for a granite column to honour him whilst living, and to bear testimony of his merit, when nothing but the remembrance of him may remain. Having said thus much in commendation of talent and industry, a well-meant remark, and disinterested piece of advice, can neither be out of place, nor offensive to the public, nor person concerned;—The M'Adamizing system has the advantages of appearance, use, and the favouring of the *carrier* and the *carried*, of rational beings, and of cattle; and if generally followed up, will give uniformity and grace to the streets; but care and attention ought immediately to be applied to the execution of the design; every thing ought to be weighed which can perfect its carrying into effect; in the operation of which, the weather is not the least object to be consulted; the M'Adamizing of the streets ought every where to be completed before the approach of the rainy season; at, and after that period, on the consistency, tenacity, firmness, and durability of the materials, depend its utility; if the work be done in inclement weather, it will fail, it will blow up, or, to speak more correctly, it will disunite, and come to nothing; or it will have to be recommenced, and the workmen of the old plan will raise a hue and cry against it, which will be borne out by its failure to a certain degree; if this be avoided, no doubt can exist that it will extend not only over the surface of British ground, but be received on the continent, and lay the corner-stone to Fame, and to a great fortune, which is the sincere wish of

A BROTHER MASON.

cordiality on the beholders by a shake of the hand), where have you been all day?—No where beyond my stable, fair lady.—I suppose, Basil, you give your “at homes” there.—Bramble: Yes, ma’am, I’m like *other folks* going to *rack*.—*A-propos*, is not Lady J. in the straw?—(Answer:) In the straw! in the *straw-yard* perhaps you mean; I am told that her husband and herself are completely ruined, and that they have run away, in debt to every body.—Bramble: Well, ma’am, there’s no great harm in that, but I believe that the *report* is false.—Sir Thomas: A false report! I don’t know what you call a false report, but I’ll swear she’s gone off (a laugh); indeed, upon my honour.—Friend, in a whisper: That’s an *innocent* oath; indeed, no oath at all.—Lady Sharp: I do hate that Lady J. she is so vain, and talkative, she is Jay by name and Jay by nature (a *well-bred* smile): I am glad that she is *off like a shot*. (At this moment Lady J. is announced:) My dear Lady J. I am delighted to see you, what a surprise; I thought you had left town! I must embrace you *à la Francaise*, (kisses each cheek and winks at her friend, the other two look astonished:) how is your lord and master?—Lady J.: I really don’t know, he has been with the Derby hounds all the week.—Sir Thomas to the friend in a low tone: Quite *at home* upon my honour; meaning amongst the hounds.—The good lady of the house: And how does the Peer do?—Answer: My *love*, he *does* every body that he can, he is a regular *leg*, he wanted to shake hands with me yesterday, but I told him that he *shook his elbow* too much for me; you know he can’t call me out.—True, *dear*, and how’s the Parson?—Lady J.: Poor dear man! I wish he was in town, I have not had a sound sleep since last I heard him preach (loud applause): poor old thing, the duke of B—— has turned his head since he made a magistrate of him, he’s a regular *noddy*: *noddy* in the pulpit and *noddy* on the bench (continued applause). The hour of five brought three young nieces of the lady receiving company, and drove away the baronet to hunt for a dinner, the *militaire* to make a score of visits with a certainty of not being let in, whilst Lady J. had to retire to her dressing-room, and only having two hours and a half to dress in; the friend stopped half an hour to enjoy what had passed, and then *retailed* the original articles at a sick countess’s, who lived upon the calumnious “*On dits*” of the day; the young nieces just came time enough to get a slice of scandal such as was well calculated

“To teach the young idea how to shoot!”

A pretty class this for innocence and truth! but we will take leave of the scene, hoping that it may be of some use to the many actors and actresses in similar pieces, and that it will deter the novice, tatler, spy, and collector of reports, from attempting to make a proficiency in the *black art*; the eye and lip of woman should always smile, her voice ought to be soft music to the ear of care, her breath gentler than that of Zephyr, which fears to agitate the rose’s leaf; surely such eye, such lip, such voice, and such breath, never were formed for frowns and fallacy, for detraction and the tongue of ill report, for wounding another’s feelings, and for stealing away the reputation of the fairest work of nature.—The gossips of the town will, doubtless, frown like a lowering tempest on these pages, but if beauty deign but to approve them, the writer will say in the language of Lord Byron:—

“Oh! Woman! Woman! thou art formed to bless

The heart of restless Man, to chase his care,

And charm existence by thy loveliness;

Bright as the sun-beam, as the morning fair,

If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
 Flowers spring, and shed their roseate blossoms there,
 Shrouding the thorns that in thy pathway rise,
 And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise !

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
 Soothing and soft, and gentle as a stream
 That strays 'mid summer flowers; thy glittering tear
 Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
 Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
 It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest dream,
 Shedding a hallowed lustre o'er our fate,
 And when it beams we are not desolate !

No! no! when Woman smiles we feel a charm
 Thrown bright around us, binding us to earth;
 Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm
 Of pure affection, give to transport birth;
 Then life's wide sea is billowless and calm;
 Oh! lovely Woman! thy consummate worth
 Is far above thy frailty—far above
 All earthly praise---THOU ART THE LIGHT OF LOVE!"

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

By the Author of the "HERMIT IN LONDON," the "HERMIT ABROAD,"
 the "HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY," &c. &c.

I CANNOT sing—I cannot sing,
 My heart is far away,
 Where the wild bird flits on restless wing
 Through the merry summer's day.

For once I sung where the green leaf grows
 On the mighty forest tree,
 And the harebell blue, and the red-briar rose,
 Were gentle company.

And I have shaken the silver dew
 From the fairies' golden cup,
 And wakened the plover and shrill curlew,
 As the monarch sun rose up.

I droop—I droop---I cannot float,
 As a winged voice of air,
 Through the waveless blue like a sunny moat,
 Right merrily---merrily there.

Again the forest walk is green,
 The young leaf bathes in light,
 The primrose springs from its mossy screen,
 As pale as the orb of night.

The cowslip is up, and the daisy too,
 To hail the march of Spring,
 And the violet comes with its eye of blue,
 But thither I cannot wing.

I droop---I droop---I cannot sing,
 My heart is far away,
 Where the wild bird flits on restless wing
 Through the merry summer's day.

THE SHIP-LAUNCH.

There science lays

The solid keel, and on it rears a frame
Enduring-fair-magnificent. The woods
Of Europe, Asia, Africa, devote
Their noblest foliage to form the vast,
The thunder-bearing structure; till, at last,
By thousand hands prepared, the finished ship
Is ready for the impressive LAUNCH. The day
Arrives: the Atlantic tide is swelling high
To place her on its bosom. O'er her decks
The streamers wave all-gallantly; around
Enlivening music floats; while myriads crowd
Where the bold vessel on her rapid plane
Sits proudly. Hark! the intrepid artisans
Remove her last supports—a breathless pause
Holds the vast multitude—a moment, she
Remains upon her slope—then starts—and now,
Rushing sublimely to the plashing deep,
Amid the shouts of thousands she descends,
Then rises, buoyantly, a graceful pile,
To float, supinely, on the blue *Hamoaze*,
Till England the wing'd miracle shall send
To bear her dreaded thunder round the globe.

Banks of Tamar.

I HAVE ever loved a ship-launch, and those which I beheld in my youthful days, are among the most pleasing of my recollections. Divested, as the spectacle now is, of much of its “pomp and pride, and glorious circumstances,” I still love it. I remember well the “Royal Sovereign,” with her magnificent head, representing our late revered monarch; and her still more magnificent stern—a noble vessel—one mass of seasoned British heart of oak from keel to gunwale, from stem to stern. She was a considerable time on the stocks; was an excellent specimen of ship-building; a good sea-boat; and floated upon the wave, while the dry-rot fretted away whole navies “by far her juniors.” Then there was the “Glory,” almost as fine a bark as the Sovereign; and the “Cæsar,” with her splendid head of the renowned Julius grasping his trusty brand, and advancing his shield on his nervous left arm; his eye darting lightning on his foe; there was confidence and victory in his very attitude.

In those days the ships were not *covered*, or, as it is termed, “*housed* ;” the eye rested at once on the noble object on the slip. At that period too, the vessels about to be launched were fancifully painted with alternations of black and yellow; the heads frequently of different and appropriate colours. The vessels then did not appear, as they do now, one blaze of *economical yellow* fore and aft, with a *billet head* and a *round stern*. They had full-length figure heads—and such sterns! who can forget their beauty and their grandeur? The latter, indeed, were principal objects of attraction to admiring thousands. The carved work was striking, and the eye reposed with delight on the mythological personages of the quarter-gallery, and the full stern; but, alas! those decorations are no more.

In the old days, too, a ship-launch was a thing to be talked of for a considerable length of time before it occurred. The new ship was the eternal theme; and no inconsiderable part of the pleasures of many was to visit, generally in the breakfast hour, the superb vessel, as, from week to week the preparations for the launch assumed additional importance.

Every morning she was surrounded by anxious thousands; many of whom, allured by the trumpeting of fame, came from the adjacent country. It was pleasing to observe the progress of the shipwrights, the painters, &c. and to notice the gradual disappearance of the scaffolding, till, by degrees, the form of the vessel rose upon the view in all its beauty and magnificence and strength. The eve of the launch was a kind of carnival; parties were made up for the next day; cousins from the country were hourly arriving; and the most delightful bustle and anticipation prevailed. In a hundred festive nooks also, the *bon-vivans* of that day discussed the capabilities, the length, the breadth, the depth, the tonnage, the number of guns, &c. of the new floating wonder. There were also old stories of old vessels with lion heads, and lion-hearted crews to man them. And a pretty abundant sprinkling of anecdotes, connected with *Rodney* and *Howe*, and *De Grasse* and *Langara*, and *Hardy* and *Parker*, and *Paul Jones* and other heroes, who had figured in that period of history, which then was generally known by the name of the American war. The day, the hour, having arrived, the dock-yard gates were opened to a multitude of as happy beings as were ever arrayed in holiday apparel, or wore holiday countenances. The stream of population poured through the bustling streets; and flowing on in deep and joyful murmuring, united, at last, in one vast and closely-compacted *whole* around the slip. To the eye of a spectator who could command a prospect of the passing scene, it was certainly striking and impressive. *There* sat the vessel, the sublime result of so many combinations; of so many astonishing efforts; beautiful in all her proportions; painted, gilded, ornamented; towering above the multitude with her union, and ensign, and standard, the unconquered and unconquerable flags of Old England, floating in the breeze of evening. Around her was an almost countless assemblage of anxious spectators: on each side arose booths, ascending step over step, from which a thousand eyes beamed joyfully. Nor was the scene afloat less interesting—yachts, pleasure-boats, and barks of all classes, were to be seen pursuing different tacks, or arranged in lines, for the purpose of witnessing the approaching launch. The *tout ensemble* was beyond description.

My remembrance of these things is still fresh and green, and pleasing to dwell upon. As the tide flowed silently to its height, the artisans were heard removing some of the supports of the vessel; the bands of music, too, stationed around, played national and popular tunes: wines and cakes were presented to the belles and beaux in the booths. Soon a more intense, and almost breathless, interest began to be excited in the surrounding multitudes, the workmen were again heard, the tide was nearly at high-mark, the blocks were *splitting out*, the dog-shoars were removed, the screw was applied, the cry of "*She creeps*" was heard.—In a moment, ten thousand hats were in the air; and rapidly, impressively, majestically, the noble vessel rushed into the water.

Those proud days are no more. The beauty and grandeur of the spectacle are over; the ships are housed; and when they glide from their covering with their heathenish sterns, they look like Dutchmen of the days of Van Tromp and Du Ruyter. The very watermen and porters grin horribly at them. Admiral Ekins, I am told, has done them justice in his "*Naval Battles*." The round sterns, which have so disfigured our vessels are to be defended, it seems, on the principle of enabling our ships to *run away* with more facility. How unlike is this to the true English feel-

ing displayed in the anecdote of "Turenne and the captive English drummer." The latter, it will be remembered, was suspected of being a spy; and to ascertain that he was really a drummer, he was ordered to beat a march; he did so: and was then ordered to beat a retreat;—"I cannot," said the prisoner, "*It is never beat in the English army.*"

AN OLD COMMODORE.

THE SISTER'S ADIEU.

THE moment is near, when the sail will be spread
That shall bear thee to lands where war meets the stranger;
And the moment is near, when joy will have fled
From her who would proudly partake of thy danger.

Then remember, dear boy, where'er thou may'st roam,
The heart that will turn to thy pathway of honour;
Remember, young soldier, the maid of thy home—
Let, ev'n in the battle, thy thoughts be upon her.

Take the sword of thy sire, and true be the steel,
As true as it was to thy father who won it.
O! does it not glisten as though it could feel
The fierce eagle-like glance that once beamed upon it?

Go, go to the battle—be first in the fight;
Be true to the land which has joy'd to select thee
To lead on its hosts in the pride of their might—
Go, go to the battle—and Heaven protect thee.

J. H. H.

LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silk-worms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold,
Sooner than me, thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee?

CONFESSIONS OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

PART II.—MANHOOD.

THERE are three distinct epochs in Love. The first is the age of boyhood, when the heart, the seat rather of fancy than of feeling, clothes each object of its choice in its own ideal attributes. The sentiment at this uncertain period drifts, as it were, unpiloted along the stream of passion; and though inheriting in its essence far more of heaven than of earth, is, at the same time, headstrong, sudden, and capricious. The second is contained within the years of twenty and thirty, an epoch, during which the earthly instinct prevails over the imaginative, and the current of feeling, though deeper than in early youth, flows on in a more sober unwrinkled channel. The third is the era of calculation, when love, divested of all its former splendours, becomes adulterated with the dross of the world and assumes an exclusive character of selfishness. Then fades, what has been aptly termed, the poetry of life: romance, like the fabled Astræa, flies the heart no more devoted to her spells; and all that remains behind is cold, comfortless, and barren.

I have already past the first epoch, am no longer inflamed by each beauty that flits across my road, but when once truly attached am likely to be so with enthusiasm. My late misfortune may have contributed perhaps to hurry on this premature change of character, for I was travelling, be it remembered, with the blood of a human being on my head. In this state I arrived at Paris. It was at that particular season of the year when the metropolis of France presents the varied appearance of a carnival. To me, however, its novelties offered no attraction: I was, or fancied myself, a murderer, nor had I power to shake off the blight that overhung my mind, until, after a lapse of two dreary months, the welcome intelligence of my opponent's recovery relieved me from all farther suspense. About this time, too, as if to consummate my happiness, I received some letters from my father, in one of which, after expressing his anger at my misconduct, he gave me permission to travel, supplied me with necessary funds, and accompanied the whole with letters of introduction to a family of distinction at Rome.

Behold me, then, gentle reader, bending my way in triumph towards the "Eternal City." Imagine my delight when, having already passed the Appian way, and seen from afar the snowy summits of Soracte, I stood for the first time amid the ruins of the Coliseum. My feelings,—but enough, for the present; let it suffice to say, that they did credit to the most orthodox enthusiasm. To call them, if possible, more fully into action, I was accompanied throughout my rambles by the Count D'Urbino, an Italian nobleman, to whom letters from my father had previously made me known. His house was the resort of gaiety, and to my mind, ardent as it then was, possessed ineffable fascination. Every joy, in short, served but to increase its attractions, until, at last, the Count's conversazione was the sole spell that detained me at Rome.

One evening in particular, (can I ever forget it?) while I was carelessly turning over his superb collection of paintings, a lady of youthful and prepossessing appearance entered the room. Though the assembly was thronged at the time, yet a novel something in her deportment arrested my immediate attention. It was neither pride, nor reserve, nor timidity, but a certain pensiveness of manner, bordering, as I thought, on melan-

choly. In appearance she was slightly undersized, but formed in the finest mould of symmetry; her hair was raven black, falling in luxuriant curls upon her neck; her complexion pale, but beautifully clear; her forehead of a dazzling whiteness; her eye full and dark, and expressive of the most feminine softness. Add to this a graceful carriage, characterized by what is called the Grecian bend, and the reader will have some slight idea of the loveliest female form that ever illuminated the earth, like sunshine, with her presence. As the evening advanced and the room wherein she chanced to be sitting became deserted, I had frequent opportunities of addressing her. My time indeed was thus wholly monopolized, for, overcome by the flattering softness of her manner, I felt confused, and looked, I know not with what absurd enthusiasm. True, she was but the acquaintance of the moment—what then? Have my readers never felt that there are some associates (more especially among the softer sex) with whom they are strangely intimate in an hour? This, at least, was my case: from the first instant of my interview with the stranger, I felt spell-bound in her charms, and acknowledged, from my inmost soul, an interest in her fate that even towards woman I can never more experience.

The following day chanced to be fixed for an excursion to the Palatine. The Count and his wife, accompanied by my fair unknown (whose name, by the way, I soon ascertained to be Marie), had agreed to form a party, so together we all set out, in the splendour of an Italian sun-set. During the ride I felt little desire to converse, for the only one with whom my imagination was absorbed appeared unusually depressed. The spirit of the spot seemed to have passed with all its sadness into her heart. She looked towards the Circus Maximus, where time, like death, has throned himself on sepulchres, with something of a kindred desolation. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, encompassed by admirers, and beloved by friends—what could render her thus wretched? Was it the blighting influence, breathed, like a mildew, from the ruins that surrounded her? Perhaps so: for indeed, there is a moral solemnity about them that impresses itself, with resistless force, on the mind. They stand the image of majestic desolation, and we behold them with the same affecting reverence as we would behold a noble mind in decay. Some such reflections must have crossed the mind of Marie, for when I turned to address her she was in tears. We were at this instant standing alone, on the very verge of the Palatine. The moon was stealing up the sky and pouring down a faint flickering radiance on the adjacent ruins of the Circus Maximus. The few clouds that had hitherto dusked her light were slowly sailing before the rising night-wind, while the stars, as one by one they started into sudden splendour, glimmered like lamps hung up in the vaulted palace of the sky. The hour—the scene, were sacred to romance. I felt their fullest influence, and turned with an involuntary sigh towards Marie. Tears, excited by evident distress, were fast coursing down her cheeks; she seemed desirous to speak, but restrained by excessive timidity. At length, after a struggle between her sense of duty, and the urgency of her situation, she informed me that she was the daughter of an illustrious family at Rome, and had been affianced, from the age of sixteen, to the military commandant of that city. A sudden political change, however, such as was common throughout the last century in Italy, had rendered her lover obnoxious to the ruling powers; and he was, in consequence, exiled from the papal territories, on pain of perpetual imprisonment. Marie, meantime, was detained at Rome by the intriguing policy of her mother,

who, with the downfall of her intended son-in-law, soon lost all wish for his alliance. "And thus hopelessly," added the lady, "am I situated. Hippolyte (the name of her betrothed husband) is an outcast, and I am, too, shut out from his society. Generous Englishman," she continued, turning towards me, her fine eyes streaming with tears, "by the common bond of friendship that binds us to each other, I implore you to aid my escape. I could not stand by and see you in distress; do then as much by me, restore me to the society of Hippolyte, and receive, in return, the heartfelt gratitude of us both." She paused, in agony for a reply; but when, with equal enthusiasm, I promised to devote my whole energies to her service, suspense gave way to ecstasy, and she sunk, in a swoon, on my bosom. Enchanting girl! while in the torpid spirit of age I trace these imperfect recollections, thine image springs, in all its splendour, to my sight. The shadowy twilight mist that has so long veiled the present from the past, fades off the landscape of my mind; the wheels of time roll backward, and I am again the same ardent enthusiast as when I roved with thee at night-fall, amid the ruins of the Palatine.

Once formed, our plan, as may be supposed, was speedily executed. It was arranged, in short, between us, that Marie should return home for the present, with the Count, and meet me, on the ensuing night, at the foot of the Aventine hill, where a carriage and horses would be stationed. From thence we should travel secretly, and by circuitous routes, to Lyons, the place of Hippolyte's exile, and then—but here my drooping imagination made a pause, and refused to proceed farther in detail.

How slowly passed the ensuing day! The flaring Sun seemed eternally fixed at its meridian; the evening shadows as though they would never lengthen. Night came at last; a blue Italian night, studded with stars, and silvered towards earth with white transparent mist. But Marie, why was she still absent? Twice I listened, with anxiety, to the sound of approaching footsteps; twice heard the deep toll of St. Peter's clock, made deeper in the stillness of the hour; yet still she came not. My mind began to be alarmed. What! I mentally observed, if she should disappoint me. We are both strangers to each other, and she may well be distrustful. These reflections had hardly escaped me, when a light tread was heard. I turned round to discover the intruder, and there, arrayed in simplest guise, her long hair waving in ringlets down her neck, and her pale face made yet paler by the moon-beam, stood the fair, the fascinating Marie. A gentle pressure of the hand was our sole recognition; the next moment saw us seated in the carriage; the horses dashed off at their utmost speed, and ere two brief hours had elapsed, the "eternal city" was left many long miles behind us.

[Manhood to be continued in our next.]

A SONG.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love

Upon a wintry bough;

The frozen wind kept on above,

The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,

No flower upon the ground,

And little motion in the air

Except the mill-wheel's sound.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

(Subject of the Plate.)

DER FREISCHÜTZ! we are positively surfeited with the name. For the last two or three months, the whole metropolis has been in a complete state of Freischützation: its ravages have extended with the rapidity and virulence of the plague; and, even at this moment, we believe, the disorder is scarcely at its height. 'Tis nothing but Freischütz, morning, noon, and night. At breakfast, our young cousins, Jane and Sophia, who have come to town from Barnstaple, expressly to see Der Freischütz, do nothing but talk of its wonders; we mean nothing but *that* and eat muffins.—These country-girls have excessively vulgar appetites. “Bless me,” says Jane, “did you ever see such a monstrous owl as the one which stood flapping its wings all the time Killian was casting the bullets? and the bats too, why they are five times as big as the bats that fly about our old church-tower: don’t you think they are, cousin Toby?” Then follows a long train of interrogatives, from our other amiable cousin. First, we must tell her the meaning of the word Freischütz, and whether it is pronounced Free-is-cuts, or Free-is-chutz; next, we must say whether we do not think Mr. Pearman an ugly man but a pretty singer, and Mr. Bennet an ugly singer but a pretty man; and then, we must tell her if Weber, the musician, is the same Mr. Webber who taught the young ladies the piano-forte at the Bideford boarding-school.

Thus passes our breakfast; the tea-board is removed, and in steps our niece Juliana on a morning call upon her friends from the country. “Ah Sophy, my dear, good morning to you. Jane, how d’ye do? why, I declare, you both look exceedingly pale; I suppose you were seeing Der Freischütz last night? Oh! my dear girls, I’ve brought you such a beautiful copy of the overture; it’s just come out—Mr. Ling arranged it—You never saw Mr. Ling.—Oh! he’s a charming man! and so clever; you should hear him play the bridal chorus.” During this harangue, not a word of which is less than a semiquaver, we amuse ourselves with glancing over the morning paper, and reading, for the fiftieth time, an account of Der Freischütz; an occupation in which we are disturbed by a pat on the shoulder from our amiable niece, and a continuation of her oration.—“Yes, Uncle Merton, the bridal chorus; the music is delightful; and you are very wrong if you don’t get it engraved, and put into the Literary Magnet.”—“Ay,” says Jane, “and I wonder cousin does not get an engraving of that horrible scene with the great dragon, and the bats, and the death’s heads.”—“And I,” adds Sophy, “should like to read the tale itself, if Cousin Toby would only put it into English; I can’t bear the look of those long, ricketty, German words, they all seem, to me, to have the St. Vitus’s dance—it really makes one’s ears sore to endeavour to pronounce them.”

Thus we are pestered morning after morning; and as we have no hopes of speedily getting rid of Der Freischütz, or our niece, or our cousins, we are determined to be annoyed with no farther entreaties; so here is an abstract of the tale; and the scene and the music will be found in another part of the number.

THE SEVENTH BULLET.



DER FREISCHUTZ.

THE GRAND SCENE OF THE INCANTATION.

London. William Charlton Wright. 65. Pater Noster Row.

DER FREISCHÜTZ.

(Subject of the Plate.)

DER FREISCHÜTZ ! we are positively surfeited with the name. For the last two or three months, the whole metropolis has been in a complete state of Freischützation : its ravages have extended with the rapidity and virulence of the plague ; and, even at this moment, we believe, the disorder is scarcely at its height. 'Tis nothing but Freischütz, morning, noon, and night. At breakfast, our young cousins, Jane and Sophia, who have come to town from Barnstaple, expressly to see Der Freischütz, do nothing but talk of its wonders ; we mean nothing but *that* and eat muffins.—These country-girls have excessively vulgar appetites. “ Bless me,” says Jane, “ did you ever see such a monstrous owl as the one which stood flapping its wings all the time Killian was casting the bullets ? and the bats too, why they are five times as big as the bats that fly about our old church-tower : don't you think they are, cousin Toby ? ” Then follows a long train of interrogatives, from our other amiable cousin. First, we must tell her the meaning of the word Freischütz, and whether it is pronounced Free-is-cuts, or Free-is-chutz ; next, we must say whether we do not think Mr. Pearman an ugly man but a pretty singer, and Mr. Bennet an ugly singer but a pretty man ; and then, we must tell her if Weber, the musician, is the same Mr. Webber who taught the young ladies the piano-forte at the Bideford boarding-school.

Thus passes our breakfast ; the tea-board is removed, and in steps our niece Juliana on a morning call upon her friends from the country. “ Ah Sophy, my dear, good morning to you. Jane, how d'ye do ? why, I declare, you both look exceedingly pale ; I suppose you were seeing Der Freischütz last night ? Oh ! my dear girls, I've brought you such a beautiful copy of the overture ; it's just come out—Mr. Ling arranged it—You never saw Mr. Ling.—Oh ! he's a charming man ! and so clever ; you should hear him play the bridal chorus.” During this harangue, not a word of which is less than a semiquaver, we amuse ourselves with glancing over the morning paper, and reading, for the fiftieth time, an account of Der Freischütz ; an occupation in which we are disturbed by a pat on the shoulder from our amiable niece, and a continuation of her oration.—“ Yes, Uncle Merton, the bridal chorus ; the music is delightful ; and you are very wrong if you don't get it engraved, and put into the Literary Magnet.”—“ Ay,” says Jane, “ and I wonder cousin does not get an engraving of that horrible scene with the great dragon, and the bats, and the death's heads.”—“ And I,” adds Sophy, “ should like to read the tale itself, if Cousin Toby would only put it into English ; I can't bear the look of those long, ricketty, German words, they all seem, to me, to have the St. Vitus's dance—it really makes one's ears sore to endeavour to pronounce them.”

Thus we are pestered morning after morning ; and as we have no hopes of speedily getting rid of Der Freischütz, or our niece, or our cousins, we are determined to be annoyed with no farther entreaties ; so here is an abstract of the tale ; and the scene and the music will be found in another part of the number.

THE SEVENTH BULLET.



DER FREISCHÜTZ.

THE GRAND SCENE OF THE INCANTATION.

London, William Charlton Wright, 65, Pater Noster Row.

THE TALE.

THE chief personages in this remarkable tale, are Bertram, an old forester of Linden; Anne, his wife; Kate, their daughter; William, her sweetheart; Robert, his rival; a mysterious stranger, with a wooden leg; and the devil. Bertram is in the vassalage of Duke somebody, and possesses a farm, which has been in the family for more than two hundred years. The farm was first granted to one Kuno, Bertram's great grandfather's father, as a reward for his having performed an extraordinary feat as a marksman. This dexterity brought upon Kuno the envy and ill-will of his neighbours; from which, it seems, the world was just as wicked two hundred years ago, as it is at the present time. Well, these abominable neighbours did what many of our own neighbours would do under similar circumstances; they endeavoured to persuade the Duke that Kuno's shot had hit the mark through witchcraft and black arts. So hereupon a regulation was made, and from this the custom came, that every descendant of Kuno must undergo a trial and fire what they call his probationary shot before he is admitted tenant.

Bertram, having no son, naturally looked forward to some clever fellow for a son-in-law, laying it down as a law, that the being a good shot, was an indispensable qualification in him who should hope to become the husband of his daughter. In looking round, as all prudent fathers ought to do, for such an appendage to Kate's comforts (we consider it highly improper to leave these matters to the daughters themselves), his glance fell upon Robert the hunter, and---there it rested. Well, Robert was to be the husband, and would have been, but for one trifling circumstance. Kate was in love with somebody else (oh! the vile creature), and this somebody else was William, the Bailiff's clerk.

William's talent lay in driving a quill, but Bertram wanted a man who could drive a bullet—poor Kate wanted a husband. Bertram was incorrigible on the subject of a marksman. "But," said he, "it's not altogether Robert that I care about. I don't stand upon trifles: and, if the man is not to your taste or the girl's, why look out any other active huntsman that may take my office betimes, and give us a comfortable fire-side in our old age: Robert, or not Robert, so that it be a lad of the forest;" and, taking his gun, off he trudged to the forest. This was a very necessary measure, in order to avoid the long arguments of Anne in favour of her daughter and William. Scarcely had he turned the corner of the house, when a rosy light-haired face looked in at the door. It was Katherine: smiling and blushing, she stopped for a moment in agitation, and said:---"Have you succeeded, mother? was it *yes*, dear mother?" Then, bounding into the room, she fell on her mother's neck for an answer.

"Ah, Kate, be not too confident when thou should'st be prepared for the worst: thy father is a good man, as good as ever stepped, but he has his fancies; and he is resolved to give thee to none but a hunter: he has set his heart upon it; and he'll not go from his word; I know him too well."

Katherine wept, and vowed she would rather die than part from her William; whilst her mother comforted and scolded her by turns; and at length ended, by joining her tears to her daughter's. At this moment, in stepped William himself, who was soon told Bertram's determination relative to his future son-in-law; and, for the first time, learned that the old man, simply with a view to the reversionary interest in his place as forester, insisted on Kate's looking out for a husband who understood hunting. William now explained to them that he had formerly been apprenticed to his uncle, Finsterbuch, the forester-general; "and," said he, "if your father wants a huntsman, let me die if I won't quit my clerkship this instant, and take to my gun and the forest."

This declaration pleased the mother and daughter exceedingly, and off William started to find out Bertram, and make known to him his determination. This, he appears to have done most effectually; for, on the old man's return, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul, but this William's a fine fellow! Who the deuce would have ever looked for such a good shot in the flourisher of a crow-quill? Well, to-morrow I shall speak with the Bailiff myself, for, it would be a sad pity, if he were not to pursue the noble profession of hunting."

In a fortnight, William, who had acquitted himself so well in the capacity of a huntsman, received Bertram's formal consent to his marriage with Katherine. This promise, however, was to be kept secret until the day of the probationary shot. As this important day approached, William began to fail in his skill as a marksman; and though he redoubled his attention and diligence, he nearly missed every shot. An old huntsman, called Rudolph, swore there was a spell in the affair. This opinion was laughed at; "but," said Rudolph, "take my word for it, William, it is just what I tell you. Go some Friday at midnight to a cross-road, and make a circle round about you with a ram-rod or a bloody sword; bless it three times in the same words the priest uses, but in the name of Samiel---"

"Hush!" interrupted the forester angrily: "dost know what that name is? why, he's one of Satan's host. God keep thee and all Christians out of his power!"

William crossed himself, and would hear no more; but Rudolph persisted in his opinion. All night long he continued to clean his gun, to examine the screws, the spring, and every part of the lock and barrel; and, at break of day, he sallied forth to try his luck once more. But all in vain: his pains were thrown away, and so were his bullets. Cursing his hard fate, he threw himself despondingly beneath a tree; at that moment a rustling was heard in the bushes, and out limped an old soldier with a wooden leg.

"Good morning to you, comrade," said the soldier, "why so gloomy, why so gloomy? Is it body or purse that's ailing, health or wealth is it that you're sighing for? Or has somebody put a charm upon your gun? Come, give us a bit of tobacco; and let's have a little chat together."

With a surly air William gave him what he asked for, and the soldier threw himself by his side on the grass. The conversation fell on hunting, and William related his own bad luck. "Let me see your gun," said the soldier. "Ah! I thought so: this gun has been charmed, and you'll never get a true aim with it again: and, more than that, let me tell you, if the charm was laid according to the rules of art, you'll have no better luck with any other gun you take in hand."

William shuddered; but the stranger offered to bring the question to a simple test. "Now, here," said he, "for instance, is a ball that cannot fail to go true; because it's a gifted ball, and is proof against all the arts of darkness. Just try it now. I'll answer for it." William loaded his piece, and levelled at a large bird of prey, which hovered at an immense height above the forest, like a speck. He fired, the black speck was seen rapidly descending; and a great vulture fell bleeding to the ground.

"Oh! that's nothing at all," said the soldier, observing the speechless astonishment of his companion, "not worth speaking of. It's no such great matter to learn how to cast balls as good as these; little more is wanted than some slight matter of skill, and a stout heart; for the work must be done in the night. I'll teach you and welcome, if we should meet again. Meantime here's a few braces of my balls for you," and so saying, he limped off. Filled with astonishment, William tried a second of the balls, and again he hit an object at an incredible distance: he then charged with his ordinary balls, and missed the broadest and most obvious mark. On this second trial, he determined to go after the old soldier; but the soldier had disappeared in the depths of the forest.

In a few days William had so familiarized himself to the use of his enchanted balls, that he no longer regarded it with those misgivings which he at first felt in firing them. But his stock of balls was at length exhausted, and day after day he watched with intense anxiety for his old acquaintance, the soldier, with the wooden leg, or rather for the wooden leg with a soldier on it. His search, however, was without success. Nobody, of whom he inquired, had seen any such man as he had described. "Be it so then!" said William internally, "the days that remain for my purpose are numbered. This very night I will go to the cross-road in the forest. It is a lonely spot; nobody will be there to witness my nocturnal labours: and I'll take care not to quit the circle till my work is done."

William provided himself with lead, bullet-mould, coals, and all other requisites, that he might be enabled to slip out of the house after supper; but the old forester prevented him from leaving the house that evening. The second night came, but, unfortunately, an uncle of William's came also, so that he was again prevented from going to the forest on his proposed awful expedition. As the clock struck twelve, he was reminded, with horror, of the business he had neglected. "Just one night more," thought he, "one single night remains; to-morrow, or never!" His violent agitation did not escape his uncle's notice; but the old man ascribed it to some little weariness in his nephew, and good-naturedly apologised for having engaged him so long in conversation, by pleading his early departure, which he could not possibly put off beyond the first dawn of the next morning.

The third night came. Whatever was to be done---must be done, for the next was the day of trial. From morning to night had old Anne, with her daughter Kate, bustled about the house, to make arrangements for the suitable reception of her dignified guest, the commissioner. At nightfall every thing was ready. Anne embraced William on his return from the forest, and, for the first time, saluted him with the endearing name of son. The eyes of Kate sparkled with the tender emotions of a youthful bride. The table was decked with festal flowers, and viands, more luxurious than usual, were brought out by the mother.

"This night," said Bertram, "we will keep the bridal feast: to-morrow we shall not be alone; and cannot, therefore, sit so confidentially and affectionately together; let us be happy then---as happy as if all the pleasures of our lives were to be crowded into this one night."

This was, no doubt, an exceedingly pleasant arrangement to every body, except William.

The clock struck nine. William's heart beat violently. He sought for some pretext for withdrawing, but in vain: what pretext could a man find for quitting his young bride on their bridal festival? Time flew faster than an arrow: in the arms of love, that should have crowned him with happiness, he suffered the pangs of martyrdom. Ten o'clock was now past: and the decisive moment was at hand. Without taking leave, William stole from the side of his bride; already he was outside the house, with his implements of labour, when old Anne came after him. "Whither away, William, at this time of night?" asked she, anxiously. "I shot a dear, and forgot it in my hurry," was the answer. In vain she begged him to stay: all her entreaties were flung away, and even the tender caresses of Kate, whose mind misgave her, that some mystery lay buried in his hurry and agitation. William tore himself from them both, and hastened to the forest. The moon was in the wane, and, at this time, was rising, and resting with a dim red orb upon the horizon. Gloomy clouds were flying overhead, and at intervals darkened the whole country, which, by fits, the moon again lit up. The silvery birches and the aspen trees rose like apparitions in the forest; and the poplars seemed to William's fevered visions, pale shadowy forms that beckoned him to retire.

He stepped forwards with long strides; the wind drove the agitated clouds again over the face of the moon; and William plunged into the thickest gloom of the forest.

At length he stood upon the cross-way. At length the magic circle was drawn; the skulls were fixed, and the bones were laid round about. The moon buried itself deeper and deeper in the clouds: and no light was shed upon the midnight deed, except from the red lurid gleam of the fire, that waxed and waned by fits, under the gusty squalls of the wind. A remote church-clock proclaimed that it was now within a quarter of eleven. William put the ladle upon the fire, and threw in the lead, together with three bullets, which had already hit the mark once: a practice, amongst those who cast the "fatal bullets," which he remembered to have heard mentioned in his apprenticeship. In the forest was now heard a pattering of rain. At intervals came flitting motions of owls, bats, and other light-shunning creatures, scared by the sudden gleams of the fire: some, dropping from the surrounding boughs, placed themselves on the magic circle, where, by their low dull croaking, they seemed holding dialogues, in some unknown tongue, with the dead men's skulls. Their numbers increased; and, amongst them were indistinct outlines of misty forms, that went and came, some with brutal, some with human faces. Their vapoury linaments fluctuated and obeyed the motions of the wind: one only stood unchanged, and like a shadow near to the circle; and settled the sad light of its eyes steadfastly upon William. Sometimes it would raise its pale hands, and seem to sigh: and when it raised its hands, the fire would burn more sullenly; but a gray owl would then fan with his wings, and rekindle the decaying embers. William averted his eyes: for the countenance of his buried mother seemed to look out from the cloudy figure, with piteous expressions of unutterable anguish. Suddenly it struck eleven; and then the shadow vanished, with the action of one who prays and breathes up sighs to heaven. The owls and the night-ravens flitted croaking about: and the skulls and bones rattled beneath their wings. William kneeled down on his coaly hearth; and with the last stroke of eleven, out fell the first bullet.

In this way William proceeded to cast sixty-three bullets; that being the number necessary to complete the charm. With each bullet the horror of the scene increased; and as the last was thrown out of the mould, the owls threw the skulls and bones confusedly together, and flew away; the fire went out; and William sank exhausted to the ground.

Now came up slowly a horseman upon a black horse. He stopped at the effaced outline of the magic circle, and spoke thus: "Thou hast stood thy trial well: what would'st thou have of me?"

"Nothing of thee, nothing at all," said William: "what I want—I have prepared for myself."

"Aye; but with my help: therefore part belongs to me."

"By no means, by no means: I bargained for no help; I summoned thee not."

The horseman laughed scornfully; "Thou art bolder," said he, "than such as thou art wont to be. Take the balls which thou hast cast: sixty for thee, three for me; the sixty go true, the three go askew: all will be plain, when we meet again."

William averted his face: "I will never meet thee again," said he—"leave me."

"Why turnest thou away?" said the stranger, with a dreadful laugh: "dost know me?"

"No, no," said William, shuddering: "I know thee not! I wish not to know thee. Be thou who thou mayest, leave me!"

William returned home dreadfully frightened; but he was now in possession of the balls, which, with the exception of Kate, was all he seemed to stand in need of. The day at length dawns on which William is to shoot for the prize. The ducal commissioner arrived, and proposed a little hunting excursion with the young forester, previous to the ultimate trial of his skill. The party set out, and William acquitted himself most honourably.

The hunting party returned. The commissioner was inexhaustible in William's praise. "After such proofs of skill," said he, "it seems ridiculous that I should call for any other test: but to satisfy old ordinances, we are sometimes obliged to do more than is absolutely needful; and so we will despatch the matter as briefly as possible. Yonder is a dove sitting on that pillar: level, and bring her down."

"Oh! not *that*---not *that*, for God's sake, William," cried Katherine, hastening to the spot, "shoot not, for God's sake, at the dove. Ah! William, last night I dreamed that I was a white dove; and my mother put a ring about my neck; then came you, and in a moment my mother was covered with blood."

William drew back his piece, which he had already levelled: but the commissioner laughed. "Eh, what?" said he, "so timorous? That will never do for a forester's wife: courage, young bride, courage!--Or stay, may be the dove is a pet dove of your own?"

"No," said Katherine, "but the dream has sadly sunk my spirits." "Well then," said the commissioner, "if that's all, pluck 'em up again! and so fire away, Mr. Forester."

He fired: and at the same instant, with a piercing shriek, fell Katharine to the ground.

"Strange girl," said the commissioner, fancying that she had fallen only from panic, and raised her up: but a stream of blood flowed down her face; her forehead was shattered; and a bullet lay sunk in the wound.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed William, as the cry resounded behind him. He turned, and saw Kate, with a deadly paleness, lying stretched in her blood. By her side stood the old wooden-leg, laughing in fiendish mockery, and snarling out---"Sixty go true, three go askew." In the madness of wrath, William drew his hanger, and made a thrust at the hideous creature. "Accursed devil!" cried he, in tones of despair, "is it thus thou hast deluded me?" More he had no power to utter; for he sank insensible to the ground, close by his bleeding bride.

The commissioner and the priest sought vainly to speak comfort to the desolate parents. Scarce had the aged mother laid the ominous funeral garland upon the bosom of her daughter's corpse, when she swept away the last tears of her unfathomable grief. The solitary father soon followed her. William, the fatal marksman, wore away his days in a mad-house

THE BRIDAL SONG AND CHORUS.

(As sung at Covent-Garden---the Music is annexed.)

LINA TO BERTHA.

SOLO.

RECEIVE this wreath of roses rare,
By Friendship's hand united;
O may thy fortunes bud as fair,
And bloom through life unblighted.
May the bondage Love imposes
Prove a wreath of roses!

CHORUS.

May the bondage, &c.

SOLO.

For thee I've cull'd this myrtle green,
Its silver buds just gaining;
The sacred flower of beauty's queen
To thee is sure pertaining.
Like the myrtle, fading never,
Joy be thine for ever!

CHORUS.

Like the myrtle, &c.

SOLO.

Behold a flow'ret humbler far
Would fain for thee be blooming;
The heart's-ease with its simple star,
As sweet as unassuming.
O may heart's-ease ever blossom,
Maiden, in thy bosom!

CHORUS.

O may heart's-ease, &c.

[Lina places the wreath on Bertha's head.]

Therischütz.

ANDANTE

QUASI

ALLEGRETTO



ip's hand u - - ni - - ted; O



Coro.

may thy for May the bond - age



Love

im f

ro - ses!



The Bridal Song & Chorus

ANDANTE
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes.

Re-ceive this wreath of ro-

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

may thy fortunes bud as fair, And bloom thro

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

Love im-poses Prove a wreath of ro-

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a phrase marked with a slur, indicating a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with its harmonic pattern.

Chorus in Der Freischütz.



ro--rare, By friendship's hand u--ni--ted; O



thro' un - bligh - ted . May the bond - age



ro - Prove a wreath of ro - ses!



k, And by William Charlton Wright, 65 Paternoster Row.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF CHRISTOPHER COUNCIL, ESQ.

No. II.

TO MRS. HARRIET JONES.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

You have often requested me to give you in writing the substance of our many conversations on female education; as the time is drawing near when you will have occasion to be decided on the course you intend to pursue, I, at length, comply with your wishes: but strictly enjoin you, not to follow the plans I shall lay down, nor put faith in the arguments with which I shall oppose the systems of others, unless they shall appear to you to be the most rational that can be adopted.

I know, my dear Harriet, that this subject lies near your heart; I know how extremely anxious you are that your lovely daughters should cut a figure in the world equal to their birth and expectations; believe me, I respect your maternal fondness, and to my sympathy with your feelings, and my solicitude for your happiness, and the happiness of your children, must you attribute the free and warm manner into which I may be betrayed, in treating this important subject.

I shall first bring to your notice, in a condensed form, the opinions of many learned persons that have written on this subject; who, however wise they may be in theory, seem to possess little practical wisdom, and also appear to forget the end of education—the happiness of the individual. After guarding you against their absurdities, I shall proceed to develop the best and most practical system that can be imagined.

These grave personages assume, “that in the education of females too little attention is paid to the cultivation of the mind; that it is fashionable to consider ingenious fingers, and nimble feet, of more consequence than a good understanding; that young ladies are tolerable proficient in dancing, music, velvet painting, hair-dressing, and ornamental needle-work; can smatter French and Italian to admiration; work bell-ropes, hearth-rugs, flower baskets, and embroidery, in beautiful style; and balance all points of gentility and politeness, with the utmost mathematical nicety; but are totally destitute of all valuable information, and of that firmness of mind, and strength of understanding, so indispensably necessary to fulfil, with effect and propriety, the sacred duties of wives and mothers.”

These are very serious charges, but you will, I am sure, my dear Harriet, agree with me, that the one half is without foundation, and the other half arrant nonsense; for, who can learn French and Italian, music and politeness, without the most vigorous exercise of the judgment, and the most valuable improvement of the mind? And, again, nothing is said of the use of the globes, of Mangnall's Questions, nor of those ingenious and invaluable works, the Catechisms of Botany, Astronomy, Ornithology, Conchology, Mineralogy,* and general knowledge, which every young lady is obliged to fag through for years to her immense intellectual advancement; and lastly, let me appeal to fact—so far from being destitute of vigorous understandings, where is the young lady, educated in any polite establishment, that cannot put any given gray-beard among them to the blush?

They next attempt to prove, that the “intellectual education of females is of more importance to society, than that of the other sex; that incalculable mischief will arise wherever the mere accomplishments are considered of *primary*, instead of *secondary* importance; or wherever they

* Illustrated with exquisite portraits on steel, and published by Mr. Whittaker, London.

take precedence of those mental acquisitions that contribute more powerfully, and with more certainty, to strength of mind, correctness of action, to the efficient performance of maternal duties, to virtue, and to happiness." The duties of mothers, they say, "are, of all others, of the greatest moment to society: mothers, having more influence on the habits, dispositions, understanding and virtue, of the rising generation, than has generally been allowed or suspected; for, the education of a child begins as soon as he is born, or before; (prodigious!) that, when he is six or eight, the time he is usually placed at school, his aptitude to receive instruction is acquired; those impressions, and that disposition formed, which decide the future character. Children are the creatures of imitation, they imitate the manners, habits, modes of speech of their mothers, their prejudices, antipathies, and tempers. The father is so much occupied with business or pleasure, that his influence is considerably less; the child goes to mama for every thing; he walks with her, talks with her, sits with her, follows her every where; she is his principal companion, his most affectionate friend, the provider of all his wants, all his comforts, all his pleasures, the tenderest and kindest being he knows; he fears her the least, he listens to her with fixed attention, watches her motions, marks her words; she has the most extensive command on his passions and feelings; hence, a mild mother has, in general, children of placid tempers. The smiles of a cheerful woman will be reflected in the countenances of her offspring. A foolishly indulgent mother has, generally, children of ungovernable passions, from a want of due coercion and management. Mothers of weak judgments, confined understandings, and limited knowledge, frequently occasion, with the very best intentions, the very worst evils; their children are governed by caprice, indulged, when they ought to be restrained, and denied indulgences which they ought to receive. The humour of the moment decides the propriety, or impropriety, of an action; they are corrected one day for a fault, which the next, obtains commendation. Passion and feeling are the guides of conduct; reason and experience are rarely called on to direct the course that ought to be pursued. A well-educated woman, on the contrary, with a store of information on all useful subjects, and a well-disciplined mind, possesses great advantages; she can furnish her children with a variety of knowledge; stimulate their love of inquiry, direct their reading, teach them to think, to reason, to form just conclusions. She can form their judgments, fix sound moral principles, select judicious teachers; second their efforts, instead of counteracting their exertions; she can regulate the passions; restraint and indulgence will be judiciously administered; she will act consistently, and with an eye to important results—results which she will seldom fail to produce."

Now all this is very common-place, very learned, and very dull, to say nothing of the low phrases of these grave people—"woman"—"the mother"—"child"—"passionate woman"—"violent tempers"—"monstrously vulgar." There may be some truth in these last remarks; ladies have indeed an amazing influence on all who are so fortunate as to obtain their affection; but mark, my dear Harriet, the low, vulgar, common course they propose to pursue from these premises; you would positively imagine the highly-polished ladies of England were as barbarous as the ladies of Russia a century ago, when one of their queens, in her regulations for assemblies, ordered that no lady should get tipsy before ten o'clock.

"Girls, (what an elegant phrase!) girls," they say, "should be allowed

and encouraged, to use liberally the exercises of walking, jumping, skipping, and running, of ball, cricket, and all games and pastimes that will contribute to ensure health, and sound and vigorous constitutions. No midnight dances,—as much dancing in the open air by day-light, as you please; no suppers, no late hours, no debilitating amusements; this course should be regularly persevered in, even to womanhood. They should be taught to read early, and a bias to reading implanted. Arithmetic and grammar should be studied, as a preliminary introductory course of logic, and preparatory to a vigorous course of geometry. At ten or eleven they may begin, with effect, the elements of Euclid and algebra; not to make them mathematicians, but to discipline their minds. After these, the elements of natural philosophy and astronomy may be taught with effect. They should be carefully put through a literary course; the most moral and serious poetry should be studied deeply, to polish their language, and enlarge their conceptions. The *Ramblers*, *Spectators*, and similar works, are calculated to produce admirable effects. They should be much accustomed to composition; these, with a great variety of useful information on the arts of life, with natural history, and ancient and modern history, should occupy the principal attention. They will thus be too literary, their minds too masculine, to relish the mere ‘sentimentalism’ of modern novels. To these may be added, a grammatical knowledge of French; music, drawing, and other accomplishments, may be brought in as amusements, to vary the severity of study. In all household and domestic concerns, in attentions to the sick, and in deeds of charity, they should be much employed. A woman never appears more amiable, than in active benevolence; or, like a consoling angel, administering ease and comfort to the sick. They should be much accustomed to conversation on literary and scientific subjects; on all important topics that demand reflection. ‘Tittle tattle,’ gossip, scandal, dress, fashions, balls, assemblies, parties, sentimentality, and similar topics, banished as much as possible; and the attention drawn to subjects more connected with the virtue and happiness of their families.”—Now, my dear Coz. I expect you are bored to death by the mere perusal of this handsome course, a course of instruction that no lady can follow, nor will follow; a course that must inevitably bring contempt and ridicule on all who shall practise it.

In opposition to this, I shall trouble you, my dear Harriet, with *my* theory, presuming you will put more faith in it, than in your Bible; for, remember, my theory is practised and highly extolled by all the genteel. I have been thus ample in my exposition of the false doctrines that prevail on these points, in order to put you on your guard against subtle insinuations, being fully aware of your extreme good nature, and the facility with which you lay hold of almost all schemes, that you imagine may benefit your charming daughters.

At four years old, or rather sooner, if they are sufficiently sprightly, procure an elegant and fashionable dancing-master; to commence dancing at this period conduces to the most exquisite gracefulness in maturity; besides, it is divine, and produces the most delightful sensations in the heart of a fond mother, to see the dear sylph-like creatures threading, for hours, without the least fatigue, all the mazes of the mystic dance with the most charming dexterity.

At about the age of five, let them be taught to read, and as soon as they can read English tolerably, provide a French teacher, a lady would be preferable, but she must have the true Parisian accent, and have been used

to the first company. At about the same age, or you may delay it till they are six, let them be provided with a music-master, and accustomed to accompany the music with their voices. When a tolerable progress is made in French and music, they may commence Italian with effect, and very speedily warble the most enchanting Italian airs, and speak that soft and delightful language with great accuracy. At rather a later period, let them be taught the use of the globes and astronomy; also, ornamental needle-work of all kinds, flowering, embroidery, velvet painting, and other genteel and elegant ingenuities; these are of the first consequence. By no means let novels get into their hands before twelve. After that age, they may read the most approved romances with considerable profit. Don't let them be bored with the mere drudgery of learning; the vivacity of a young lady should never be checked by calculation, arithmetic, and such stuff, fit only for vulgar minds and the children of the National Schools. Let her begin to write very early; and a few lessons from one of those penmen who teach writing in a few lessons, will complete her in that department. They will of course demand a knowledge of botany, mineralogy, chemistry, galvanism, mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics. Of these she can obtain a sufficiency by attending the Institution, or the lecturers, who are frequently travelling from city to city, with beautiful apparatus and machinery: they can thus acquire a competent knowledge with a moderate labour, and science must be encouraged by the fashionable. They must learn to speak of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Byron; particularly, of the Great Unknown. With respect to their amusements, never let them rise early, nor run about wildly, like common children; such practices are apt to give a florid complexion, which is vastly ungenteel and unfeminine: teach them to speak differently from common people: they must be introduced to company early, taught to give *smart* answers, to toss their head with scorn at every thing that displeases, and to look languishingly when they are flattered: let them shew their taste and skill in music at all opportunities—this practice gives them confidence: let their birth-days be always kept up—this is an encouragement to sociality.

This is the best course that can be adopted. As to the rigorous course recommended by writers, 'tis all very well in books, but bad in practice. Suppose a young lady to possess merely a good understanding, considerable literary ability, and extraordinary knowledge: what are the results? she is modest—she is abstracted: who praises modesty? Can mental accomplishments be displayed in a hall-room; friends and visitors have very obtuse powers of discrimination. Hence she acquires the character of a very modest young gentlewoman, rather dull, and a little inclined to melancholy. But how flattering are the consequences of the more palpable accomplishments,—of them the mentally blind are competent judges. Friends praise the elegant work of the young lady's fingers; her musical taste, and knowledge of French, gain the applause of visitors. Her skill in dancing, the admiration of crowded assemblies. Young gentlemen whisper flattering compliments. Every body exclaims, What an accomplished young lady! what a charming creature! How sweet is all this to the ear of a fond mother!—Believe, me my dear Harriet,

Your affectionate cousin,

CHRIST. COUNCIL.

SUBLIMITY OF THE OCEAN.

HAIL mighty Ocean ! who can gaze unmoved,
 With thoughtless eye, upon thy vast extent
 Of rolling waters, that their ceaseless course
 Unwearied hold from distant pole to pole ?
 Emblem of Time---as the light sparkling waves
 In quick succession o'er thy surface glide,
 And, pouring forth their foam upon the shore,
 Are lost for ever in the boundless deep ;
 Lo ! borne along by the swift tide of time,
 Still onward flowing, year to year succeeds,
 Age after age rolls on, till all are lost
 In the deep ocean of eternity ;
 To which whole ages are as nothing weigh'd,
 Not e'en as one light grain of sand, that lies
 On the sea-shore, to the whole globe itself.

How beautiful this hour ! the crimson'd Sun
 Has lately sunk beneath the western wave,
 Slowly descending, while a splendid train
 Of bright-illumined clouds encompass'd round
 His sinking chariot, that still faintly glow
 With varied tints---the beauteous Queen of Night
 Is rising now to hold her milder reign,
 Diffusing bright, yet soften'd, lustre round,
 O'er heaven and earth, and seeming to invite
 The soul to peaceful musing. Now is the hour
 Most dear to those, who, haply, far removed
 From friends beloved, in pensive thought delight
 To wander on the silent shore, and breathe
 Their sighs, as if they fondly hoped the wind
 Would waft their sighs to those for whom they rise ;
 Or gaze on yon resplendent orb, and feel
 A secret transport stealing o'er their hearts,
 To think that other eyes may there be fixed---
 Eyes, that are wont so oft to beam on them,
 With smiling love's own radiant light illumined.

How calm is all around ! the tranquil sea
 Scarce trembles to the breeze, that lightly plays
 O'er its smooth surface, clear, reflecting soft
 The Moon's pale silvery light---and yet how soon
 May dark'ning clouds obscure this lovely scene !
 How soon the low'ring tempest may descend
 With force resistless on the swelling main,
 And lift the foaming billows to the clouds
 In wild commotion heaved. So quickly change
 The varied scenes of man's short transient life.
 So quickly oft Misfortune's gloom o'ercasts
 His brightest prospects ; e'en while all appears
 Serene, nor warns him of th' impending storm.
 Yet, though the storm around him fiercely rage,
 Still may his heart by heavenly aid sustain'd,
 Endure the conflict, and repose on Him,
 Whose mighty voice, in peals of thunder heard,
 Now bids the angry tempest roar, and now
 In tones of mercy whispers, " Peace, be still."

W. H. S.

ON THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

Nothing, in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the *running judgments* upon *poetry* and *poets*.—BEN JONSON'S DISCOVERIES.

My intent, at present, is to write a few papers, in order to inquire into the nature and degree of the poetry of Wordsworth—a poet who has been as much eulogized by one party, as he has been reprobated by another; the former ranking him the greatest, or one of the greatest; and the latter the least, or one of the least, of the English poets of the present, or any former, day. But as, in most party disputes, we find truth with neither side; so, in the present controversy, both may be in error. The friendship or enthusiasm of his admirers, may as much exaggerate his talents, as the hostility, hatred, or ignorance of his enemies, may lessen them. For my own part, whatever may be the result of the present inquiry, I may be bold to state, that, at all events, it will be sincere; as, in this, I am free from all party prejudices, and come to my task with a mind determined to be free, to seek truth, and, if I find, to publish it.

Nor would I have the subject considered as trifling, when it is known that changes, not of slight consequence, are now in full operation in our literature—changes that must ultimately influence our language, our morals, and our national character; and, probably, our prosperity and existence. If, therefore, those changes are beneficial, they cannot be too much accelerated; if injurious, too much retarded.

Without assigning to poetry those miraculous effects, which the lovers and professors of all arts are willing to claim as exclusively their own: without, on the other hand, making poetry, as some have attempted to make it, an art trifling in its pursuit, and at least useless, if not pernicious, to man, I think I may venture to attribute to poetry, without sacrificing truth, a very considerable share in the modification of society; and although it cannot move trees and rocks, it has a sensible effect on men and brutes; for there is no question, but that the minds of the most unpoetical of us all, are considerably modified by the “harmony of sweet sounds.” There being scarcely a corner of this our island, or indeed of Europe, into which these fascinating creatures, the muses, have not, according, or contrary, to act of parliament, insinuated themselves.

But I am talking like the critics, like the reviewers, of fascinating creatures, of the muses, of poetry. I am, I perceive, as vague as an Edinburgh reviewer, when he criticises a Whig poem; or a Quarterly critic, when he reviews a Tory one. I have a great desire to be understood by the reader, but in order that he may understand me, it is necessary that I should understand myself. I shall therefore endeavour to be as perspicuous as possible, and fill a paragraph with my ideas of what *poetry* is, presuming that I have some little knack at a definition: but am free to confess, that I have something too of a property common to the best critics and the bulk of mankind, namely, a greater propensity and capability to find and expose faults, than ability to correct them.

Poetry is like truth, much talked off, but little understood; and as falsehood is oftener mistaken for truth, so may poetry be supposed to exist where it does not. To define each is perhaps equally difficult, at least

one may believe so, from there being no satisfactory definition of either. Now, as truth is distinct from error or falsehood; so, if poetry be any thing, it must be something; and if it have existence, why is it so difficult to discover (I am now speaking of the *thing*, not of the *degree*)? Is poetry like the North pole or the longitude, can it not be come at? These are perplexing questions, which, if the readers of the Literary Magnet have faith, and we know they have much faith, shall be resolved to their absolute satisfaction in the ensuing six numbers of this work.

In natural history, people do not dispute what a horse is, or an ass, or an elephant; nor what a mountain, river, or tree, is. In geometry, we have no disputes of what a circle, or square, or triangle is; the existence of each is acknowledged, without hesitation, by all. A figure with such and such properties is said to be a circle, a square, or a triangle. Why cannot we ascertain, by the properties of such and such a composition, that it is a poem? What an advantage would this be to the profession, to the bard in particular, and to the world in general! People will not again be put in prison, because the earth does not stand still, and because the sun does not move. It would be as impossible to enumerate all the mischiefs in life and limb that have been caused by war and physic, as to enumerate those caused by critical ignorance, presumption, severity, and injustice. A reviewer, under present circumstances, is as bad as a hero.

If I produce a few of the definitions of poetry by the greatest of men, it will be seen how unsatisfactory and indefinite they are, and how absurd it would be to conclude any thing from them.

Aristotle says poetry is fiction, and is something more excellent and philosophical than history. All that need be said on this definition is, that Lope de Vega wrote an art of poetry on opposite principles; but it was, with *poetical* justice, condemned by his countrymen, the Spaniards, as unworthy a place among his other writings. They demonstrated to Lope, that fiction was something more excellent and philosophical than truth. The thousands that have followed Aristotle, need not be mentioned.

Lord Bacon, who sets out with the avowed purpose to censure and improve upon the ancients, succeeds, in this instance, no better than they; and has shewn how much more easy it is to eulogize, than to define, poetry. In attempting the latter, he makes you doubt its very existence; but in the former, he makes you believe it is present every where. I shall venture to make an extract from the 13th chapter of the 2d book of his *Advancement of Learning*, in which he treats of poetry at some length; which extract, if it is not convincing, is highly amusing.

"Poetry is a kind of learning, in words restrained; in matter loose and licensed; so that it is referred to the imagination, which useth to devise and contrive unequal and unlawful matches and divorces of things. And poesy is taken in a double sense, as it respects words, or as it respects matter. In the first sense, it is a kind of character of speech; for verse is a kind of style and form of elocution, and pertains not to matter. As for narrative poesy, or, if you please, heroical (so you understand it of the matter, not of the verse), it seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man; poesy seems to endow human nature with that which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the sub-

stance cannot be had. Because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man; poetry cheereth and refresheth the soul; chanting things rare, and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness; because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit, with high raptures, by proportioning the shows of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to them, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man; joined also with concert of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself; it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded."

Now it must be confessed, that if Bacon wrote as *clearly* on every other subject as he wrote on poesy, he was admirably well calculated to *advance* learning.

Reason, which is truth, which is nature, is the highest poetry, and I shall challenge Bacon on this subject, if I ever meet him in the Elysian fields, which I hope one day to do. I challenge any logician to form a syllogism on this whole extract.

Bacon a little farther on speaks of "an excellent morality couched in this fable." If the fiction be better than the truth, why seek the truth? and if the truth be better than the fiction, take the truth at once. Bacon contradicts himself by first supposing error and then truth to be superior. In this he follows Aristotle, who says fable is so essential to poetry, that there can be no poetry without it. In another place he says, all the fables must be probable to enable them to pass for truth. If this be the case, why not adopt the truth at once? which, with all deference to Aristotle and Bacon, is as poetical as error or fable. The truth is, religion and truth have been too much couched, and ought not to have been. They ought to be rendered as plain and palpable as possible; they are (if I may be allowed the bullism of Thomson) "when unadorn'd adorn'd the most."

I shall give but one more definition of poetry, and that shall be from a modern critic, Blair, whom it has been the fashion by the writers of the day to abuse. It cannot be denied that, in his Lectures, there are united, with much false criticism, common-place, and laxity of language, much good sense, truth, and eloquence. The worst is, that critics too frequently borrow their ideas of others, and are afraid to tell us what they think themselves. Blair, in his 38th Lecture, "On the Nature of Poetry, its Origin and Progress," says, "Our first inquiry must be, What is poetry? wherein does it differ from prose? The answer to this question is not so easy as might be at first imagined; and critics have differed and disputed much concerning the proper definition of poetry. Some have made its essence to consist in fiction, and support their opinion by the authority of Aristotle and Plato. But this is certainly too limited a definition; for though fiction may have a great share in many poetical compositions, yet many subjects of poetry may not be feigned; as where the poet describes objects which actually exist, or pours forth the real sentiments of his own heart. Others have made the characteristic of poetry to lie in imitation. But this is altogether loose; for several other arts imitate as well as poetry; and an imitation of human manners and characters, may be carried on in the humblest prose, no less than in the most lofty poetic strain."

Blair continues: "The most just and comprehensive definition which,

I think, can be given of poetry, is, that it is the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed, most commonly, into regular numbers." I had good hopes of Blair at his commencement, particularly when he said, "the answer to this question is not so easy as might at first be imagined," and when he condemned the too limited nature of one, and the unlimited nature of the other; but what does his own definition produce? It is more limited and more unlimited than either of the others: what idea *positive* can possibly be attached to the "language of passion," or to "*enlivened imagination*?" and in the third place, who can set bounds to "most commonly?" Is there no poetry that is not passion, even in Blair's acceptance of the word? In the general and proper sense, there is passion in *all language* whatever; *all language* springs from excitement, and is capable of producing excitement—the softest and gentlest whisper, the most mechanical expression of common-place formality. Is not all imagination alive? Does Blair mean this second member of the sentence, "*enlivened imagination*," to explain the first member, "*language of passion*?" If so, I cannot admit them to be synonymous; if not so, poetry may be passion without imagination, or imagination without passion. If his meaning be, that passion must be united to imagination, he should have substituted *and* or "*or*," and this is probably what he did mean. I have not any doubt that the students of the Scotch capital profited very considerably from this definition of poetry during the twenty years of Blair's lectureship. I come in the last place to "*most commonly*;" the meaning of which is, if it have any meaning, that poetry is "*most commonly*" poetry, but not always; that there are some instances, which are however uncommon, when poetry is prose!

Now it is clear to me, that all that can be collected from all the definitions which I have seen, including the very curious and original one of Coleridge, in his literary life, amounts to this—that poetry may be something, any thing, every thing, or nothing:—a latitude sufficiently extensive for the most incorrigible genius who may disdain common limits, and burn to catch a grace beyond the reach of art. It is an ample area, in which all writers, poets, critics, and commentators, may contend without being hurt, provided there is no foul play, for a thousand years. It will be no disgrace to me to fail in an attempt where so many have failed; for it is impossible to give a worse definition, even at a venture, than many that have been given. I shall define poetry, that which produces, by words, arranged after certain laws, called the laws of versification, consciousness of existence, or excitement, or sensation, or effervescence. That **VERSIFICATION** is the only difference between prose and poetry, will be evident to any one who will carefully examine and reflect on the subject. Poetry is, therefore, that which produces an effervescence of the mind by versification. Or, perhaps, more simply still, *Poetry is language versified*: and this definition contains the four requisites of a good definition—simplicity, conciseness, generality, and truth.

THE LAST KISS.

O! 'twas a holy kiss, a kiss of love;
One that made every heart-string tremble.
It was a thrill, that did resemble
The bliss I had dreamt of, in scenes above,
When kindred souls that are parted on earth,
Commingle again in a brighter birth.

J. H. H.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

How fortunate his lot, who, bless'd with health,
 And competence, can bid the bustling world
 At happy distance keep :—who rears his cot
 Deep in the rural shade, and wreathes around
 His lattice the sweet woodbine ! On his couch
 The piercing eye of the uprisen sun
 Ne'er looks reprovingly, but when the lark
 Hails the bright-bursting dawn he to that voice
 Responsive, lifts his own heart-easing song
 Of gratitude and joy. The bud, emboss'd
 With gems that never sparkle on the eye
 Of indolence,—the freshen'd leaf,—the bloom
 All odour-breathing, and the first caress
 Of morning's beam to flowers :—the early voice
 Of streams clear sounding in the peaceful dawn---
 All, all are his, and his the merry lay
 Of the unslumbering woodlands. Deep'ning noon
 Intensely glowing o'er a drooping world
 He shuns, and seeks the refuge deep of groves,
 Where haply on the green and shadowy sward,
 Reclined, through all the silent hour he holds
 High converse with the muse. And evening comes
 With all her lovely sights and sounds to woo
 The wanderer to the breezy brow, that looks
 Far o'er the soften'd landscape. Rivers, woods,
 And all the prospect vast of fields around
 In summer beauty clad, in one vast view
 Rush on his raptured glance. Then pour the groves
 Their farewell strains melodious, as sinks
 The sun to other worlds ; but chief the lark,
 From his bright station in the mid-way air,
 Eyes fondly the declining orb, and pours
 A matchless vesper hymn. O days of bliss !
 O eves of rapture ! nights of deep repose,
 Ye bless him who, in his unfaltering course,
 Amid the rural shade, with virtue walks,
 On Nature looks with ravish'd eye, nor lives
 With selfish aim, delighted to survey
 Her boundless charms from his own blushing bower :
 And as the varying seasons gently roll
 In works of pure benevolence employs
 The hours, till round him one bright circle sweeps
 Of happiness---of joy, enlarging still
 From that blest centre, his enchanting Home.

C.

THE SEA FOR ME.

The sea for me, where the wild-birds float
 O'er the sunny tide, and the breeze is free ;
 Where fearlessly sails my little boat,
 And the helmsman's song riseth merrily.

Though thunders roll, and the heavens be dark,
 And the cloud-lashing waves like mountains be :
 To-morrow's sun will smile on my bark
 And the heavens be bright---O ! the sea for me.

J. H. H.

THE ROUND TABLE.

No. V.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee'.

(Present, Mr. Tobias Merton and the Secretary.)

It has been supposed, notwithstanding the positive declaration to the contrary embodied in our motto, that we are sometimes rather *Bacchi plenus*. Such a supposition could certainly never enter into the head of above one man in the world; and he, of course, is our "well-wisher," St, who expresses his fears, that "at our last meeting, Jonathan was sent to the lower bin once too often." We admit, most freely, the omission in our Magazine, to which he has called our attention; but, at the same time that we acknowledge the fact, we deny the inference. Had we inserted a thing *twice*, then might we have been open to the imputation he has brought against us, as it would certainly have looked a little like *seeing double*. But, upon any other grounds, it is impossible to justify the imputation he has cast upon our morals. Then the said well-wisher (confound these well-wishers, they annoy us more than all our enemies) expresses his surprise that we should change our Magazine from a weekly to a monthly publication; and he argues most learnedly against our right to do so. To prove this, he brings to his aid a variety of elegant and original similes; and stables, glorious fabrics, pig-styes, and pleasure grounds, to use the words of Junius, "dance through his letter in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." We thank the gods that he has put it into our power to be revenged upon him. He has sent us a piece of poetry, and we will insert the first eight lines of it.

Oh! I love the soft blue eyes
Mildly beaming;
But when angry passions rise,
Wildly gleaming.

I love the sigh you scarce may hear
The bosom heaving;
More, I love the gladsome tear,
The heart relieving.

If this does not relieve Mister St of his poetical propensities, we advise his friends to send him, at once, to the "hospital of incurables."

We consider it one great proof of the rising merits of our Magazine, that we are troubled with fewer applications than heretofore, for the admission of love-sonnets, and love-tales, and love-essays. The amiable writers of these interesting *morceaus*, have found that our miscellany is not the proper mart for such tinsel wares. Hence the duties of the Round Table are considerably abridged, and we shall be enabled to confine our notices to a briefer space than they have hitherto occupied. There were few letters read this evening, and these of very trifling import.

The young lady who inquires of us if we consider her verses to William deserving a place in the Magnet, is advised to send them to the object of her affections, by the two-penny post.

A. M. who desires to know if he is to consider his communications finally rejected, is informed, that our decisions are like "the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

A letter was read from an old commodore, residing at Plymouth, enclosing a paper on a ship-launch, which was ordered to be printed. The worthy old tar appears quite delighted at our noticing the Banks of Tamar, of Mr. Carrington. "Mr. C." he triumphantly says, "is the first man who ever wrote a poem on a ship-launch."

"Read that sentence again, if you please, Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Merton.

The passage was read accordingly, and Tobias immediately exclaimed, taking, at the same time, a little volume from his side-pocket, "Here, Mr. Secretary, send that old gentleman a letter by the next post, and enclose a copy of verses, which you will find in this book, on the Russell. They are our friend Alleyn's, so you may also, if you please, put them into the Magnet."

ON THE LAUNCH OF THE RUSSELL.

How bright are the gems that adorn the blue skies !
 How bright are the heavens with starlight streaming !
 But O ! how much brighter the smiles of those eyes
 That around the proud Russell are beaming.

Say, where is the heart that is cold in this hour ?
 Where the bosom to ardour a stranger ?
 They only are his who would tremble and cower
 To our foes in the moment of danger.

Accurst are the few, whose base veins never bleed
 For the fame of their land with devotion ;
 But worse are the wretches who carelessly heed
 Britain's bulwarks---the pride of the ocean.

Believe, noble vessel, that free from all guiles
 Are the lips of the fair ones around thee ;
 Then rush to the stream 'mid the blushes and smiles,
 With which thousands this morning have crown'd thee.

Yet thou know'st not, that eyes less eloquent far
 Than those that are sparkling before thee ;
 Led myriads of youth to the red field of war---
 To the bosom of death and of glory.

But see ! the blue water, how eager it laves
 The frail barriers that timidly hold thee ;
 Then on, thou bold vessel, on, on to the waves
 That so eagerly swell to enfold thee.

An article on Dulness was read, from T. O.

It will not do for us, said Mr. Merton.

Mr. Merton.—Pray, read that little poem before you, with the signature M. What is its title ?

Secretary.—It has no title. (*reads.*)

“ Though my rashness has plung'd thee in oceans of anguish.”

Mr. Merton.---Read no more ! read no more ! Put at the top of the lines, “ On sending a poem to the Literary Magnet,” and send them back again. Now, let us have that long article on Coquetry, by W. A. L. (*the article was read.*) Well, you may present my respects to W. A. L. and thank him for his paper ; but it has, I think, scarcely sufficient character for our Magazine. There is a postscript I perceive ; read that, if you please. (*Secretary reads.*) “ Tell friend J. H. H. that I should like to see an essay on Suicide from his pen.” Really, Mr. Secretary, I consider that a very equivocal compliment.

Secretary.---Here are some lines on “ British Flowers,” by H. B.

Mr. Merton.---Yes, I have read them ; they are a very masterly production. Let them have a place in the February number. You need not go on with the remainder of the papers, I have perused them all. Give me your pen, Mr. Secretary, and I will make memoranda of them.

MEM.---Hamlet d'Witch may do.

“ And now, Mr. Secretary,” said Mr. Merton, “ you may write to the absent members, and particularly request their attendance next month, as I intend to introduce to them Mr. Christopher Council.---Jonathan---bring us a bottle from the lower bin.”

J. H. H. Secretary.

MONOPOLISTS AND PROJECTORS.

ONE fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored :
But, if a Sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.
SWIFT.

WHEN stock is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers ;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So when upon a moon-shine night
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose, and stopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a sage among the crowd ;)
An ass hath swallow'd up the moon :
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

ALL men have a tinge of roguery in their composition. Don't start, Sir ; there's more truth in the declaration than you may imagine. Yes, we have all a tinge of roguery in our composition ; but it fortunately happens, from a few being rogues in the superlative degree, that the remainder are enabled to pass for honest men. The ingenuity of the world, however, has metamorphosed this word *roguery* into a variety of forms ; and hence, the merchant's *profits of trade*, the lawyer's *established forms of his profession*, the doctor's *customary fee*, the predecessor's *practice of the man in office*, the gambler's *result of chance*, and the monopolist's *concern for the public good*. Cunning rogues ! how skilfully do they apply this healing salve to their consciences. Consciences ! did I say ? Where is there a man of them that has one ?

It is not my intention, in this paper, to treat of rogues in general ; that, probably, may be the subject of my future consideration : at present, I shall confine myself simply to Projectors and Monopolists. In this arrangement, however, as far as my desire to *confine my remarks to a particular class of men* is concerned, there is still a difficulty ; for every man is, in a greater or less degree, a monopolist. And here, for the benefit of the unlearned, I beg leave to define what a monopolist is. A monopolist is—one who monopolises ! But then it may be asked, What is *to monopolise* ? Look into your dictionary, Sir, and you will find that it is “ *to engross the whole of a commodity*.” Now, I take the word commodity to be here applied in a general sense, and to include *all things* ; corn, potatoes, gentility, cheese, virtue, oils, tallow, talents, genius, milk, bread, wisdom, and so on. Who is there, then, who can honestly declare that he does not engross a greater portion of some one of these things, than is possessed by his neighbours ? Or, if he does *not* engross them, who is there who does not sincerely desire to do so ? That is, who is there that is not, at heart, a monopolist ? Here then rises the difficulty to which I have before alluded. But it is a difficulty that brings with it an advantage ; inasmuch, as it enables me to prove, by a very simple syllogism, the truth of my original assertion. Thus, *all men are monopolists—a monopolist is a rogue—therefore, all men are rogues*. But am I, I who have learned the three first books of Euclid by heart, to be set aside from my purpose by syllogistical sophistry ? No : it is against you, ye great, ye notorious rogues ! projectors, scheme-inventors, and monopolists, that I wield my pen ; and it is against you only that my wrath shall be kindled.

It may, notwithstanding, be as well, simply, to advert to those who may be considered minor monopolists. Among them may be enumerated your acquaintances, who monopolise—*all the good luck in the world* ; your neighbours, who monopolise—*all the pride* ; those in your own profession, who monopolise—*all the ignorance* ; yourselves, who monopolise—*all the*

merit. Then there are the monopolist of the whole of an evening's conversation, the monopolist of all the scandal at an old maid's tea-table, and the monopolist of all the vexation that arises in being at a dull party. Young gentlemen talk of battles, and their love of arms, and monopolise the regards of certain young ladies; whilst, in return, the latter look languishingly, play "*di tanti palpiti*;" sing "home, sweet home," and engross the affections of the young gentlemen. Others eternally quote Lord Byron, wear open shirt collars, look wildly, and, to coin a word, *geniusified*, and engage all our wonder. Great heroes, great orators, and great harlequins, monopolise the public applause. *Great authors* monopolise the praises of the critics. Then there are monopolists in wisdom, loyalty, patriotism, and all the cardinal virtues; and lastly, there are those who monopolise the whole of a reader's patience!

My monopolists, however, are those who, to use the words of my old acquaintance, Jeremy Cockloft, manage matters "on a large scale." Those, for instance, who open a milk-shop with a capital of 50,000*l.*; and those old washerwomen of the masculine gender, who, instead of fetching away our soiled linen in a wheel-barrow, as in the good old times, gallop it off in a flaming vehicle drawn by six beautiful Arabians.* Oh! if these fine creatures knew the ignoble purpose for which they are yoked together, woe to the poor devil who puts on their harnesses. These men washerwomen, these washermen of capital, or, by inversion, capital washermen, I suppose, intend (begging your pardon, readers, for a vulgar phrase) "to drive all the world before them;" at least so says my old laundress, Maggy, and I have some faith in her prophetic acumen.

Well, men have certainly a right to get rich if they can, that is, if they can do so honestly; but, I very much doubt, whether the motives of these company projectors are so pure as they would have us believe. If, by a certain association, benefits may be conferred upon mankind which they could not otherwise obtain; then such an association is both legal and laudable; but when a few men of superior wealth, with a view to aggrandise their already cumbrous fortunes, form schemes which succeed, for a while, from their novelty, or some other contingent circumstances, but ultimately bring ruin upon those who withdraw their little capital from its recesses of security, to support these visionary schemes—then, I contend, the act is illegal and disgraceful, and should be condemned by every man who has the voice and the power to condemn it. Associations of this kind are seldom formed for honest purposes; and what is extremely remarkable, and tends powerfully to demonstrate the impure motives of those who form them, is, that we seldom find, in a short period from their establishment, any of the great capitalists who so eagerly assisted in their formation, any longer concerned in them.

Another important consideration relative to these companies, is, that they invariably crush some honest class of humble individuals. A man who has devoted the greater part of his life to one particular trade, profession, or calling, is ill-calculated, in his old age, to learn another; and yet, when his first is taken from him, what alternatives has he but to do so, or to beg or starve? An intelligent friend of mine, who, a few years ago, wrote a pamphlet on a subject, in some measure connected with this, justly observes,

* The Steam Washing Company send home the articles intrusted to their care in an elegantly-painted van, drawn by six gray horses. Our country readers will hear, with astonishment, this account of the manner in which things are managed in London.

"That all monopolies are as unjust and injurious, as individual competitions are laudable and beneficial, is a truth that can neither too often nor too openly be promulgated; for, men frequently condemn individual competitions, and uphold monopolies, either because want of reflection has disqualified them to judge correctly, or because interest has prevented them from perceiving that their own advantages were derived unjustly, from the misery, poverty, and suffering of others. It would be a waste of time farther to insist on this truth; its force is immediately acknowledged by all who have, in the least, reflected on their own rights, or on the rights of their neighbours. Without individual competition, there can be no improvement; with monopolies, there can be no fair play. With fair competition, men of real merit gain ascendancy, and confer on society great and lasting benefits:—with monopolies, pretenders are elevated, by interest, by intrigue, by sycophancy, by malice, and every bad passion, to offices which ought to be the reward of ability and integrity only; by which means, individuals are oppressed, and the community extensively and seriously injured."

The numerous companies that have lately been formed, must have thrown thousands of industrious individuals upon the charity of the world—and, oh! what a charity it is. From one poor creature I have received a letter, which I shall lay before the reader, in order to shew him the misery which, in individual cases, is the result of these associations.

"Sir,

"As I have heard you write for the Literary Magnet, and am very much in the favour of Mister Merton, I take the liberty to address you on the hardship of my case; hoping you will take compassion on my distresses, and tell them to the public. I have been above seven years in the service of Mr. Jones, the cow-keeper in Tottenham Court Road; and to whom I was turned over by Mr. Stevens, who carried on the milk business before him. I have laboured for Mr. Jones, Sir, with the most unceasing diligence during the whole time; and I have heard him say, that without my assistance, he could never have got on in the world half so well as he has done. You will be surprised to hear that, notwithstanding this faithful diligence on my part, I have been treated in the most shameful manner. Mr. Jones is a cruel hard-hearted man; but you know, Sir, 'tis difficult to get a place; and I was never able to move about much; and, besides, I had but one arm, so I was glad enough to be employed even by Mr. Jones. But my hardships have been great; I was obliged to lodge in an out-house, and never saw any body but the family. Often have I been compelled to labour, on a hot summer-day, till I have been almost parched to death; and my unfeeling master has turned from me with the cold-hearted observation, that I should recover by the next morning. But the worst of my sorrows is, that I am now quite forsaken by Mr. Jones. Since the forming of, what I think I heard him call, the infamous Milk Company, I have lost my employment. Mr. Jones, when he last saw me, told the head milk-man that he should not want me again, if the London Milk Company held together. Oh! Sir, what am I to do? If you could only put down that wicked company, I should again be restored to my work; and for your kindness, I should ever *overflow* with gratitude. I remain, Sir,

Your dutiful servant to command,---Mr. Jones's Pump.

P. S.—There is another villanous company, I am told, somewhere about London, to which I am, in part, indebted for my sufferings. The poor old washerwoman, Nanny, who used to be at Mrs. Jones's once a week, I understand, has lost *her* employment also; so that the only visitor I was permitted to see, the only real affectionate friend I had in the world, is torn from me---oh!"

I have many arguments, in addition to those I have before adduced, to urge against both these companies; but I cannot do better, than transcribe from the public papers, a report of a meeting lately held on the subject.

"Yesterday, in consequence of a requisition most numerous and respectably signed, a meeting of the London Washerwomen was held at the Cat and Magpie in the Borough. The meeting was called by some of the oldest washerwomen in the metropolis, for the purpose of petitioning the king for a recognition of the rights handed down to them from their foremothers, and for the abolishing of the London Steam Washing Company.

"At an early hour the front parlour of the Cat and Magpie was filled with modestly dressed elderly females---from considerations of propriety, no gentlemen were admitted. Alderman Wood, it seems, had been invited to preside, that gentleman's gender not being considered to interfere with the arrangement that nobody should be present but old women. The hour at length arrived for the commencement of the business, and as there were no signs of the worthy Alderman's appearance, Mrs. Sally Sullivan was requested, in his absence, to take the chair. Mrs. Sullivan at first declared her incapacity for the office; but at length complied with the wishes of those around her, who, encouragingly, observed, 'You know, Mrs. Sullivan, we're all friends and neighbours.' Precisely as St. George's clock struck twelve, Sally retied her check apron, and took the chair. She opened the meeting in the following neat and appropriate speech.

"Ladies (*a dead silence*)---Ladies, I'm sure you all know why we've come to the Cat and Magpie on this here occasion. That wicked, abominable company, as calls themselves the Steam-washers, has ruined *me*---has ruined all of us. Is n't it a burning shame, ladies, to deprive an honest body of the means of getting a livelihood? Have n't they took the bread out of my mouth? Have n't they took the bread out of the mouths of all of us---the villains (*loud applause*)! I wish my husband had got hold of some of 'em, I warrant he'd give it to 'em (*thunders of applause*). They've taken away all our little comforts (*several of the meeting 'heaved a heavy sigh'*), and starved our young ones. I declare to you, I left my little Billy at home this morning, without a morsel of breakfast (*cries of shame, shame*)! You may cry shame as much as you like, but it's none of my fault---it's all the steam-washers; and (*striking her fist upon the table*) I hope they'll all be hanged---the villains (*cries of Bravo, Sally. Here it was proposed by the Committee to send for a glass of Hodge's best for the president, but Mrs. Sullivan begged it might not be any thing stronger than porter*)! Now, ladies, I've nearly done. I hope you all see the wickedness of the Steam-Washing Company; and I hope you'll all agree to the resolutions, and nihilate the steam-washers---the villains (*the president sat down amidst the most deafening applause*)!

"Mrs. Peggy Jones, one of the committee, and rather a young-looking person, a laundress in Bear Alley, Tooley Street, next rose to address the meeting. She began---

"Mrs. President, when I was in service, I read Pamela all through, and I know, I hope, as well as my betters, how to be honest, like that good girl, Pamela. Well, you see, because I would n't be tempted as Pamela was, I left my place; and with a few pounds that I had saved, bought a mangle. Ever since, I've lived in an honest manner; but now, the Steam-Washing Company has taken away all my work, and, I'm afraid, I must go to the parish (*No: that you shan't, Peggy, said a dozen voices, whilst we've got a bit of a job to give you*)---for I've made up my mind not to do worse. I hope you'll do something to get rid of that vile company (*Peggy was loudly cheered as she finished her address*).

"Mrs. Jenny Murphy was now loudly called for. Mrs. Murphy spoke as follows:

"Och! ladies, and is it the stame-washers ye'd be after hauling over the coals. Bad luck to the cairn that first pervarted the honest smoke from the spout of the tay-kettle. Never mind, ladies, the grate people will soon be tired of having their sharts and frills stamed like a parcel of murphies. Faith, and I'd like to know, whether the stame-people can get up things as we did---and, botheration to every saul of them (*Mrs. Murphy was loudly applauded*).

"Many other excellent speeches were made; and many admirable arguments offered against steam-washing. One of the speakers adverted to the gentleman who, some weeks ago, was obliged to apply to the Lord Mayor for the recovery of his night-cap, and sundry other serviceable articles. Another pointed out the danger of catching divers troublesome disorders, from having one's linen mixed with so many articles 'belonging to nobody knows who.' Then the confusion of having the wrong things sent home---and the still more awful affair, of having no things sent home at all.

"After these addresses, the resolutions were read and carried unanimously. It was resolved, that a dutiful petition be addressed to the King; and that Alderman Wood and Sally Sullivan be requested to present it. That the claims which the loyal washerwomen of this kingdom have to his Majesty's protection, be set forth in the said petition. That a committee be formed, of an equal number of washerwomen, manglers, and clear-starchers, for the purpose of watching the movements of the steam-washers. That country washerwomen be invited to form branch associations under the title of the 'Steam-Washing Opposition Society.' That the thanks of this meeting be given to the gentleman who applied to the Lord Mayor for the recovery of

his night-cap. That the thanks of this meeting be given to a gentleman who sent a letter to the 'Times' paper, a few weeks since, exposing the disadvantages of steam-washing. That the thanks of this meeting be given to a writer in the Literary Magnet, called J. H. H. for the able manner in which he intends to defend us. That J. H. H.'s linen be washed, if he pleases, by the Committee, gratis. That the thanks of this meeting be given to Sally Sullivan for her able and impartial conduct in the chair.

"The meeting then broke up, and the parties retired."

Much more, I think, need not be said to prove the inutility of steam-washing. I did intend to develop my views with respect to projectors; but time and editors will wait for no man. My paper is sent for—the imperial mandate of the great Tobias must be obeyed—and so, my dear readers, good night.

J. H. H.

[Our friend J. H. H. will find a corner for his Projectors in the next number.—T. M.]

WHY ARE TEARS TO MORTALS GIVEN?

Oh! why are tears to mortals given?
Is it that they 'mid joys may intervene,
Like softening showers 'mid spots of azure sheen,
That smile, on summer-days, in heaven?

But there are eyes that never weep;
For there are woes, of which no tears can tell,
Known only by the throb, the silent swell
Of hearts, where they are buried deep.

That speechless agony, in hours
When every channel of the breast is dry,
And not a tear approaches the dim eye
To tell what misery is ours.

There is no eloquence in woe---
True sorrows have no voice their pangs to speak,
Silent they are, until the heart-strings break;
And past, for aye, when tear-drops flow.

Then why are tears to mortals given?
Oh! 'tis that they 'mid joys may intervene,
Like softening showers 'mid spots of azure sheen,
That smile, on summer-days, in heaven.

J. H. H.

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE is like the golden-tinted bubble,
Which, like some fairy thing, comes smiling on:
'Tis here---and all its hues their brightness double---
We grasp it---and the faithless gem is gone.

J. H. H.

* THE DARTMOOR PRISONER.†

A desperate race,---
 A homeless throng,---the ready tools of war,---
 Men of all climes, attach'd to none, were here,
 Rude mingled with the hero who had fought,
 By freedom fired, for his beloved France.
 And these as volatile as bold, defied
 Intrusive thought, and flung it to the gale
 That whistled round them. Madd'ning dance and song,---
 The jest obscene,---the eager bet,---the dice
 Eventful;---these and thousand more devised
 To kill the hours, fill'd up the varied day;
 And when the moorland evening o'er them closed,
 On easy pillow slept the careless crew;
 To run to-morrow the eternal round
 Of reckless mirth, and on Invention call
 For ceaseless Novelty!

And others wooed
 The Muses, and with soothing song beguiled
 The dreary moments. Harp on harp was heard
 Of sweetest melody, and some pursued
 Severest lore; and follow'd with bold step
 Thee, Science,---thee, Philosophy, and gave
 The hours to Wisdom. Of this sacred band
 Had young ALBERTO been, but o'er his youth
 Misfortune's blight had pass'd;---the purple bloom
 Had vanish'd from his cheek, and Hope, dear Hope,
 That spring-dew of existence, cheer'd no more
 The soul, and withering Consumption now
 Drank the life-blood by drops.

How beautiful
 The vernal hour of life! Then Pleasure wings
 With lightning speed the moments, and the sun
 Beams brightly, and nor cloud nor storm appears

* [We learn with considerable pleasure that Mr. Carrington, whose "Banks of the Tamar" we noticed in a recent number of our magazine, is about to publish a poem on Dartmoor. His former production is so full of exquisite delineations of natural scenery, that we look forward, with much confidence, to his forthcoming volume. Mr. Carrington, it seems, is a native of Devon, and resides in a town not far distant from the scenes which he will have to describe. This circumstance has given him an opportunity to draw his inspiration from the proper source; and we have little doubt that he has done so. It is only in wandering among the wilds and solitudes of the great Devonshire moor---in treading its dells, where the wild-bird screams at the sight of man---and in communing with its mighty Torrs, which seem the giant guardians of the waste, that the soul of the bard can identify itself with the wildness and grandeur of its scenes. Mr. Carrington has had these advantages: and we should suppose profited by them. If there be one spot, in England, more deserving than another of being commemorated, that spot is Dartmoor; and if there is any bard in existence able to do justice to the subject, that bard is the author of the "Banks of the Tamar."

We have been favoured with the accompanying extract, a sort of episode, from "Dartmoor," which we lay before our friends, and presume it will be read with considerable interest.]

† At one time nearly 10,000 prisoners of war were confined here, and multifarious and ingenious were the methods by which they endeavoured to kill time. When that vast ship, the Commerce de Marseilles, lay as a prison depot in Hamoaze, she was, to use the words of a prisoner, a "little floating world." There was an excellent band of music, a theatre, a ball-room, gaming-tables, fencing, and other schools, workshops, &c. But gaming was carried to an extent which has seldom been exceeded. Prisoners have been known to wander about the decks with nothing to cover them but a blanket, having lost every thing at cards or dice. And instances have occurred of some staking several days' provisions, and undergoing a total deprivation of food, till the "debt of honour" was discharged.

To darken the horizon. Hope looks out
 Into the dazzling sphere, and fondly talks
 Of summer ; and love comes and all the air
 Rings with wild melody. But songs may cease
 Though caroll'd in the faithless Spring ; and Hope
 May prove a flatterer ; and Love may plume
 His wing for flight ; and every flower that blows
 Be scatter'd on the gale's wild wing.

And thus

It fared with young Alberto, and he sank
 Before the death-blast, just as his green years
 Were gliding into summer-beauty. Long
 He wooed a maid all innocence and truth,
 And lovely as the loveliest maid that treads
 Thy banks, swift-rushing Rhone. And she return'd
 His passionate love ; and every day that came
 Strengthen'd the indissoluble charm that wound
 Itself round their young hearts. Thy skies are blue,
 Fair Provence, and thy streams are clear and fringed
 By the lush vine that in thy sunny vales
 Hangs out its full, frank clusters, glowing deep
 With richest amethystine tint ; and thou
 Hast songs of witching minstrelsy from bowers
 Of fragrance ; and, amid the deep'ning shade
 Of groves, sweet cots, abodes of health and peace,
 By woodbine, rose, and myrtle, sweetly deck'd.
 But Love has power to fling an added charm
 E'en on the beautiful ; and when, at eve,
 These lovers met, the bright, the sunny South
 Put on a tenfold loveliness ;—the fields
 Wore an unearthly charm ;—the crystal streams
 Roll'd on with new-born melodies ;—the woods
 Were greener, fairer, and this earth arose
 To their quick beaming and delightful eyes,
 With all the hues and forms of Paradise.

But Revolution from her wild trump blew
 A loud and fearful blast ; and at the sound
 The nations trembled ; and the land,---the sea,---
 Was one wide scene of tumult. 'Neath the shade
 Of vine, fig, olive, now no more the swain
 Rested in happy indolence !---No more
 Sweet tales of love in rose and myrtle bowers ;
 For France, with fiercest call, from loom and plough,
 From hill and vale, city, and cot, aroused
 Her sons to conflict, and Alberto, torn
 From her he loved,---the weeping Genevieve,---
 Was sent with many a hapless victim more
 To combat England on the wave. The hawk
 Might scare the eagle from his cliff,---the wolf
 Might bay the monarch lion in his den ;
 As soon as the victorious prowess of Gaul
 Chase Albion's red-cross from the sea, and wrest
 The trident from her grasp. A while the bark
 That bore Alberto from his native strand,
 Successful roam'd ; but cross her Ocean-path
 An English frigate swept, and soon the flag
 Of fierce Democracy, deep humbled, waved
 Beneath the British banner.

Farewell France,

The captive deeply sigh'd, as for the breeze
 Of balmy Provence soon around him howl'd
 The chill, moist gate of Dartmoor ? Where are now
 The fragrant bowers,---the groves with fruitage hung
 Voluptuous,---the music of the bough
 From birds that love bright climes, the fragrant morn,

The glowing day,---the sweetly-pensive eve,---
 The walk---the interchange of soul,---too well,
 Too well remember'd? Exile, think no more,
 There's madness in the cup that memory holds
 To thy inebriate lip!

Yet rise they will,---
 Dear visions of thy Home! The birds will sing,
 The streams will flow,---the grass will wave,---the flowers
 Will bloom,---and through the leafage of the wood
 The blue smoke curl;---thy cot is there,---thy cot---
 Poor exile; and the secret mighty power,---
 The Local Love, that o'er the wide spread earth
 Binds man to one dear, cherish'd, sacred spot,
 His Home, is with thy spirit; and will oft
 Throw round its sweet enchantments, and awake
 For distant scenes beloved the bitter sigh,
 And prompt the unbidden tear.

O who that drags
 A captive's chain, would feel his soul refresh'd
 Though scenes like those of Eden should arise
 Around his hated cage? But here green youth
 Lost all its freshness, manhood all its prime,
 And age sank to the tomb, ere peace proclaim'd
 Deliverance; and still upon the view,
 In dread monotony, at morn,---noon,---eve,
 Arose the moor,---the moor!

And year on year
 Thus crept away, spent in consuming thought.
 But now terrific rumours reach'd his ear
 Of fierce commotions, insurrections, feuds
 Intestine, making Home, Aceldama;
 Till at the last came, crushing all his hopes,
 A withering tale. "O Liberty, what crimes
 Were perpetrated in thy glorious name,"
 In that devoted land when Faction strode
 O'er wreck of throne and tribune to the heights
 Of lawless brief dominion. Perish'd then
 In undistinguish'd massacre the brave,
 The wise, the good, the fair, beneath the fangs
 Of revolution's hell-hounds. Vaunted France,
 The gallant, the frank-hearted, and the gay,
 Where lovely "Woman as a Deity
 Had long been worshipp'd," in that fearful hour
 Threw off its ancient homage. Men became
 Brutal, infuriate; from the scaffold thrill'd
 The females shriek, and (O eternal shame
 To France!) within the deep and gulping wave
 They sank all wildly mixed, the son, the sire,
 The mother, and the hapless virgin,---all
 In one dark watery grave.*

And she was one---
 The hapless Genevieve, on whom the surge
 Had thus untimely closed. Her lover heard---
 Silently, sternly, heard the blasting tale,
 And wept not; never more refreshing tear
 Moison'd his eye-lid; and with desperate zeal
 He nourish'd his despair, till on his heart
 The vulture of Consumption gnaw'd.

He sleeps
 Beneath yon hillock---not a stone records

* For an account of these frightful Noyades, see the first series of "Highways and Byways," published by Mr. Whittaker, London.

Where poor Alberto rests, yet there is one
Who knows the spot, and often turns aside,
Lone wand'ring o'er the wild and silent moor,
To seek the stranger's grave.

SONG.

1.

THROW, far away that garland throw!
'Tis wove of plants from foreign bowers;
I'll have no wreath entwine my brow,
Except of British flowers.

2.

The myrtle, though it breathes of love,
Dies when the wintry snow-storms come;
The orange, too, from Lusian grove,
Boasts but a short-lived bloom.

3.

Let her born 'neath the sultry line
Go, cross the pride of Chilian vale;---
Be the green hurtleberry mine
That loves the Highland gale!

4.

Seek, warrior, Delphos' laurel wreath,
And bid it grace thy victor head!
I only ask to sit beneath
The Rowan's minstrel shade.

5.

Is it not sweet at eve to rove
'Mid fair Amboyna's spicy isle,
Where bowers of cinnamon and clove
Breathe perfume round the while?

6.

To some it may be---not to me,
I'd rather range my native hills,
With spirits as their wild-winds free,
Heart, pure as their own rills.

7.

Be mine the harebell dropt with dew,
In careless childhood's happy hand!
Be mine the heath of azure hue
From mine own native land!

8.

Then far away that garland throw!
'Tis wove of plants from foreign bowers;
I'll have no wreath entwine my brow,
Except of British flowers.

H. B.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

1.

Oh! might I return
To the land of my birth,
All others I'd spurn,
E'en the fairest on earth!
The lover admires
Spain's green myrtle grove---
But the land of my sires
Is the land that I love!

2.

I have sat 'neath the expanse
Of fair Italy's sky---
I have join'd in the dance,
As the moon shone on high---
But the grape-crowned arch,
With its rich purple hue,
Could it equal the larch
- In the glen of Cairn Dhu?

3.

I have heard the storm howl
O'er the bleak Mont en Vert,
Seen the wild torrent roll
Down the bed of the Aar.
But the storm---did it pour
Forth its fury below,
Or the wild torrent roar,
As they do in Glenco?

4.

How many a fair
From the land of the sun,
With their dark raven hair,
Have I worshipp'd and won!
But with all their fond spells,
Not a fairer I saw
Than the maiden that dwells
On the banks of Loch Awe.

5.

How oft as I stray
Through some forest of pine,
Do I think of the day
When such forests were mine!
The night winds sigh sweet,
As they come o'er the lea---
But they sigh not to greet
A poor exile like me!

H. B.

A REVIEWER.

"There shall be *two* of us—twin splendid beams
Castor and Pollux—*a double constellation*." ANCIENT COMEDY.

SIR,—A late number of the *Literary Magnet* contained an offer from a gentleman to engage with you in the character of poet-general, and, judging from the specimens which he forwarded, I should think you would have no hesitation in admitting the validity of his claims. Now, Sir, having suited yourself with a rhymester, I propose for your adoption the next great *desideratum* in a Magazine Editor's administration, namely, a sensible and independent "*Reviewer*;" such a one as shall reform all that has been amiss in ancestral disquisition, all that is unfair in contemporary criticism, in short, one whose deeds shall exist when those of Johnson, and Pope, and Gifford, and Jeffery, shall be forgotten.

But you will be sceptical enough, I dare say, to require "chapter" as you have already "verse" of the truth that is in me.—Well, here it is; "saw ever man the like!"—

Marlbrook—a melody of the Olden Time, and Queen Anne's Wars; originally published in French, 1708-9. Blarney and Co. London; Balaam and Co. Edinburgh.

We know of no pleasure, next to that of meeting with old friends and worthy acquaintances, so exquisite as that of having brought back to us some of the ancient tales and songs which aroused our wonder, and awakened our sympathy, in the delightful season of our childhood. It was, therefore, with no common joy, that we observed the liberal house of Blarney and Co. commencing a series of the best melodies of other days. The first number is now before us; and thus, through the friendship of one of the young Balaams, we are enabled, this month, to give, exclusively, some account of this, which we may justly term, the advanced guard of a patriotic array.

It is hardly necessary, in this age of reading, to premise that the song itself was an invention of the enemy, when the immortal Marlborough told such good accounts of them at Ramillies, Oudenarde, Blenheim, &c. that so far from injuring, by its irony, the patriotism of the war, it was instantly translated into our language, and ultimately became (for we improved it greatly) as popular as it is pathetic.

Marlbrook to the wars is going,
Rum tum tiddle-e, tum ti tum,
Marlbrook to the wars is going,
Oh! when will he return?

This is as it should be. We have no inflated, pressing exordium; no wind-about, zig-zag preliminaries to mount over; no horrid scrapings and tunings before the commencement of the overture; but we are precipitated, according to the classical recipe, *in medias res* at once—

Marlbrook to the wars is going.

We know this, and it is all we want to know; with the why and the wherefore, we do not trouble ourselves. The second line will not fail to enrapture all those who have "music in their souls." Out of six little words, each, apparently, of grotesque signification, our author has "discoursed most excellent music;" for if ever the march of armies, at the tattoo of the drum was imitated, it is imitated here. Virgil's famous

line, beginning, "Quadrupitante sonitu," &c. descriptive of the tramp of horses; and Homer's celebrated Δεινὴ δὲ κλαυγῇ imitative of the twanging of the bow-string, are scarcely more beautiful. But we must hurry on, and, like Ulysses, tear ourselves from the Calypso-like enticements of the poet's "rum tum tiddle-e."—"Oh! when will he return?" Is it not beautiful, pathetic? The very abruptness of the interrogatory carries with it the finest commentary upon hope and apprehension. We have heard Mrs. Siddons' "was he alive?" We have seen Kean's eye, when, as Hamlet, he recognises "the buried majesty of Denmark." But we have heard, seen, nothing like the unparalleled snatch of nature we are describing. *Mais avangons.*

He may return by Christmas,
Rum, tum, &c.
He may return by Christmas,
Or otherwise Twelfth-day.

Clever and ingenious again! How naturally are the uncertainty of events, the chances of war, the effects of distance, here expressed. But mark that which follows:

Twelfth-day is gone and over,
Rum, tum, &c.
Twelfth-day is gone and over,
Marlbrook is not return'd.

To the *highest* of her castle,
Rum, tum, &c.
To the highest of her castle,
My lady's mounted up.

How expressively does the first of these stanzas prepare us for the following one. The melancholy truth that our hero is not returned, produces another. We now, for the first time, discover that he is married, and that, too, to a being affectionately devoted to her lord. With all our classical reminiscences about us, we have no recollection of any epithet, ancient or modern, so happily chosen as that of *highest*. It is like the best bit of the best painting that ever appeared; like the curtain of Parrhasius' picture, which Zeuxis, his great rival, ordered to be withdrawn, that he might see the painting. The lady did not sit in "yellow melancholy" in her breakfast or dining-room—nay, not even in her chamber: but impelled by love, as was "sister Anne" by fear, she mounts to the very top-gallant pinnacle of hope, and there, where her eyes might first drink in the dear delight of his appearance, she stands watching for the "cloud of dust" that is to precede "the conquering hero" himself. Some commentators have supposed that the word "*mounted*," implied that the estimable lady in question, had got upon the weathercock of the castle; but we do not think this just criticism, inasmuch as we have no premises to go upon in supposing her accustomed to *ride the high horse*.

Oh, page! my lovely page,
Rum, tum, &c.

Oh, page! my lovely page,
What tidings dost thou bring?

This is a good deal better than Mr. Bishop's "My pretty page look out afar," which is sung at Covent-Garden Theatre; and proves, moreover, that gentleman to be as arrant a *plagiarist* as ever was put to the bar. I should think, like poor Sheridan, nobody would ever take his *notes* again after this exposure. But list to the "syllables of dolour" which are now to be breathed out by our "lovely page."

Marlbrook, my noble master,
Rum, tum, &c.
Marlbrook, my noble master,
Is dead, and in his grave.

Not only dead, but in his grave—the great, the good, the mighty, the observed of all observers, the hope and model of the state—a banquet for worms, the companion of clay!—"dead, and in his grave." How mournfully do the numbers slide after each other! What a commentary do they seem upon the *sting* of death, the *victory* of the grave. It really makes us quite melancholy to dwell upon the sublimity and gravity of this passage. The march of it is a perfect funeral. But is there no hope—no balm in Gilead?—none; for still does the "lovely page" speak thus unkindly—

To the grave I saw him carried,
Rum, tum, &c.
To the grave I saw him carried
By four bold officers.

One carried his bright armour,
Rum, tum, &c.
One carried his bright armour,
The *others* bore his buckler.

This is, beyond doubt, one of the most splendid descriptions of the journey to our "last home" that has ever been attempted. The very first undertaker, in the very first city of the world, which we contend to be the one that we do the honour of residing in, could never direct such a display. What are his mutes, his mourning-coaches, his fellows, with grim visages and gilt staves, his nodding plumes, and his *ricketty empty* coaches—to the "four bold officers"—the "bright armour"—the "buckler," so heavy, that three did bear it? Nothing, positively nothing! the top of a fish-kettle to the shield of Achilles. But Marlbrook is gone. "Alas, poor Yorick!" has been said over his mausoleum. And the poem very naturally, and beautifully, concludes with this most original fancy.

The ceremony ended,
Rum tum tiddle-e, tum ti tum,
The ceremony ended,
They all went home to bed.

Which, that we may not weaken the effect the introduction of this great work must certainly have wrought upon our readers by any cavilling, hypocritical carpings of our own, upon a few, and they are very few, trivial defects,—we ourselves beg leave also to do so, *bon nuit*, gentle readers—repose sit upon your eyelids, and may you wake to-morrow morning with a determination of imitating the patriotism of the great Marlbrook.

SIMON SIGHTLY.

No. 1001, Grub Street, First Floor,
November 12, 1824.

A PHENOMENON.

A WEALTHY farmer, remarkable for his hospitality, invited, on a late occasion, one of his guests to go with him into a neighbouring field, and he would shew him a phenomenon. The gentleman, thus invited, at once complied with the solicitations of his host. The parties reached the field, and approached a beautiful little animal, which lay by the side of its mother—a fine Jersey cow. "There," said the farmer, "there it is." "Well, bless me," replied the gentleman, "if you had not told me that it was a *phenomenon*, I should have taken it to be a mere *calf*."

THE VENETIAN REGATTA.

VENICE is justly celebrated for the antiquity of its republic: for many glorious events in its history, and for the peculiar construction of the city. There were, even so recently as the close of the last century, certain traits in the manners of the Venetians which reminded one of their romantic origin, and almost afforded a glimpse of the spirit which animated this people in their former and better days. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the numerous and unique race of Gondoliers, who have for many generations been famous for their fine figures, their civil behaviour, good humour, smartness in repartee, and withal for their discretion. Many instances have been recorded of their faithful attachment to their own masters, and of their devotion to the members of the senate. A spirit of rivalry, and a desire to excel in the management of their gondolas, have always subsisted amongst them. In their hours of leisure they take their seat in their little barks, and amuse themselves with trials of skill: and though the prizes they contend for are often nothing better than small flags of no very costly materials, yet the honour of gaining them is deemed sufficient to call forth the most strenuous exertions of the candidates. These exhibitions used to possess interest enough to attract crowds of persons to the quays and other places from whence a sight of them could be obtained; and if, perchance, the noble from his palace on the borders of the canal, or the traveller from the balcony of his hotel, looked out and seemed to participate in the interest of the scene, the rival boatmen would redouble their efforts; while the elder members of the fraternity, like masters of the ceremonies, would endeavour to make the spectacle as imposing as they could, by the help of a little music, and the songs of their female acquaintances, who used to attend in gondolas, and encourage and reward the competitors with their smiles.

The most interesting exhibition of this kind was at the grand annual regatta, which took place under the command and direction of persons expressly appointed for the purpose by the government. On such occasions, it was not unusual for princes and nobles to repair from all parts of Europe, in order to witness a spectacle for which no other city possessed so many local advantages. It is difficult to convey an idea of the bustle which the announcement of a regatta used to create among all classes of inhabitants in Venice. They prided themselves on possessing so many exclusive advantages for this entertainment; and, for a long time beforehand, they were engaged in preparing whatever seemed likely to contribute to its splendour, and to increase their own enjoyment of it. A variety of parties, and separate interests, were formed in favour of the different candidates, such as the patronage of young noblemen towards the gondoliers in their own service; the desire of glory and reward among the aspirants themselves; and, above all, a feeling of nationality so strong as to rouse them from their habitual sloth, to take part in the general business of preparation. The inhabitants of the suburbs came flocking in from all quarters; and travellers from distant countries found this a rendezvous of the gay and the curious.

Although any one, who chose, was at liberty to enter his name in the list of candidates, until the number was completed, it was customary to give a preference to the members of certain families. For the occupation of gondolier was held in high estimation among the people, because it had been the primitive one of the inhabitants of this city; and the body of gondoliers had a sort of aristocracy of their own, consisting of those families which they considered worthy of distinction, on account of their antiquity, and of their descent from a line of virtuous ancestors, skilful in their profession, and renowned for the number of prizes they had obtained at the regattas. They carried their deference for these families to such a pitch, that whenever a dispute arose among the gondoliers in the streets and markets, it would often cease all at once, through the mere interposition of some person belonging to this body. The noble gondoliers were very careful in their marriages to avoid improper alliances; and always endeavoured to intermarry with families of equal respectability.

As soon as the list of candidates was completed, they began to train themselves, for some weeks before the time of trial, by daily exercises of the most fatiguing kind. Those who were in service at the time, had permission from their masters to pursue their training, without being subject to a decrease of wages. Indeed, they were looked upon as persons set apart for the credit of their country. At length when the grand day arrived, the friends and relations of the rowers used to assemble and encourage them, by reminding them of the honours of their family. Young maidens, often betrothed to the candidates, presented them with the skull, and exhorted them to follow the example of their successful ancestors. The superstition of the Venetians was not suffered to slumber amidst so much activity. Masses were performed, and vows made in their churches, and the boats of the rowers were consecrated with the images of favourite saints. The distance they had to row was about four miles. The boats separated at a given spot, and went along the great winding canal which divides the city; they then passed round a standard, and returned to a sign placed at the most conspicuous angle of the grand canal. There were, in general, four prizes, indicated by four flags of different colours, which served also to shew their different degrees. These flags were esteemed, by the gondoliers, glorious trophies, worthy of being aspired after with the greatest ambition. But the government always bestowed, with each flag, a tolerable sum of money, according to its rank. And those who were successful in the match, were generally surrounded by the patrons of the regatta, who, besides congratulating them, commonly made them handsome presents; after which they were rowed about in triumph, with their prizes in their hands, to receive the plaudits of the spectators on the banks of the canal. This grand canal, which is remarkable for the beauty of the buildings on its banks, was, on such occasions, almost covered with spectators in barges and gondolas. Some belonging to the rich citizens, and others to the nobility, were decorated with flags and rich hangings; and the rowers were habited in rich and fantastic habits. Many persons expended considerable sums in decorations; and represented upon the water the personages of the heathen mythology, with their attendant heroes; while others represented the costumes of foreign nations. The nobles, seated at the prows of their barges, superintended the regatta, and by their orders prevented confusion and irregularity. They constituted an acting police, on those days, which it was against the interest of every one to offend; no other police was to be seen, neither officers nor guards; not a musket or a halbert. Such were the features of the Venetian Regatta, as it was celebrated in the year 1784, when two were given, the first, in honour of a visit from the king of Sweden; the second, in honour of the Archduke Ferdinand, of Austria, and his Duchess, during their stay at Venice, in the same year.

At this period there lived at Venice a young gondolier, whose name was Nane Deo; he was tall and well-proportioned, had a pleasant countenance and agreeable manners; was inured to hardship, and full of honour and good feeling. He fell in love with a young lass of his own rank, a fatherless girl, who had lived from her childhood with her mother, a brother, and his wife. Her brother's name was Momolo Vendetta, and he was descended from one of the most distinguished families among the gondoliers. His fathers were celebrated for having gained a great number of prizes at the grand regatta; and the porch of his humble house was graced with the flags which they had won. Momolo had proved that he was worthy of his parentage, since three of the flags had been obtained by himself. As a good husband, good father, and faithful servant, he enjoyed the confidence of his noble master, and was the pride and ornament of the gondoliers. He was frequently appointed an arbitrator in the disputes which arose among the gondoliers, who submitted to his decisions as readily as they would to those of a magistrate. His house was commonly resorted to for the purpose of settling their differences. There, with glass in hand, they drowned all ill-will, and ended their disputes in conviviality. But wine was seldom drunk in his house, except as the token of peace. This is an inviolable mark of reconciliation among the Venetians, when they say that two enemies have settled their strife by drinking together---they are sure of their reconciliation. It was at some such peace-making that young Deo beheld, for the first time, the fair Bettina, who, with all the charms of Hebe, acted as cup-bearer to the friendly circle, and came, in turn, to present the cup of peace to Nane. The sight of this lovely creature had, at first, filled him with emotion; nor is that surprising, for her figure was sylph-like, and her features, which were delicate and regular, were combined so happily, that her countenance expressed at once innocence, intelligence, and good-nature: but when she approached him, the graces of her smile, the brilliancy of her fine dark eyes, the glow of youth and health upon her cheeks, and all the charms shed over her luxuriant hair, "quite vanquished him." There stood the young Deo fixed in surprise and admiration; his imagination took fire, and communicated its ardour to his heart; he could not take his eyes off her; and whenever she came near him, he tried to detain her under some pretence or other, though, sooth to say, he did it very awkwardly. Bettina perceived his confusion---blushed, and cast her eyes downwards. The youth, scarcely knowing what to do, and not daring to express what he felt, stood with the glass in his hand, and sang a tender

verse from Tasso, which Bettina felt not much disinclined to apply to herself; neither did she seem displeased with the declaration; but replied to it by singing the verse which immediately followed. This put all the company in a singing mood, every one sang in his turn, and at last they concluded their feast with a loud chorus.

The Venetians, and the gondoliers in particular, are fond of singing the productions of their poets. The gondolier while gently rowing his bark often makes the walls of the palaces resound with his manly and sonorous voice, singing the five octaves of the Italian poets: there used to be an ancient musical rhythm admirably adapted to display the beautiful cadence of their harmonious verse. Deo possessed this talent in great excellence. He knew by heart a great portion of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and many scenes of Goldoni, not to mention a number of romances and miracles, which the people of Venice learn by heart, and hand down from age to age by oral tradition.

When the singing was over, and the company began to depart, the only one who felt melancholy was Deo. The passion which he had conceived, kept possession of his heart: he could get no repose, he racked his invention for some expedient by which he might obtain another sight of the fair Bettina, whose first reception of him had not been discouraging. But how that was to be accomplished he knew not: for the young ladies of Venice were strictly confined to their houses, and their mammas kept them fully occupied with different works: the greatest liberty they were allowed was that of standing at the window for a few moments now and then: they seldom went abroad except on Sundays and Saints' days, when they were accompanied by their mother, or some other elderly, staid, discreet, gentlewoman. Our young lover had never experienced a week which seemed so long, or a Sunday so slow to arrive: but when it *did* come, he hastened to station himself at the door of the parish-church to witness the arrival of his lovely mistress. At length she appeared with her mother. Deo walked a little on one side, rather before than behind, and having entered the church, he offered, with a trembling hand, the holy water to the mother and daughter with an air of respect, mingled with tenderness and devotion. The maiden blushed, and almost hid her sparkling eyes with their long black lashes: the good mother thanked him heartily, and seemed pleased with his attentions; after which he took his place behind them, during the mass, and was among the first to quit church when it was over, which he did without venturing to take notice of the two ladies.

He failed not to pass and repass almost daily opposite to the windows of Bettina, where he now and then was so fortunate as to obtain a few stolen glances. Sometimes he contrived to bring his comrades for an evening walk into that part of the city, and when he approached the house where all that was dear to him was treasured up, he would invite them to sing, always taking care that his voice should be audible above the rest. He perceived with inexpressible delight, and from many little---very little---marks, such as are of infinite value to the passionate lover, that his attentions were agreeable, and he sometimes fancied he could hear a female voice "in gentle accent" answering his: still he was at a loss to know how to obtain assurance of her love, and to advance his suit. He could not think of any expedient for calling at the house of Momolo, and when he revolved the matter in his mind, he felt almost afraid that if his passion were discovered it might lead to some interruption of that comfort and serenity which his Bettina enjoyed in the house and society of her brother and his family. Happily the *fête* of the Tutelary Saint of the parish was at hand, and Nane felt a presentiment that this day would bring some happy moment, some "blessed opportunity," for the termination of his doubts and apprehensions.

Upon the anniversary of this day the young ladies were permitted to go out, after dinner, and form a party among themselves, where it was customary to have a little dance on a lawn before the house of the most important parishioner, which was tastefully ornamented with draperies and flowers. A table was set out with wine and fruit, and there the heads of families were comfortably seated quaffing the generous wine, drinking to each other's health, and to that of their masters, delighted with the joy of their children, and chatting upon their own youthful days. Mothers, fathers, uncles, and aunts, soon formed themselves into social groups, they watched the young folks, and listened to their merry conversation, praised the merits of their own children, deplored the hardships of the times, made free with the characters of the absent, and praised the sermon of their *curé*. On these festivals the young men of the parish were allowed to be present, and to approach near enough to the young ladies to whisper soft things, and compliment the dancers; but they were seldom called upon to participate in the amusements of the females. Those lasses who had lovers acknowledged and approved, placed in their hair flowers presented to them by their admirers; and from this mark it was understood, that their heart was not free, and that their hand could not be so any more. Deo would have given a world, if he had it, to have been able to present a flower to his fair one. The evening before the *fête* he repaired to the church door with a rose in his hand, and at the moment when Bettina entered to attend the vespers, he had intended to present it to her; but

his arm, though half extended, was restrained by that timidity which true love always inspires, and by the presence of the mother who, according to custom, preceded her daughter. After dinner, on the following day, he was among the foremost, who arrived at the house of Momolo. The joyous company assembled without exciting his curiosity, or inducing him to lift his eyes from the door and windows of his mistress's domicile. At length she appeared. A bodice of rose colour, a white frock, and a gauze handkerchief upon her shoulders, constituted the attire of Bettina. Her black hair in luxuriant tresses, was confined by a large gold pin. A few ringlets escaped in front, and partly shaded her forehead as if to shew by contrast its exquisite whiteness. But Nane on casting his eyes upon the lovely girl was almost petrified at perceiving in her hair a rose like that he had longed to present her with, on the previous day. He trembled and scarcely dared to gaze upon her. "Without doubt," he thought "I have a rival, some one more happy has been beforehand"—but this uneasy train of thought was soon put a stop to. Momolo, who was seated at a table with his wife and mother, tranquilly regaling on the fruits and viands spread out before them, having remarked Nane's abstracted and disconsolate manner, called out to him, "Come, my friend, be seated among us, and partake of our good cheer." Deo recovered himself, and accepted the invitation; but a tormenting jealousy invaded his heart, and overclouded his countenance---naturally so gay and open. Intent upon the object of his affections, he could not help admiring the strength and agility of Bettina, who had been dancing a long time, and had tired out some of her companions. "Oh," said Momolo, "my sister has not her equal for dancing. It is her favourite recreation. I am pleased to see the poor child happy, it is not often she can enjoy herself; for it is only on this day and two or three others at the time of the carnival, that she is at liberty. But what are we to say to the flower which Bettina has in her head?"

The good mother smiled, and answered, "Do not alarm yourself, my son, it is an artificial one. Your sister will never have any lover but he who is to be her husband. She put me to my wits' end this morning to find an artificial rose, that she might place in her hair without giving rise to scandal: and at last, I was obliged to buy one of a milliner."

At these words the heart of our young lover palpitated with delight, the delicate attention of his mistress overwhelmed him: he could not take his eyes off her. Bettina having perhaps derived from the countenance of Deo the cause of his alarm, and of his sudden alteration, bestowed upon him from time to time looks full of the most expressive tenderness, though she did not advance to the table. At length her brother called to her, made her sip some wine and water, and bade her rest a while, or quit the dance for the guitar. She began to play without any affected unwillingness, and sang with such simplicity and pathos, that poor Nane was scarcely able to contain himself. In such delightful society time passed away too rapidly for him, and he found with almost as much surprise as regret, that nightfall was coming on, and that the company was beginning to retire. He was therefore obliged to take leave of his party: he cordially thanked his friend Momolo, and "looked unutterable things" while he passed as near to his fair one as possible, to bid her adieu: he was rewarded with a kind look and a sigh, and then departed.

He now began to think that his condition was more supportable. "Bettina," thought he, "is not engaged: surely she will consent to make me happy: her looks, her attentions, have said so. I burn with this passion. I must get out of this purgatory. I will go to-morrow and ask the hand of Bettina of her brother." A lover of this cast is not dilatory, still less after such a resolution. On the next morning he went to Marc Toscan, his godfather, who was an old gondolier, venerable for his merit, as well as his years. He was superannuated, and the house which he had served forty years, had generously provided for his comforts in his old age. Marc having heard the proposition of his godson approved it, and was not backward to offer his best services as a mediator. He conceived that the parties were suitable to each other: he knew the reputation of Momolo and his family, and had no doubt of the merit of a girl educated by such relations. Those considerations of interest and aggrandisement, which engross others, were not suffered to be obstacles among these good people. He knew that Nane was possessed of a vigorous frame, and was sufficiently skilful in his occupation, to be sure of constant employment, by which he would be able to support a family, aided by the industry and economy of a prudent wife. "But my son," said he, "it is too early to see Momolo; he is now gone to the grand council with his master: till he returns let us go to church to hear mass." They accordingly repaired to Notre Dame *Della Salute*, where Nane gave an offering to the priest that he might apply the mass to the furtherance of his special object. The fervour with which the youth joined in the solemn service was not a little heightened by the love and fear which alternately possessed his heart. This ended, they hastened towards the house of Momolo.

"I commend you, my son," said Marc, "for having addressed thy prayers to the Virgin. In former times this temple was crowded with people: then the Venetians possessed a sin-

gular devotion for their holy patroness ; but, alas ! the manners of the present day are sadly corrupted and degenerated. When I was young, nobody failed to attend mass daily, but now the ambition is to attend councils and sessions in the mornings, and to pass the night in playing, drinking, and excess. We were gay and contented ; the canals resounded with our songs and serenades ; Tasso was constantly on the lips of all my comrades ; we used to teach him to the very youngest, who learnt his verses by heart. On certain days the best scholars amongst us collected the others, and read his beautiful poems, and explained the most difficult passages. At that time there were more than there are now, who could read and write : nay, I knew some who even composed songs which our noble masters did not disdain to read. Their confidence in us, their good nature and familiarity, gave us an importance in our own eyes, and made us better subjects and servants. You youngsters have no idea of our former importance. I remember one time when there was going to be an election of some great officer, I forget what ; but I know it happened when I was in the service of Madame Belegno. Well, I was despatched to the procurator Calerge with an old Dalination officer, a man of merit---at least in her ladyship's opinion---but without patronage. 'My mistress recommends this worthy officer to your Excellency,' said I : that was sufficient ; the procurateur took the good man's interest to heart ; he obtained the place ; and I am happy to say, he did honour to her recommendation, and mine. But the ladies now-a-days have thrown aside their reserve, and they have lost the secrets influence they used to have in state-affairs. And if they now get more amusements, they have less interest with the great men, who scarcely contribute to their amusement at all." In this manner the good old Marc kept talking to his godson, who, with apparent attention, was in truth occupied with very different ideas ; and at length they reached the habitation of Momolo. He was standing at the door, and seeing his old friend Marc, "What good fortune brings you to me," he said, "and how came you in company with this young man ?"

"He is my godson, dear friend," replied the old man, "and I wish to speak to you about him : let us come in." They all three entered the little hall. Momolo, who saw the embarrassment of the young man, asked if he could render him any assistance.

"You have," answered the old man, "a sister, and I am told she is a charming girl, and old enough to be married. Here I have brought my godson to ask her in marriage. He is not addicted to vices. You never see him in a public-house, or with cards in his hand : he receives forty ducats a month from his young master, besides perquisites. As for his person, look at it. His arms are worthy of a Samson ; he is tall enough to stand against the Philistines. I will answer for his character. I have known him from his infancy, and have never lost sight of him. I have watched him, and inquired into his conduct, and I have never heard a single bad thing of him. I think your sister might be easily persuaded of his merit, and might live happily with him. He proposes to settle in about a year, that he may have time to prepare his house as it should be for the wife of Deo, and the sister of Vendetta." During this address, Momolo had surveyed the youth from head to foot with perfect satisfaction. Nor had Nane been less regardless of a single movement or change of countenance in him whose answer was to decide his fate. He almost dared to hope, and indeed he had need of it, to support him under the painful agitation which he suffered. Momolo rose from his seat, and taking old Marc by the hand said to both, "Come with me, my friends, and you shall have an answer." But before they quitted the hall he stopped, and with an air of native dignity, directed the attention of his visitors to the objects which surrounded them. The hall was ornamented with portraits of his father, his ancestors, and himself, with their names underneath, and the dates which were most remarkable in the history of each person. It is true, the paintings were not very fine. They were large heads highly coloured, wearing gondoliers' caps, some with a pipe in their mouth and others with a skull in their hand. In the space between the portraits, the walls were hung with flags of all colours, some half worn off with time, and all arranged in the style of trophies. "Look, there," said he, "at my ancestors, and read their praises. Nane is a young man whom I esteem very highly ; but it must not be said that the sister of Vendetta was united to a gondolier who had not obtained some honourable mark of distinction. It is an invariable rule in our family, never to give or accept a wife, without bestowing her hand upon those who are glorious for the prizes they have gained." Marc was astonished and could say nothing. Nane stood motionless, and seemed as if a thunderbolt had fallen upon him ; when Momolo put his hand upon Deo's shoulder with a look of encouragement, and said, "Courage Deo, I have so great a friendship for my comrade Marc, and have conceived so good an opinion of you, that I shall propose a plan for satisfying all parties ;---the only one which can put my good wishes for you to the test. May Heaven, which suggests it to me, bless the thought. Yes, my friend, the opportunity is favourable for you ; the course of glory is open. In three days our patrons will give a regatta to the Archduke of Austria. If you can win a prize in it, my sister is yours. But as it is no more than fair that besides giving my advice

I should give you my assistance also, I will row with you, I will partake of your fatigues, and labour with you for victory, notwithstanding I am forty years old, and have resolved not to enter into another match. Nane fell at his feet and bathed them with tears: the eyes of Marc were moistened; he threw himself upon the neck of Vendetta. They both embraced the poor youth and raised him up, and went altogether to an inner room, where Momolo introduced them to the females.

"Behold," said he, "my sister, a young man who comes to ask you in marriage. I esteem him, and do not despise his pretensions; but he is not yet worthy of possessing you, though he may be in the course of three days. Assure him that you have no dislike to him; encourage him in the path of honour, and commend him to the holy virgin. I intend to row with him. I will be his comrade, his brother, in the course; and, I hope, he will soon become my brother in a more solemn manner. It is to the condition of returning victorious that his happiness is attached. You know that you ought to aspire to a husband who has gained some distinction, and that no other ought to be allied to our family." Bettina cast her eyes downwards, her face was suffused with a crimson tint; and her manner seemed confused. Nane said something which was almost inaudible; he kissed the hand of Vendetta, and looked tenderly upon the dear girl, whose sister and mother now approached her with tears of joy, to felicitate her. They endeavoured to allay her apprehensions as to the uncertainty of the event upon which her fate depended; and they made a sign to denote that she entertained the proposal. At the same time they were not backward to express the satisfaction it afforded them. The conference having proved so far favourable, the three men withdrew and went to the directors of the regatta to obtain permission for entering their names in the list of rowers. Marc Toscan undertook to speak. The good old man detailed all the interesting particulars of the affair, which had once more brought him from his retirement to attend upon the directors of the regatta. He expatiated on the merits of his godson, and the noble offer which Momolo Vendetta had made. The directors, who were highly pleased with the story, applauded the spirit of the parties, encouraged them, and assured them of their patronage. The two aspirants proceeded to inscribe their names for the match of boats with two rowers; which being done, they went to the canal and pushed off their boat, in which, as a sort of rehearsal, they gave a specimen of the manner in which they should contend for the prize.

In the three days which had to pass before that of the regatta, Nane was permitted to pay daily visits at the abode of Momolo. The felicity he experienced in the society of his Bettina, operated as a stimulus, and gave him an invincible determination. He felt impatient for the moment of gaining his precious right to claim the hand of his mistress. Momolo, as an experienced hero, gave his advice to Deo. "At the moment the signal is given," said he, "endeavour to distance your competitors; then slacken your pace a little when once you see the others behind you, that you may not waste your strength at first, for you will stand in need of it when we have got over half the distance—then is the time for exerting every nerve to reach the signal flag. Observe what I do, and follow my example. Row with caution, which is quite as necessary as strength. If you see any one endeavouring to get his boat across the stream, or to run foul of us, you must endeavour to steer clear of him; but do nothing spiteful against your rivals, victory is the only vengeance we ought to take." They frequently rowed together up and down the grand canal, that Momolo might point out the shallows, and those places where the stream flowed with the greatest rapidity.

At length the eventful day arrived. The females interested in the success of our champions, refused to enter into any of the various amusements which abounded on this season of noise and gaiety—not even directing their eyes to the great canal, which was already thronged with spectators, and embellished with the great barges of state, with their noble crews. Early in the morning they prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar, and implored the auspices of Heaven, with as much earnestness as is sometimes shewn in praying for the safety of a kingdom, or a victory over an assailing army. The tender Bettina said all the prayers she knew, interrupted with sighs, and raising her suppliant eyes, filled with tears, to all the images of saints, and all the objects of adoration, which surrounded her. These prayers were offered for her brother, her lips pronounced his name, whilst her heart added others, still more fervent, for her brother's friend and colleague, whom she would scarcely trust herself to name. The relations of the family prevailed upon a priest to go down to the water-side for the purpose of blessing the boat at the two extremities, and of affixing a small image of *Notre Dame Della Salute*. The wife of Momolo presented the oar to her husband, and reminded him of his former triumphs. Poor Bettina, with trembling hand, gave the oar to her lover. She could not speak, but she looked at him most expressively—what elegant prayers, what powerful excitements, are there in such looks! Deo exclaimed, "I go to struggle for you; and is it possible that I should not conquer!" He asked, as a parting favour, to have a white ribbon which confined her tresses; he ob-

tained it, kissed it, put it to his heart, and at last fixed it in his cap. The family group were loud in expressing their anticipations of success ; and a crowd of neighbours assembled in order to carry the two champions in state to their boat ; into which they leaped with impatience. They soon dashed through the water, and arrived at the beginning of the course. Their intrepid manner made their competitors begin to tremble already. The females had not courage to witness the regatta ; they remained at home with their friends, who would not quit them in such a time of anxiety and agitation. The tried skill of Momolo, the athletic frame of Nane, formed grounds for happy prognostics. But Bettina was fixed upon her knees, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hands clasped. She heard the signal to start ; she was no longer on her knees—but fell extended on the floor. They raised her to her seat, but were unable to allay her fears. Love, till then, partially concealed in her bosom, could not endure the rack of agonising suspense. The names of her lover, and sometimes her brother, were the only sounds she could articulate.

Our heroes, meantime, got a-head, and exerted themselves to make good the advantage they had gained upon the others, who came in pairs, sharply contesting the prizes. The imposing beauty of the spectacle, at this instant, is beyond description. It was not merely an amusement, but a magnificent national exhibition. All the different classes of spectators were in motion. An immense number of boats were stationed along the sides of the canal ; but many attempted to keep pace with the boats in the match. The rapid progress of the ornamented barges, whose rich draperies, plumes, and banners, gave a fine relief to the black ground of the gondolas : the music of bands upon the barges, upon the terraces and quays, interrupted by shouts of applause and encouragement to the foremost ; and sometimes by the hooting of the populace to those in the rear : the aspect of the façades of the palaces, and mansions hung with tapestry, and filled with the most elegant company, who testified, by the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, the lively interest they took in the animated scene—altogether formed a spectacle which cannot be imitated any where else, because the localities of Venice are perfectly unique.

The energy of Deo was the theme of general admiration—he kept the lead, and was on the point of gaining a complete advantage over his rivals, when, by a malicious manœuvre of those in the second boat, which suddenly gained upon him at the moment of rounding the flag to return ; the second boat ran foul of his ; drove it too far round ; and by rebounding, shot a-head, and became first. This accident excited extraordinary clamour. The persons who had obtained this advantage had their patrons and partisans ; but the majority of spectators expressed their concern for Deo. He saw his error, but animated by the cries and encouraging gestures of his colleague, he was not disconcerted. Momolo had used inconceivable efforts to avoid this disaster ; and though he had failed, through the unskilfulness of his companion, he knew that it was not a time for reflecting upon his inexpertness. No one could have foreseen that this event would have tended to cover our young hero with glory, by affording him an opportunity to signalise himself by an act of generosity. In making for the goal which they were now approaching, each kept his place, nor was Deo able to regain the precedence. He was on the point of leaping out of his boat upon the steps of the temple, where the prize flags were planted, when the man of the first boat, who was to take the colour, lost his footing by too great eagerness, and fell into the water. Nane, by a violent pull, gained the shore, and sprang upon the steps. He seized with his two hands the first and second flags, and ran back to his boat with both ; he then advanced to his rival, who was struggling in the water, drew him out, placed him in his boat, and resigned the first flag to him—modestly retaining the second for himself. According to the laws of the regatta, he had a right to appropriate the first to himself ; but Nane was too humane and too generous to act strictly upon a regulation which seemed unfair, although advantageous for himself. This noble action gained him universal approbation ; but neither the plaudits nor caresses of the spectators could detain our victors a moment. Nane, the happiest of mortals, seconded by his friend Momolo, having fixed the flag upon his prow, turned his boat immediately towards the house of Vendetta, cleaving the waters with the same rapidity as before.

The shouts of the neighbours soon announced to Bettina the victory of her lover, who was presently at her feet, with the flag in his hand. She neither heard nor saw any thing—the conflict of hope and fear had agitated her so much, that she had not strength to sustain so great a torrent of joy—she fainted in his arms. The wife of Momolo, his mother, and children, came round him, caressing and embracing him. “Nane is victorious !” he exclaimed, “Nane is the husband of my sister—he is my brother !” The distracted youth pointed to his Bettina, in an attitude of despair, for she yet gave no signs of life ; but with the kind assistance of those about her, the poor girl came to by degrees ; and as she opened her eyes, she looked round with an air of doubt, not seeming to know whether they consoled or congratulated her. Deo endeavoured to engage her first glance, she saw him, and

fixed her eyes most tenderly upon him ; he was not content, but put his lips to hers, which she feebly endeavoured to defend. " Come, my children," said Momolo, " give free course to your mutual affection. Deo, receive at my hands, in this day of glory, the recompence you have so well deserved. To-morrow you shall be united. Abide with me till you can get a house for yourself---deposit your flag at the side of those gained by my forefathers, who shall henceforth be called yours ; and give to my patrons subjects of our blood, who may always serve them with fidelity, and preserve the honours of the regatta in our families."

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

"Ὁν φιλεῖ Θεὸς, θνήσκει νέος.—HEROD.

I SAW the Sun's pavilion in the sky,
His banners streaming in the tranquil west ;
I look'd again, his glory had gone by,
His eye, far-beaming, sank in dewy rest.
I saw the magic colours of the bow,
That spreads its brilliant arch on placid even---
I look'd again, its pomp had melted low,
Its beauty vanish'd from the gates of heav'n.
So there was seen a flower of human birth,
That bloom'd all lovely in the gazer's view ;
So brief it flourish'd on this mortal earth,
Then whisper'd to the breeze a long adieu.
Disease unkindly breath'd its terrors there,
Swiftly she sank beneath the cold turf sod.
The tearful Muses wrung their golden hair,
The sobbing night-wind mourn'd her funeral ode.
Weep, roses, weep ! above the hallow'd bed,
Where sleeps in peace, one lovelier far than you :
Oh, weep ! for Virtue's ornament has fled,
And vivid Wit deplores her offspring too.
Weep, violets, weep ! above the sacred tomb,
And throw your perfumes round the storied urn :
Oh, hither bring your sweets of earliest bloom,
When Spring's reviving smiles to earth return.
Like to some star that trembles o'er the deep,
Bright'ning the waves that ripple smoothly on ;
Till through the heavens clouds, darkly rolling, sweep,
And hide the beam that late all sparkling shone.
So, thou, loved virgin ! shed a light serene,
Adorn'd with beauty, tenderness, and truth,
Till Death, all envious, aim'd his stroke between,
Reckless alike of innocence and truth.
But as the star, though lost to mortal sight,
Still shines above, resplendant as before ;
So yet thou lookest beautiful on high---
Yet smil'st an angel on that cloudless shore.
Fair spirit ! from the climes of Paradise,
Where founts o'er fadeless flowers eternal roll,
Where sphere-born melodies from seraphs rise,
Enchanting, as they move, from soul to soul :
Look upon *us*, who now revert to thee,
Our eyes suffused with fond affection's tear :
Look upon *us*, and, oh, our guardian be !
Till we shall meet thee in that happier sphere.

H. CAM.

THE THREE SISTERS.

BY THE "HERMIT."

——— *Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.*---OVID.

To the bosom which has beat with parental tenderness and anxiety: to him, or her, who has viewed, at one time, with pride, the lovely offspring of mutual affection and truth; and at another, watched the sleeping babe, with tearful eye, when a convulsive start has broken, or disturbed, that repose: to such, the story of Three Sisters, passing from infancy to the spring of life, will not be without some degree of interest. The parent will go back to the period when the increased crimson of a mother's cheek, hanging over the cradle of her beloved child, bespoke a feeling of maternity, which wants a name—for there is none which is adequate to the thrilling sensation, nor can it be conceived, much less paid back, or returned, by the object thus hugged to her heart's-strings—the parent alone is conscious of it.

It was the glory of a friend of mine to have three daughters, fair as the mountain snow, unpolluted by mortal touch, such as it falls from the fleecy clouds, and lights upon wild flowers in a land of peace and freedom. The periods of their birth followed each other annually, except in the instance of the third born, who was two years younger than her second sister, three years the junior of the eldest. Their minds and persons were the mingled copies of each parent, differently combined; but there was a sweet regularity of feature in all, flowing from the softness of their mother's countenance; and a marked dignity and regularity in the expression of their father's face. In infancy, they were extremely similar to each other, but, as the bud expanded, it took a trifling deviation, the one from the other. Uniformity in dress augmented the interest which they naturally inspired; and when they tenanted the nursery, and accompanied their mother in a walk, or stood by her side in church, or at dessert, the group represented the rose of summer, with its blooming buds clinging to the parent stalk, and sweetly opening to the ray of intellect and gentle growth, which the kind beam of nature poured upon them. As branches expand and take graceful directions, bearing the riches of Flora, or Pomona, on them, so did these sister-graces exhibit the forms of loveliness, and elasticity in shapes and limbs, which might, for structure and fine texture, have served for the models of Grecian sculpture. Character was now the last feature, and it was the mirror of the mind, true to its dictates—the hand-writing was fair and legible, the eye bespoke the soul.

Philipina (the eldest) was what was called a perfect beauty; an Italian painter, on seeing her, exclaimed, "*Non ci manca niente!*"—an alabaster forehead, arched eye-brows, luxuriant curling hair of glossy brown, a soft, yet commanding, eye of purest azure, small mouth, and fine-turned neck—there was nothing wanting for the work of captivation. Belinda resembled her in every thing but the eye, which was darker, and she had the Grecian nose, which forms a straight line from the frontal elevation, and terminates with that pouting lip of ripeness and fascination, which we see given to Hebe. The size of these young ladies was exactly the same, far above the middle stature, and bearing something striking and commanding in them. Zoe (the younger), so called from a whim of her illustrious sponsor, bore resemblance to each, but was less tall, and had

not so lively a complexion as the other two. The rose was fainter on her velvet cheek, her ringlets were of a darker hue ; and in her eye there was something of a doubtful cast, as if uncertain to mourn or smile ; it was gray, but yet so curtained in sable drapery, that it seemed darker than it really was ; her nose was a very gentle aquiline ; her smile warm, modest, and bewitching ; but there was much of the pensive, both in her look and smile ; her limbs were of the most delicate mould, but had not all the agile nymph-like structure of those of Philipina and Belinda : the former of which was the mother's, and the latter the father's, darling : not that they were wanting in love to Zoe ; but it seemed as if their bosoms had poured out such a store of tenderness on the first-born, that the source began to be impoverished, and to yield less than heretofore. This preference might have been felt, but never was noticed, by Zoe, who endeavoured, by added duty, to merit what she could not command.

The fortunes of the three sisters bore some resemblance to their share of preference and parental kindness. An uncle had amply provided for the two first, in addition to the marriage-settlement, which divided the property of both parents equally amongst their children ; the reason for this was the uncle's demise previous to the birth of the third daughter. At a very tender age, the sponsor, above-named, was killed in battle, and left no will, although he repeatedly stated his intentions of making a noble provision for Zoe ; disappointment, therefore, became an early acquaintance of hers, but her placid brow bore no marks of it. When the may-day of youth had shone upon these graces, the admiration of our sex balanced betwixt the eldest sisters, who already began to talk of *setting their caps* (a term detested by the writer of these pages) at titled, fortunate, and fashionable youths. There was even a sort of rivalry betwixt them, a kind and playful angling for hearts, a struggle of attractiveness to lure the flutterer from the one to the other : nor was Zoe an impediment to their game, although, at times, she gained some portion of partiality from sweet looks, proceeding from a sweeter disposition.

Philipina vowed that she would accept nothing under a coronet ; Belinda would compromise for beauty, fortune, and a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, or condescend to take into consideration the merits of an Honourable Charles, or Henry, or a very young M.P. with a noble family mansion, and a regiment of militia. When Zoe was consulted on the matter, she could only give her best wishes ; as to herself, she had neither thought about matrimony, nor would she decide on any particular choice, as to rank or profession, convinced that mutual affection, a virtuous mind, and spotless character, were the only requisites, with just enough to ensure independence, and to maintain a place in the sphere in which she then moved.

Offers, in abundance, were made to the elder sister, but she tenaciously adhered to her views of ambition ; and although almost imperceptibly attached to a commoner, of fine person, elegant manners, and good fortune, she rejected him to throw her net at Lord Woodville, who passed his life in the sports of the field, was the terror of the neighbourhood, from his wildness ; and at last eloped with a married woman. A baronet courted Belinda, but the powerful charms of Philipina estranged him from her ; and when he proposed his heart and hand to her, she rejected him—this was cruel flirtation, for he had gained such an ascendancy over the regard of her sister, that she was almost heart-broken at this wound given

to her pride ; and in a paroxysm of jealousy, threw out such lures for a young cornet, that he yielded to the enchantress's wand, and ran off with her to Gretna Green. By this she forfeited her father's confidence, and never having calculated on future happiness, similarity of temper, and the many contingencies in wedded life, her husband soon neglected her. They lived miserably for two years, during which time she had the imprudence to inform him of the circumstances under which she accepted him ; and they were now separated, having expended the fortune given her in marriage, and being obliged to return home in dependance and despair. Philipina continued her high pretensions to conquest, and refused, successively, three offers, very superior in point of property and connexion, but untitled ; one was too old, another not handsome enough, the third wanted nothing but a title ; she would still wait ; but, as yet,

“ There 's nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.”

And she has got such a name for a jilt, a flirt, and a haughty one, that the men begin to avoid her ; besides, her temper is so much altered, that the chances multiply against her daily ; and she has the added mortification of being *pestered* (as she terms it) by a little chubby lisping boy, calling her Aunt—this child of her sister's, becoming a part of the family, since his father's ruin, separation from his wife, and forced retreat to the continent, after squandering Belinda's own fortune, and what her father bestowed in marriage on her. Where there is no genuine love, untainted by mere gross passion, interest, the vanity of carrying off a prize, disappointing another, or some such alloy, little conduct can be expected. Extravagance procures pleasure, and pleasure is the opiate of regret ; it lulls this feeling into torpor, to which succeeds slow, but consuming, fever, debility, a *tædium vitæ*, and a paralysis of all mental activity, and enjoyment.

So it was with this young couple, madly come together, paired, but not matched.

A stranger now became a visitor at her father's castle ; he was introduced by letter from a near relation, and came to take a day's shooting on the extensive manors of my friend ; his polished and prepossessing deportment won him a welcome from every member of the family, so that he was engaged to pass a month at the castle. During this period, the bursting of a detonating gun broke the *radius* of his arm, and slightly wounded him in the hand ; sufficiently, however, to render it necessary for him to keep his bed for a few days, and to remain some weeks at the castle. Zoe had admired him, in common with all who saw him ; but, until the accident which befel him, was not aware of the hold which he had taken of her sympathy and soft sensibility ; her gentle care and amiable solicitude, on his re-appearance in the dining-room, sunk deep in his bosom ; and not confining himself to the mere captivations of youth, increased by extreme delicacy, he daily and hourly studied her, the benevolence of her soul, her candid, open disposition, stamped by nature only, and uncontaminated by worldly intercourse. Her eldest sister paid him much attention, and appreciated his worth, but she had the glance of disappointment now upon her brow, and was prepared to sacrifice herself to pride, if an opportunity offered, and to smother the nobler feelings of a natural *penchant*, and of disinterested admiration. Belinda was wrecked in her hopes, a widowed wife, a mother, without the support of her lord and partner, him whom she ought to have to look up to. The field was

Zoe's exclusively; the intimacy of congenial minds increased, until an intelligence of hearts was established. The fond parents saw, with satisfaction, the happy event which was likely to follow, for the young man was every way a suitable match for Zoe, in point of fortune, high expectations, and superior merit. The hour of taking leave was a bitter one in perspective. Zoe wept in the retirement of her closet, sisters wondered, mamma looked arch, the good father smiled in the anticipation of the sequel. A walk round the shrubbery, unbosoms to Zoe the secret of her lover's breast. Four post-horses were ordered the next morning; the departure was fixed; a blank was in every countenance. But scarcely was breakfast over, when the anxious youth requested an audience of his hospitable friend in the library; the father smiled again, but affected to look grave, which cast a thoughtful and melancholy gloom over the expecting lover. But a few minutes decided the felicity of Reginald and Zoe; the departure was but for a short time, to settle all the preliminaries of their union. The sisters attended the ceremony; a tinge of divided feeling altered the features of Philipina and Belinda. Their regrets were different, but she made them alike unhappy. How had their lots changed since their outset in life!—'tis for the softer sex to ponder o'er this. That all may yet be happy, and that Zoe's example may not be useless to others, is the wish of one who is

THE FRIEND OF WOMAN.

COINCIDENCES.

COINCIDENCES which occur in the writings or observations of authors and celebrated men, are curious. Those beautiful epithets of negation, *dreamless, waveless, eyeless, pulseless*, &c. so common in the modern school of poetry, and used so frequently by Byron, Scott, Campbell, and Southey, and more sparingly by Rogers and Montgomery, it may be yet difficult to trace to their source or author. He who first deviating from the beaten track to snatch an additional grace on contemplating the silence of the grave, and the sleep of oblivion, which, *apparently*, prevails there, would employ a more forcible and characteristic epithet, though unused by his predecessors. Once used, it would be employed by others, although it might readily occur to any mind of genius, deeply intent on a favourite subject. The coincidences, which sometimes prevail in proverbial expressions, or ideas couched in single sentences, are also worthy of remark. That saying of Mr. Canning, during the Spanish war, that "*Wishes will not execute themselves*," was noted at the time; and yet the eloquent Secretary was not aware, perhaps, that a similar observation is to be met with in Justin, lib. xxiv. cap. 5; for, had it occurred to his classical mind, he would, doubtless, have quoted the original. The sentence is, "*Desperantibus omnibus, non votis agendum Sosthenes unus de Macedonum principibus, ratus est*," &c. &c. "While all were in despair, Sosthenes, a general of Macedonia, considering *that we cannot act upon wishes*," &c.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

PART II.---MANHOOD---CONCLUDED.

As secrecy was our great aim, we pursued the course of the Appennines, and arrived towards morning at a little village situated at their base. The next day saw us winding along their steepest declivities, surrounded by a landscape that became every instant more magnificent. On one side rose a dark forest of fir-trees, and on the other a black shrubless precipice. Above us, in every direction, towered the gradual summits of the Appennines, varied here and there with a patch of scanty verdure, the sole oasis of the wilderness, and below us a wide-spread undulating line of hills, rising one above the other, like the billows of an agitated ocean. As we proceeded farther on our route, the prospect assumed new features. Sometimes our path would lead us along a deep secluded glen, and at others through small green meadows watered by a thousand rivulets, and dotted with the rude summer-cabins of the mountaineers. On such occasions we would make a slight halt, and while the carriage slowly preceded us, enjoy, to its fullest extent, the varied richness of the landscape. Marie had an eye to appreciate its beauty, and, while flushed with exercise and buoyant with hope, she hung with light pressure on my arm, might have been mistaken for one of the wood-nymphs of romance. Every hour of our acquaintance seemed to endow her with new charms. Her mind was vivacity itself, and the lofty confidence with which, though a stranger, she had intrusted herself to my honour, evinced its guileless simplicity.

On the morning of the third day we arrived at Florence, and on entering the market-place were surrounded by cavalry, who demanded to see our passports. In expectation of this arrest I had taken care to be provided with a certificate originally intended for myself and brother, in whose place I had substituted a fictitious name for Marie. After a somewhat rigid scrutiny we were allowed to proceed, but dreading discovery (for our elopement must by this time have been generally circulated throughout Rome), we determined once again to trust our fortune to the Appennines.

Towards the close of the fourth day, as we were carelessly sauntering along on foot, admiring the gray pinnacle of a rock tinged with saffron reflections from the west, an abrupt angle of the road enabled us to discern a carriage, hastening with the speed of thought towards us. Poor Marie was in agony at the sight. She clung to me with almost frantic emotion, and, convinced that the equipage she beheld was indeed that of her pursuers, besought me to save her. Luckily we were both mistaken, but as the warning was too important to be neglected, we hastily returned to our carriage, resolved in future to prevent all farther surprises. Night meanwhile was rapidly glooming around us. The sun had set in blood, and, by the wildness of his departing light, betokened an approaching storm. For some minutes all was hushed as death, the very wind had sobbed itself to sleep, and the eagle with narrower flight wheeled round and round his eyrie. Presently the deep, fitful, and malignant music of a hurricane was heard creeping like a spirit up the cliffs; the mountain-pines rustled into sudden life, and their gaunt sepulchral limbs, as they swung with dull motion to each blast, seemed endowed with a voice from the grave. Our postillion was the first to warn us of danger. His lively songs had for some time sunk into a lower key, and at every fresh turn of the road he looked uneasily around as if to assure himself of shelter.

We were at this moment winding round the bluff projection of a hill, when

suddenly the whole heaven appeared on fire. Repeated bursts of thunder ensued, rolling away peal after peal among the mountains, and accompanied by such floods of rain, that even the smallest summer-streams, swollen to the size of rivers, came rushing in cataracts across our path. Paralyzed at a sight with whose import she was well acquainted, Marie instinctively drew closer towards me. "We are lost," she at length exclaimed, and faintly pressed my hand to her pale lips. It seemed indeed but too true. Our horses had become quite restive, and every advance we made was performed with dreadful uncertainty. A light, however, that feebly twinkled at a vast distance beyond us, appeared to hold out a promise of protection. "If we can but gain the direction from whence it comes," said our postillion, "we may yet be safe; if not, we must inevitably perish." Hardly had he spoken, when a tremendous thunder-clap shook the detached fragments of a rock, whose base sloped gently towards us. Down came the enormous mass, but luckily ere it had time to reach us, our horses, maddened at the sound, dashed on at their fullest speed. In vain the postillion strove to check them; he was flung off at the first attempt, and by a sudden flash of lightning that streamed full across the road, I beheld---gracious God! these eyes beheld---his mangled body roll over the edge of a precipice, from whence, heard far above the thunders of the tempest, came up his shrill piercing yell of agony, as he plunged crashing through briar and brake, and then sunk into the abyss beneath.

I was by this time in a state little short of distraction, for death, I clearly perceived, surrounded me on all sides. He looked out in sullen grandeur from among the clouds, spoke his awful warnings in the wind, and robed himself in the likeness of the cataract, that foamed along at an immeasurable depth below me. It seemed almost presumption to contend against such odds; but when I heard the sobs of the gentle girl who sat, half fainting, beside me---when I called to mind her youth, her beauty, her innocence, and felt that but for me, all these must soon have end, I resolved to make one last desperate attempt. With this view I burst open the carriage-door, and clasping her in my arms, was already prepared for a spring, when the re-appearance of the light, that now flashed full before us, induced me to hesitate. Not a moment was to be lost. We were evidently in the neighbourhood of some cottage, a fact of which even our horses seemed aware, for scarcely had I called aloud for help, when they slackened their speed, and stopped, panting, at the door of a small auberge, or post-house.

Exhausted with the day's fatigue, Marie retired early to rest, while I, too much excited for sleep, remained alone for hours in the parlour, or rather kitchen, of our inn. The dying knell of the postillion still rung with frightful distinctness in my ear. I seemed to catch the last agonizing glare of his eye: to hear the heavy plunge of his body, and watch the stiffening muscles as they slowly settled in the yellow spasms of death. To Marie such horrors were, fortunately, unknown, for her senses, estranged at the time, had heard neither the shriek nor the fall of the victim. I resolved, therefore, to spare her feelings, and by giving a pretended account of his indisposition, to preclude all her farther inquiries.

Meanwhile the excitement produced by this event had brought on a slow fever, so that, by morning, I was seriously indisposed. And now shone forth the full tenderness of the woman and the friend. The hand of Marie administered my cordials, her conversation beguiled my solitude. For four days, during which I scarcely breathed, she seldom quitted my

side. Often in the indistinct twilight of my mind, when perception was confused and wandering, appeared a fairy form, radiant with youth and beauty, and illumining all around me with the blessed sunshine of her presence; but when, in my eagerness to grasp the shadow, I awoke to comparative recollection—it was to find a fairer figure by my side, wiping the moisture from my brow, freshening my parched lips, and administering those soothing attentions in which woman reigns without a rival. In consequence of such unremitting kindness, aided by the mistakes of a village empiric, whose physic, by good luck, I refused to swallow, my fever soon began to abate. But, as I recovered from one malady, I rapidly imbibed a worse. My heart—my heart became affected, and I could no longer bear my young nurse from my sight. When seated at evening by the window of our humble inn, I heard her anticipate a meeting with Hippolyte; when I listened to the soft tones of her voice, as she offered up her hymn to the virgin; and on our separation for the night, felt my hand pressed in mute gratitude to her lips, I could, with difficulty, command my emotions.

A week had thus elapsed, and preparations were made for our departure. As the carriage was too much shattered to proceed, we hired a couple of mules, and, under the direction of an experienced guide, renewed our romantic journey. Marie had previously written to her lover requesting him to meet her at the foot of the last chain of Appennines, and every hour increased her impatience for a reply. Once, in particular, as we passed over a lofty ridge, whence the first view of France was gained, I observed this feeling with a sigh that attracted her notice. “You are ill,” she exclaimed, looking kindly in my face. “I am indeed,” I replied, “but mine is an illness of the soul; even you, love, cannot cure me of that.” A long interval of silence ensued, during which, day had insensibly declined. Anxiously, therefore, we began to look around us for shelter; but as, notwithstanding our haste, neither house nor village appeared, we were constrained to pass the night in a sort of recess or cave, where, thanks to the providence of our guide! we found every requisite convenience.

By this time the sun had wheeled far away to the west. Long pensile streaks of gold and azure edged each saffron cloud, throwing out, in bold relief, its rich fantastic drapery, while a warm purple glow hung, like a glory, over the landscape. Eastward was heard the tolling of a far-off convent-bell, joined, at intervals, with the careless whistle of the mountaineer; and when this last had ceased, a thousand birds, in chorus, took up their evening hymn. “What a lovely sun-set!” exclaimed Marie, as she watched its effect on my countenance. “May such another —” the shrill tones of a bugle interrupted her farther remarks, and presently appeared a troop of horsemen, winding, file after file, along the valley beneath us. For a few minutes the sun shone proudly down on burnished helmets and banners: the next instant all had disappeared; even the music died off the wind, and nothing could be heard but the tinkling echoes of the sheep-bell. Fatigued, as usual, with her journey, Marie now prepared for repose. My warmest mantle was accordingly spread round her on the ground, and when this was suitably adjusted, I received her smiling adieus, and then wandered away to a slight distance from the cave.

The night was well fitted for a ramble. It came on clear, warm, and voluptuous, accompanied by a silver mist that robed heath, rock, and hill, in vapour. Not the slightest signs of animation appeared, nature lay

dead before me, and even the chariot of the hour seemed to pause in its career, while I, restless and desponding, moved alone amid the solitudes of earth. Alone upon earth---what awe do these words create! Yet this, I internally exclaimed, must be my destiny. A few hours, and the form that now gilds my path will set in night for ever; like a dream, she will elude my grasp, and leave but the memory of what has been. Such is human life. A little sunshine illumines its onward road, but ere we can bask in its beams a scowl appears on the horizon, and one dull unvarying cloud hovers in dark shadow before and behind us. As these reflections suggested themselves to my mind, I returned, in thoughtful silence, towards the cave, and beheld its gentle inmate still buried in repose. There she lay---the young, the sincere, the beautiful,---with one snowy arm half-hidden beneath her head, and the other pressed upon a bosom so serene and pulseless, that even the ringlets, which lay like summer shadows on its surface, but scarcely seemed to stir. How innocent she looked! A warmer flush than usual glowed in rich beauty on her cheek, the kerchief that bound her head was loosened, and her mantle partly shaken off in the movements of sleep, disclosed the full luxuriance of her form. My feet stood rivetted to the spot. Strange emotions stirred within me, and the longer I continued to gaze, the wilder throbbed the pulses of each vein. For one brief instant I was overcome; the next saw me proudly conqueror, resolved that she who, in the noble confidence of her nature, had intrusted her all to my honour, should never, never repent it. "Sleep on, sweet girl," I said, "while, with the tenderest solicitude of a brother, I shield your repose from harm. Sleep on, and if your dreams be of love, may they be pure and happy as yourself." With these words I softly stooped towards her, imprinted one long burning kiss upon her cheek, then hastily quitted her side, and watched without the cave till morning.

The sun was high in heaven as we ascended the last chain of hills that alone divided us from France. The time was now come that we should part---perhaps for ever---and that two fond hearts, so long and so undeservedly separated, should again be united. In his reply to Marie's letter, Hippolyte had agreed to meet us at the extreme boundaries of the Appennines, and already we were far advanced towards their termination in the Duchy of Parma. Every succeeding hour increased, in consequence, the emotion of my companion. Hopes, affections so long blighted, put forth fresh blossoms in her young mind, and never did she appear so resistless, as when I saw her for the last time on earth. How different were my sensations. Alone in the desolation of my heart, I moved, an envious phantom, by her side. The morning was in unison with my feelings. Dull vapours still hung in tangled masses upon the summits of each hill and cliff: and if, now and then, a wild bird flew screaming above my head, its very cry seemed prophetic of misfortune. Thus absorbed in gloom, I had scarce leisure to remark our progress, till the mists rising on a sudden, like a curtain, from the landscape, disclosed its full uninterrupted beauties. The sight was ineffably magnificent. Beside us shot up the glittering spires of Genoa, bounded by the silver waves of the Mediterranean, with here and there a white sail glistening like a star upon its bosom; and before us, skirting, as it were, the horizon, rose the blue hills of Parma and Piedmont.

We had, by this time, left the last chain of Appennines behind us, when suddenly a carriage appeared in the distance, rolling with the velocity of lightning towards us. Was it ---?---Yes, it must be Hippolyte; and as

the unwelcome thought intruded itself on my mind, I made an involuntary pause; and, for the last time, thus addressed myself to Marie: "The hour, lady, has now arrived, when both you and I must part. Before, however, we separate, I would say a few words which, from a consideration of your unprotected state, I have hitherto withheld. The charms of your mind, the graces of your person, and, above all, the unequalled tenderness of your heart, have created in my breast a passion that can never be extinguished. Nay, start not at my confession. Think you that I who, throughout this delightful journey, have sustained a struggle greater than man ever yet endured, will now stoop to degrade it? Never, lady, never. I have but a few words to add. This miniature," here I placed my portrait in her hands, "was drawn by the dearest friend I have ever known, and I now present it to one who is dearer than even life itself. Amid the varied attractions of society, it may serve sometimes to call to her mind the solitary stranger of Rome, and the hours passed with him in the secluded bosom of the Appennines." With these words I drew nearer to her side, but scarcely had I time to raise her hand to my lips, when the sound of the driver's whip announced the rapid approach of the chariot. On a sudden it made a halt; the door flew open; a stranger, in a military dress, advanced, and at the same instant my young and susceptible companion was pressed to the bosom of Hippolyte. What followed I have never been able to recall, for my heart was bursting at the time; and without bidding either Marie or her lover adieu, I rushed in agony from their presence. A silence of a few minutes ensued, after which the sound of wheels was again heard; and from the brow of a neighbouring hill, where I had stationed myself, I witnessed, with folded arms, the departure of my fair fellow-traveller. She recognised me, I saw, in an instant, for her hand waved a mute farewell; and still, as the chariot went rattling along its path, I heard the sweet echoes of her voice ascending faintly from the valley below me. A sudden turn of the road concealed her for ever from my sight—

Thus was I left again alone; alone too in the dreariest solitude. My sole amusement consisted in retracing the scenes over which I had so lately travelled with Marie. The cave where I had watched her sleeping, the eminence from which I had pointed out to her the first view of France, became, henceforth, objects of my holiest reverence. But the inn—the dear little mountain inn! where we had passed so many happy hours together—oh, who shall say with what feelings I again beheld it! Yet, cheerless as it now appeared, it was still sacred, for all around it spoke of love and Marie. "Here," I involuntarily exclaimed, "she first bade me good night! here she sung her evening Ave-Maria! and here, from the window where I now stand, she watched the fading sun-set! Perhaps she is gazing on it still; but she thinks not of me—oh, no! far happier thoughts engross her ardent mind, and the stranger, like a dream, is forgotten!" These bitter reflections continued, with but few intermissions, to haunt my imagination for years; and often in the midst of crowds, when a fairer form than usual flitted across my road, I turned, with a sigh, to the recollection of Marie. Even to this moment her image blooms, like an ever-green, in my mind; and sometimes, when in dreams the Appennines rise before me in their grandeur, I see her, kind and gentle, as when, thirty years ago, she sat beside my couch in sickness.—But they are gone, the lover and the loved, Hippolyte and his devoted Marie; their very names have been long since forgotten, and all that is now known of them is, that they once existed.

THE ROUND TABLE. NO. VI.

THE OPENING OF THE BUDGET.

Present, TOBIAS MERTON, President, with the Contributors' Box before him, CLUTTERBUCK, ALLEYN, OAKLEY, and the PUBLISHER, all in evident distress.

TOBIAS MERTON. I AM grieved to tell you, Gentlemen, that our excellent Secretary, J. H. H. is seriously indisposed. I called to see him yesterday—but, alas! he was changed and spiritless; worn down with pain; shadowy, incorporeal, as his initials; and, above all—he wanted shaving. He has had sense enough, however, to dismiss his physicians; and since they have given him over, why, there are still hopes. Meantime, we must contrive to laugh without him, for the lower bin, thank God—Ah, Clutterbuck, is that you? Why, man, your face is a yard long. Alleyn, too—I beg your pardon, but really, my good fellow, you must not take this so deplorably to heart. What! and does our gentle Bibliopolist weep too?—"Nay, then, fall Cæsar." (*Takes out his handkerchief.*)

CLUTTERBUCK. Enough, enough; grief has made me thirsty; Alleyn, the wine stands with you.

ALLEYN. It is a fault of which I am seldom guilty. (*Here the bottle goes round, forming in its course an illustration of "Perpetual Motion."*)

TOBIAS. [With your permission, Gentlemen, I will just give one toast; "A speedy recovery to J. H. H." and then proceed to business. (*While they are drinking this toast, the President pulls out a pile of MSS. from the Correspondents' Box.*)]

TOBIAS, in continuation. Silence in court while the judge delivers his charge. The first article, Gentlemen of the Jury, to which I shall call your attention, is signed "X. Y. Z." and professes to be the commencement of a Series to be entitled, "Life in the City." Is it your pleasure to hear it read?

OMNES. By all means.

Tobias reads as follows:—

LIFE IN THE CITY; OR, MRS. HIGGS "AT HOME."

MRS. HIGGS, a rich widow, some three nights ago
Gave a splendid "At Home" to her friends in the Row:
A few stars from the West came to shine at her feast,
Together with all the wise men of the East;
Oh, the flower of each sex, from Cheapside to Rag Fair,
Assembled by wholesale in Salisbury Square.

From eight until ten to this Vanity mart
Roll'd on the loud thunders of carriage and cart,
Mr. Dobbs came on foot, Mr. Foote upon horse,
And the two Misses Strutt in a carriage of course;
While Higgins and Wiggins, a notable pair,
Dash'd up in a buggy to Salisbury Square.

The party assembled confusion begins—

"Excuse me, good Sir, but you're kicking my shins"—
"So poor Jenny Dawson has lost her Mamma"—
"There's Billy--Good Gracious! how like his Papa"---
"Is this here Mrs. Higgs, Madam?"---"No, Sir, that ere
To the right's, our good lady of Salisbury Square."

While thus the young folks tattled on tête à tête,
The elders sate down to a game at picquette;
There was old Mrs. Mite, the rich cheesemonger's lady,
Miss Snacks, Mr. Dobbs, and Sir Judith O'Grady:
All silent and solemn---in short, you'd declare,
They drove from a dungeon to Salisbury Square.

But hark! the clock strikes, and like sheep to the fold,
Down rush to their supper the young and the old:
Mrs. Higgs led the way, followed close by Miss Poole,
Hanging light on the arm of Sir Phelim O'Toole;
Who whisper'd soft vows in her ear, till you'd swear
He was Cupid transplanted to Salisbury Square.

How swift from the dish flew each turkey away ;
 How faded each tart like a ghost from the fray !
 One moment in splendour an apple-pie shone,
 The next both the pie and the apples were gone ;
 Fowl, cutlet, and custard, all vanish'd in air---
 So much for the magic of Salisbury Square.

The supper concluded, Sir Phelim O'Toole
 Quitting (faithless apostate !) the side of Miss Poole,
 Bridled up to his hostess, and looking her through
 With his only black eye, that did business for two,
 Heaved sighs from a heart which seem'd broken by care---
 What a sight for the widow of Salisbury Square !

Surprised she look'd up as he slowly drew nigh,
 And caught the fond glance of his jolly black eye ;
 She strove hard to blush, but her cheek was o'erpread
 With a yellow suffusion in lieu of a red ;
 Yet, spite of this failure, she cried with a stare,
 " Welcome, Sir Phelim, to Salisbury Square."

Then she drank to his health till the party broke up,
 With a drop in her eye like the drop in her cup,
 And ere the next sun gilt the church of Saint Bride,
 The Newspaper columns announced far and wide,
 That Sir Phelim O'Toole, from the town of Clontaire,
 Had espoused the rich widow of Salisbury Square.

TOBIAS. The second article, signed Δ , is written in a most blood-thirsty hand. The very letters look like daggers, and are well worthy of the name, which is, "The Romantic Revenge; or, the Bravo of Bohemia."

OMNES. Away with it. No "bravos" for the Round Table, excepting only those which follow up your witticisms, Toby. (*Bravo condemned—Guilty, Death.*)

TOBIAS. The third is entitled "Amelia Paterson, a Sketch from Life; dedicated to Colonel B——."

OMNES. Send it, then, by the general post to Berkeley Castle. It will never suit the Round Table. (*Article rejected.*)

TOBIAS. The fourth contribution, Gentlemen, has at least modesty to recommend it, for it is entitled, "Sonnet to half a Rose-leaf." Come, now, what say you to this demi-poet? Is he Guilty, or Not Guilty?

OMNES. Guilty of an assault, with intent to murder—the reputation of the Literary Magnet. (*Sonnet condemned.*)

TOBIAS. The fifth article (deuce take these spectacles, they are always slipping off my nose) is called "Ode to an Ear-wig."

OMNES. No ear-wig, no ear-wig. (*Ear-wig put to death.*)

TOBIAS. The sixth contribution, Gentlemen, has, for its title, "Philosophical Reflections on seeing a Hottentot in Top-boots. By Veritas."

OMNES. Away with it—the very name is enough. (*Bravo condemned.*)

TOBIAS. The seventh communication (not bullet, remember) is called, "Strictures on the late Tragedy of Ravenna, with a Receipt for brewing a modern Drama." It sounds likely—shall I read it?

OMNES. By all means.

Tobias reads as follows:—

A RECEIPT FOR BREWING A TRAGEDY: BY DRAMATICUS.

Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder.

POPE.

"FIND a rascal (no difficult thing in this age), give him a tolerable head-piece, and throw him into the company of an admiring and romantic companion. Hatch a good crime, and spin a page or two of sentiment to salve it over. Pick out an accommodating young heroine—tall, tragic, and tremendous. Get a pair of scales, and weigh your principal scenes in them, viz. between hero and heroine, and hero and his friend. Let them balance well, and shorten whichever weighs heaviest.

Let the four first acts be taken up with tears and pocket-handkerchiefs; but, in act fifth, let the scene be a prison, no matter where—time, no matter what. Let your hero be seen pacing the floor of his prison; and, above all, let the chains clank. After this, let the door grate on its rusty hinges (the hinges should always be rusty), and the heroine turn in to the hero, like Coleridge's *Christabelle*, 'with three paces and a stride.' Moreover, let her faint in his arms, as it will save much valuable conversation, which may be transferred to your next farce. After this, you may let her recover, and acquaint the audience (at least those who are awake) that she has come to die with her lover. Then let the scene change to a gallows, with gong-bells, muffled drums, war-hoops, Jews'-harps, &c. &c. all roaring away, like a fish-woman. Then enter Jack Ketch, with a song, followed by two lictors, the Reis effendi, and an executioner, with an axe sticking out of his coat-pocket. This consistency of character will have an electrical effect, on the well-known principle of 'omne ignotum pro magnifico.' After this procession has passed three times across the stage, let the hero station himself on the scaffold, and Jack Ketch approach him with the white night-cap. At this insult, the hero will, of course, rouse himself—tip Jack a black-eye—kiss the heroine, till the whole theatre rings with the smack—and then die, as many a tragedy has died before him—still-born and sentimental."

TOBIAS. Our eighth correspondent, Gentlemen, signs himself "Damon," and has dropped into our box a pastoral, which the two first lines will, I think, sufficiently condemn :

"How beautiful the country do appear
At this time of the year."

ALLEYN. Really, Mr. President, this last poetical *morceau* is too touching, too overpowering—I must digest it with a glass. Here, Jonathan, a fresh bottle from the lower bin; and mind, whatever you do, keep it steady. The last was too much shaken.

OMNES. Hear him—hear him! (*exit Jonathan.*)

TOBIAS. Gentlemen, I must once more request your attention; but as our contributions are numerous, pouring in from all parts of the country, I shall content myself with simply repeating their titles. To begin then: here are "Lines on a dead Jack-Ass, by Sterne Redivivus." "Thoughts suggested by a Dish-clout." "Stanzas on a Post-boy, by Vindex." "Impromptu on seeing a cup of Coffee thrown into a Lady's Work-bag." "Meditations on a Tooth-brush." "Stanzas, by Juvenis." "The Adventures of a Rambler." "Highways and Byeways, or 'Tales of Newgate, by a Foot-pad." "Cursory Reflections on a Gnat-bite." "Ditch-water, a didactic Poem." "Tales of——"

OMNES. Stop, for God's sake! or we shall all expire under this infliction.

TOBIAS. As you please; but here comes Jonathan (*Enter JONATHAN with a cob-webbed bottle, and a cork-screw in his hand*); so *avec permission*, Gentlemen, I will just dictate polite dismissals to these unsuccessful correspondents, with compliments to the authors of "Life in the City," and "Receipt for brewing a Tragedy," and then—Hey for the lower bin, and the "Round Table" for ever.

OMNES. Huzza! the Literary Magnet (bless its sweet face) and the Round Table for ever!

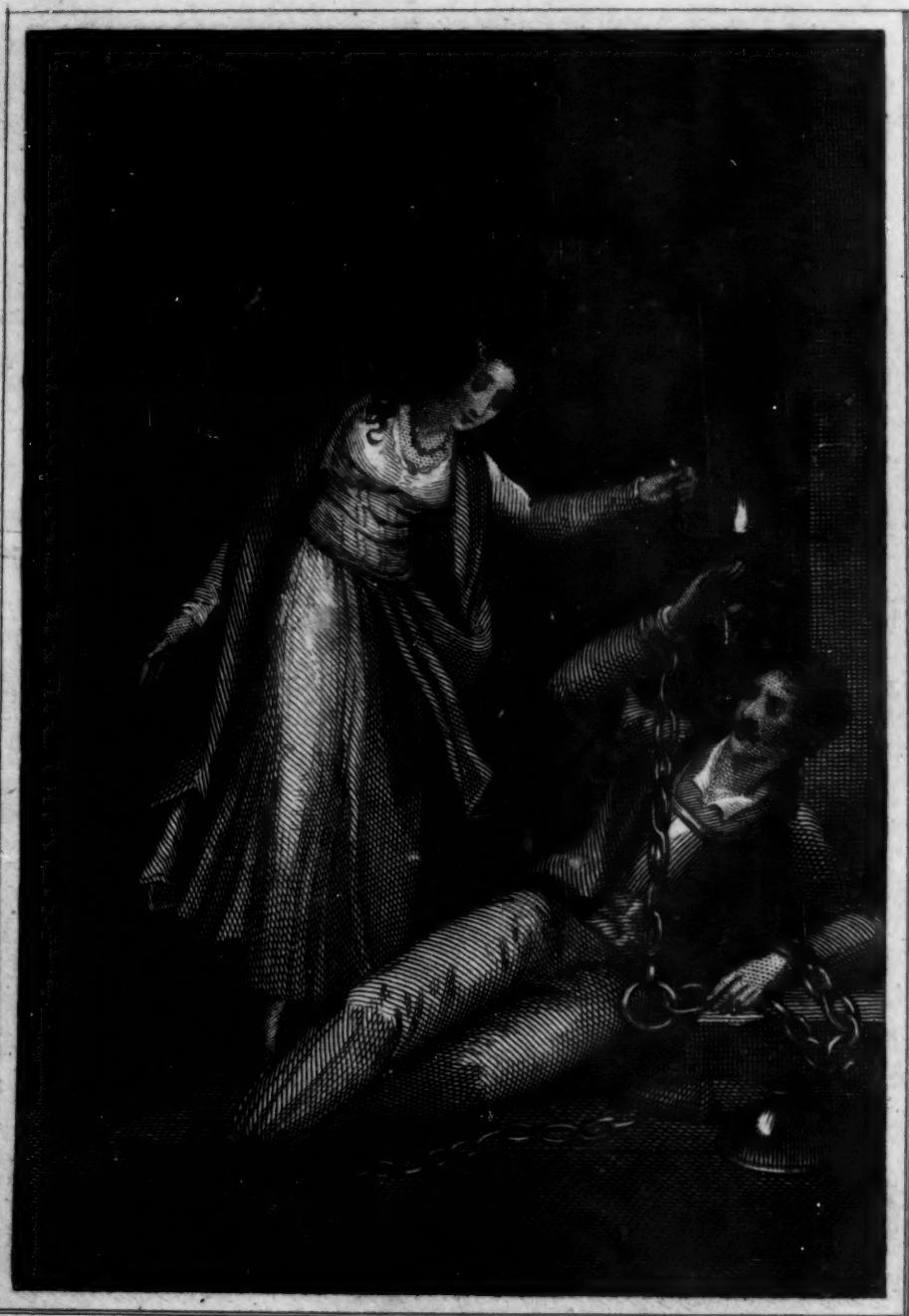
(*Scene closes with the President dictating circulars to JONATHAN, in the background; CLUTTERBUCK quizzing ALLEYN, in the front; and OAKLEY just waked from a nap by certain hissing sounds symptomatic of a rush or gushing forth of something—probably of Port wine.*)

SUBJECT OF THE PLATE, FROM LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.

STANZA XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no
friends;
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid

Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close
again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so
fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided
hair;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as
mute.



LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

'Is it some Seraph sent to grant him grace?

No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly Face.

The Corsair Stanza XII.

London. William Charlton Wright. 65. Paternoster Row.

THE ALBUM.

No. I.

THE Album! Well: what Album? Why, Sir, My Aunt's Album. And, pray Sir, what has your, or any other man's, Aunt's Album to do with the Literary Magnet? Ay, "there's the rub," that is the very question I expected. You editors are such inquisitive gentlemen, that you are never satisfied until you have got at the bottom of every thing. Well, well, you shall be told the history of

MY AUNT'S ALBUM.

You must know then, Sir, that there is, as there are many others about one-and-twenty miles from London, on the great north road, just at the rising of one hill and at the foot of another, a long dirty lane hedged on both sides, and with deep cart-rucks in the middle; the course of which lane, trodden with due caution through all its windings, will, after an hour and a half's good (I should say bad) walking, bring you out to a sweet-smelling clover-field: across which are two foot-paths, one of which leads to a certain village. At the extremity of this village, enclosed in a green paling with a pair of modern gates, surrounded by a garden, or, as my aunt loves to term it, a fine plantation, stands my uncle's house—named from the colour of the palisades Verd Cottage; though in exact opposition to the will of my uncle, who had set his heart upon christening it Corinth House, from a merchandise to which he owed a considerable part of his wealth.

My uncle is a plain sensible man, verging towards 60—not over troubled with politeness (his share of which, as he jocosely observes, is the worse for the wear); clear at accounts, having some knowledge of the stocks, and good at back-gammon. My aunt, who is five years younger, and does her best to appear twenty, is the youngest daughter of the youngest son of a half-pay colonel, supposed to be descended from a gentle (if not noble) family; and whenever my uncle has ventured to hint his disapprobation of certain riotous assemblages held in his house at Austin Friars, termed balls, where his least inconvenience has been the replacing three or four pannels to the hall-door and divers baluster rails—not to mention the total loss (for the time) of all right of possession in his own house—elbowed and sneered at by all the coxcombs from Tower Hill to Fleet Street,—when he has gently hinted his dislike to such goings on, this pride of birth, like Teucer's shield, has stood her in excellent stead. "'Tis not for us (meaning herself and daughters), 'tis not for us, Mr. Cinnamon, who have gentle blood in our veins, to do things like common citizens' wives: if you are getting too old to relish life, that is no reason why *we*, that are young, should be tired of it."

This and such-like speeches, if they did not convince by their reason, at least vanquished by mere force and volubility of delivery. 'Twas an occasion like this that gave rise to the subject of this paper.

My uncle being what lean ensigns and half-pay captains call "devilish warm in the buck-skin;" and the wealthier cit, in snug circumstances; felt as elderly gentlemen, who have spent the first fifty years of their lives in trade, generally do—that it was time he had left the bustle of the city to live in quiet. He hinted as much to Mrs. C——: who entered warmly into the idea, and proposed a house at the West End,—Old Brook Street or Cornwall Terrace; or, at the least, the lower end of Harley Street: she saw no reason---(not she)—why they might not support as handsome an establishment as Mrs. W——, the proctor's lady. But my uncle, who saw

to what all this tended, and who was as anxious to get rid of card-parties as of business, was determined (for once) to follow the bent of his own inclinations: and, notwithstanding the entreaties, the scoldings, and the "What will the R.s say to it?" together with the glum looks of the young ladies, he, after a fortnight's survey, pitched upon the spot, the way to which I have just described; and in another fortnight, maugre all the aforesaid and greater obstructions, my uncle found himself seated very comfortably in his easy arm-chair at the right-hand side of the fire-place in the kitchen, smoking his afternoon's pipe---my aunt having strictly interdicted the incense of tobacco from forming any part in the fumigation of her upper apartments.

It was a Saturday evening---I had just entered on an errand from my aunt---the old gentleman was knocking out the ashes from his pipe preparatory to a fresh charge, when the post-boy's horn and a ring at the gate announced the arrival of a package from town. My uncle laid down his pipe, and after the ladies had disencumbered the box of its chief treasures---dresses and the newest fashions, &c. he proceeded to open a portentous-looking package for himself: it was no other than a journal, intended to be made after his own fashion, for a faithful entry of his domestic expenditure---Mr. Cinnamon understanding it was not genteel for people of quality to trouble themselves with those affairs. But too soon he discovered that the book in question was every thing but the thing he wanted; it was neither a journal nor a waste-book---neither fit for a counting-house nor kitchen---'twas neither so high as his counting-house roof, nor so wide as his ware-room door: but 'twas enough, it would not answer the purpose for which it was intended: and as it was paid for, from a bad debt, the question to be considered was, to what use it *could* be applied.---We all hazarded an opinion.

My uncle, who heartily wished both the book and the man that made it at the devil, thought it would do famously for the coach-office: Miss Susan hinted curl-papers, to which Miss Amelia satisfied herself with objecting: my aunt thought it served him right, and she should vote for burning it at once, that we might have the covers to roof in the new wash-house. 'Twas my ill fortune in jest to drop something about an album.

An Album! (my aunt caught up the word)---an Album! why Mrs. W--- has an Album: an excellent thought! we'll have it covered with morocco and gold.

Mr. C---, who loved peace, and was glad to find any use for his bargain, that might stay the motion of his wife's pendulum, gave up the contest after a few words indistinctly heard: among which were "ridiculous ward-mote book---register of folly;" and this Goliath of Albums is to be installed with all the ceremony of a "Book of the Church:" myself having the honour of the first autograph---my aunt being at length convinced, from my lines on her birth-day, that I really possess more ability than she had been aware of.

Now, Sir, as I have the least possible inkling for the honour she intends me, I have chosen your Magazine as the best calculated (it being read by the young ladies) to assist me in this my perilous situation, by rallying her from her ridiculous notion. You have nothing to do, Mr. Editor, but to tell her that it is vulgar---preposterously *outré*---and that she will do well to drop it before the W.s, who not keeping any but city company are ignorant of the movements of the *ton*. And I shall have to sign myself your debtor for ever.

J. A. G.

LECTURES ON POETRY.*

No. II.

ON THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

Nothing, in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the *running judgments upon poetry and poets*.—BEN JONSON'S DISCOVERIES.

As I always love to tell my own stories my own way, and being somewhat advanced in years, the digressive being more adapted to my age and temperament than any other method of writing, I hope the ardent youthful reader will pardon my last essay on the Genius and Poetry of Wordsworth, because I said nothing of either—nay, I must even go on and apologise for a fault before I commit it, and ask his pardon for not mentioning, if it should so happen, either his genius or poetry in this. Nay, farther, I may perhaps finish my series, and still remain silent on these two common-place words, Genius and Poetry—for I may not be able to discover that Wordsworth possesses them. At the same time, I am not without hopes that it will be perceived in due time, that the course I shall pursue is the best that could be imagined, resembling the care and pains taken to lay the foundation of a good education, or of a noble building, which, the farther you begin below the surface, proves more advantageous in what is above. Those who read my first will remember that it was there satisfactorily asserted, that versification is the only difference between prose and poetry, and that *poetry is language versified*. And I apprehend that assertion, in this case, as in a thousand others, is proof; but if any think otherwise, and demand something more satisfactory, let him read carefully No. I., and seriously cogitate on the matter brought before him—let him haunt out all the definitions he can find, peruse all the critics and commentators on this nice point—and then say whether he can produce a better definition of poetry, than that poetry is language versified.

Having learned the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and studied a little practical geometry, I make some claims to the character of a mathematician, and this will account to the common reader for the mode of reasoning adopted in my present inquiry. It will also prove to him that my knack at a definition is not a mere assumption, but a legitimate deduction from premises, not less certain than my knowledge of the fundamental rules of arithmetic and practical geometry. On these grounds it was my intention to define, for the advantage of the novice, and those who have but recently become readers of the Literary Magnet, the words language and versification; but to save time I will do no more in the mathematical department, than advance one postulate: viz. Let it be granted that all the readers of the Literary Magnet understand the terms, language and versification.

The ultimate object of all language, speaking and writing, being information or amusement, or both; the ultimate object of poetry must be instruction, amusement, or both—poetry being nothing but language versified. If then poetry be *nothing* but versification, what need is there for it—of what use is it? What advantage is there in it? Great need, great use, great advantage. What need is there for steam or gunpowder,

* In our first Lecture the general title to these papers was, by some mistake, omitted. Our remarks upon the genius and writings of particular bards, are to be considered subsidiary to one great purpose—an investigation into the nature of poetry.

or gas-lights, or balloons, or clothes, or bread, or music, or painting? The faculties bestowed on man by his Creator were not intended to lie dormant—neither do they. The ever-varying minds of men are constantly occupied, as their bodies are, in turning all things to pleasure and utility. One man adds to the discoveries of another, and one age advances the knowledge of its predecessor. On this principle there can be little doubt that prose preceded verse, that verse, or poetry, is an improvement—a discovery: that dancing was first practised on Terra Firma, then on the tight, then on the slack-rope. I do not believe one word of the assertion, that poetry was spoken and written before prose. The difficulty of the thing is a sufficient confutation of such a notion; besides, no voyager ever found a people, however barbarous, that spoke in verse. I shall therefore make poetry a discovery, consequent on prose, as snuffers are to candles—the invention of steam to heating water, and the engines which it propels to steam, as the satellites of Jupiter, and the ring of Saturn, to the telescope. Without asserting that all inventions are improvements, I should yet like to hear the following question discussed: viz. Whether has poetry or gunpowder conferred the greater benefit on mankind? In addition to poetry's performing every thing that prose can perform, it possesses this high and peculiar advantage, a universal pleasure, an attribute pleasing to all ages and nations—*music*: that is to say, number, measure, and melody, rhyme and order. In a word, poetry is mathematical in a high degree. Music is, in my opinion, capable of conferring pleasure in a more extensive manner, and in a much higher degree, than any art or science invented or practised by man. Of the two inlets to pleasure, the eye and the ear, the Creator has formed the latter vastly superior—but this is somewhat digressive.

The next inquiry seems to be, Whether prose and poetry can be employed on all subjects indiscriminately; or whether some subjects ought to be treated in prose, to the exclusion of poetry—and some in poetry, to the exclusion of prose? To this it may be answered, That any subject we chose to treat of in prose, we can treat of it in prose—and the contrary; and in any manner we please, making use, in either case, of fables, fictions, tropes, figures, personifications, similes, metaphors, allegories, dialogues, &c. which are as applicable to one species of composition as the other, when introduced with taste and judgment; all effects depending on these duly exercised. Poetry has, therefore, a universal scope, as universal as the mind of man; and poetry (or the matter for it, which terms I shall, in order to avoid prolixity, use indifferently for each other) exists in every particle of matter, and its attributes individually, or in all matter collectively—in all mind and combinations of matter and mind; in all their multitudinous affections, “every thing awfully vast or elegantly little.” There is poetry in the globes of the firmament, in their magnitude, in their light, in their motions, in their beauty, in their disposition. There is poetry in the earth, in its circumference, in its diameter, in its axis, in its poles, in its land and water, in its mountains, seas, tides, winds, storms, breezes, frost, snow, rain, rocks, and islands; in its trees, plants, flowers, fruits, metals, minerals, shrubs, grass and seeds; in its birds, beasts, and fishes; in their births, lives, and deaths; pains, pleasures, loves, hatreds, contentions: in their colours, shapes, and capabilities; in all their passions and movements: and, lastly, there is poetry in man, woman, and child—in infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, old age; in wars, famines, plagues; in sickness, health, sorrow, death, and burial;

in all arts and sciences ; in prudence, wisdom, folly and ignorance ; in vice, neglect, scorn, pity ; in wealth and poverty ; in cottages, in palaces, on thrones ; in a look, a word, a gesture ; in sound, in silence ; in an eye, a lip, a cheek, or mouth ; and in ten thousand other things, that would be impossible to mention. Such are the subjects for poetry—and poetry, according to its kind, produces effects on every class of the rational creation—the learned and uneducated—the wicked and the virtuous—upon old men and maidens—young men and children. And of all our poetry, our nursery rhymes produce, perhaps, the greatest sensations. A metre ballad-monger, a sorry rhymmer, a gingler of doggrel, a framer of ditties, is, to a clown or countryman, to “the cook and chambermaid,” a greater poet than Milton or Byron. Lord Byron himself says, “effect is every thing, no matter how produced.” This effect or impression is, therefore, what we are to ascertain ; and in order to this, we must see through what arc of a circle it causes a given body to vibrate by impulsion, after the manner of Dr. Hutton’s Ballistic Pendulum. In this way, then, taking all classes of society under protection, it may be demanded, Which of the following poems will interest most strongly the greatest number of readers, “Chevy Chase,” one of Robin Hood’s ballads, “Cock Robin,” “The House that Jack Built,” “The Rape of the Lock,” “The Ancient Mariner,” “The Waggoner,” or “The Corsair?”

Take the following examples :

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
There once a woful hunting match
On Chevy Chase did fall.

Chevy Chase.

BOLD Robin Hood rang’d the forest all round,
The forest all round rang’d he ;
O then did he meet with a gay lady,
Who came weeping along the highway.

Robin Hood and the three Esquires.

Who will toll the bell ? who will toll the bell ?
I, said the Bull, because I can pull,
I will toll the bell.

Cock Robin.

THIS is the cock that crow’d in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter’d and torn,
That kiss’d the maiden all forlorn,
That milk’d the cow with the crumpled horn,

That toss’d the dog

That worried the cat

That kill’d the rat

That eat the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.,

The House that Jack Built.

YET graceful ease and sweetness, void of
pride,

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to
hide ;

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you’ll forget them all.

Rape of the Lock---POPE.

HER lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy ;
The night-mare, life-in-death, was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.

Ancient Mariner---COLERIDGE.

HUSH, there is some one on the stir !

’Tis Benjamin the waggoner ;

Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
Companion of the night and day.

The Waggoner---WORDSWORTH.

THE first day pass’d---he saw not her---
Gulnare---

The second---third---and still she came not
there ;

But what her words avouch’d, her charms
had done,

Or else he had not seen another sun.

Corsair---BYRON.

The art of poetry is, therefore, the art of making impressions, by means of language versified : there is poetry in every thing, and all men are poets. Every one that has an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to feel—is a poet : and if he could convey his feelings to others in suitable language, it would be poetry. But all are not equal in degree—he who produces the greatest effect, is the greatest poet : he who has most matter, has the materials for the greater edifice ; but he cannot build without skill and power ; skill to contrive, and power to execute his contrivance. Know-

ledge is the matter for poetry, imagination the contriver, and language, speaking, and writing, the executors. Knowledge is the result of chance or circumstances, imagination the result of knowledge, and language the result of *education*.

Every man must write according to the bent of his genius, in other words, according to his education, for he cannot write concerning that of which he is ignorant. By education, I do not mean the particular ideas or knowledge which he receives from a particular person, or at a particular seminary, or college. I understand education in a much wider sense. I mean, by education, all the impressions which a person receives during his entire existence, for every thing, however small, united to what was previously possessed, increases its magnitude. Genius is nothing but the aggregate of little things.

“To a poet nothing can be useless—whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination. He must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most, will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions, and unexpected instruction. But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition—observe the power of all the passions, in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy, to the *despondence of decrepitude*. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind; and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations—as a being superior to time and place.”

I have extracted this eloquent passage from the tenth chapter of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, a chapter that can never be read too often.

But poets, like all things in nature, differ from each other in kind, and this difference is wise and good. According to Akenside,

One pursues the vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace, and gentlest beauty.

It has, to the disgrace of literature, been too often the fashion for authors to envy, despise, and ridicule each other, because all do not think and write alike. Half a dozen of them get together, and call themselves a school, and immediately attack half a dozen others, who are obliged, for common safety, to imitate them, and call themselves a school also. Upon which war is declared, and undertaken in all its “pomp and circumstance” of nick-names, hootings, and scratchings, and all sorts of stratagems, thereby carrying their school-boy tricks into manhood, for they well remember their exploits when Mr. Jackson's school was at war with Mr. Johnson's. All poets are of the same school, they all belong to the school of nature and humanity. Why should our modern poets each hate all poetry but his own? There is work for them all, if each would perform that of which he is capable:

Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

It is impossible for me to say what poet or poetry is the best. If I should

be asked, What constitutes the best poetry? that read and admired by the most persons? or by the fewest persons? by the most learned or the most ignorant? by childhood or old age? I can only reply, that the province of poetry is universal; and one class of society has as much right to possess its poet as another. The humble and lowly are as poetical as the proud and wealthy. Wordsworth is the poet of the former, and has dared to persevere in his noble occupation; and this is the principal reason that he has been so much held up to ridicule by the half critics, the ignorant, and the wealthy. Wordsworth, notwithstanding all their attacks and ridicule, has nobly dared to write on subjects which others have considered below their muse and dignity—the animal creation, humble life, rural manners and scenery. He has gone on, in opposition to scoffers, and introduced, not a new school in poetry, as many assert, but has cultivated, enforced, and extended an old one. Let him exclaim in the noble stanza of Gray,

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

And still nobler lines, if possible, of Goldsmith—

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

The province of love, and beauty, and flattery, and war, and power, and high life, has been hackneyed, and almost exhausted. Wordsworth was determined to prosecute another department of poetry, which, from his having had the good fortune to be born in a mountainous country, he was well adapted to. I repeat it—he is the poet of simple nature, of humble life, and of the animal creation! But he is an innovator, they say, he has degraded the muse, and converted her into a sorry creature, with not the least gentility or good-breeding about her. To which it may be answered, What, shall we have our eye, lip, and mouth poets, and the most numerous and useful class in society be neglected? Take from him his old men and his women, his fools and his idiots, his asses and his horses, his wag-gons, carts, and spades, and he has nothing left. To this it may be answered, Take from Homer his battles, from Milton his devils, and from Byron his vagabonds—and what have they left?

Wordsworth is like all men—the creature of education. There is something original about every man, if he would only tell us what it is, if he would only speak out; but few can afford, that is, dare to do this. Men dare not speak out for fear they should be found to differ with the world! What a large portion of pleasure and improvement we all lose in consequence of this cowardice. I am bold to maintain that men's minds are not more alike than their faces; the former they mask, but their faces are what nature made them. Wordsworth is, however, an honourable and useful exception to this practice; he has not formed himself on the models of other men (in poetry at least), but has kept the noiseless tenor of his way with firmness, and with a high soul. He has acted as all men of genius, that is, of high power, ought to act. He has followed his own mind, and dared to execute his own purposes in spite of opposition from “wittlings, prozers, Vandals, Goths, and Huns.”

In the most simple of Wordsworth's poems there is something that dis-

plays a deep sense of things beyond the immediate subject in hand. His readers, who do not discover this, do not understand—they know nothing of him. His simplicity is not the simplicity of a mere child looking at children, and at childish things—he mingles the simplicity of a child with the feelings and understanding of a man and a philosopher. He never treats his subject as *one*, but as a part of a whole, and you have both before you. For want of perceiving this double relation, his opponents have attempted to ridicule him—the fault is not in him, but in “their stars, dear Brutus.” Whatever confidence others may place in him, he cares not; he is confident in himself, and seems to want no other support than what his subject affords him. He believes in nature, and has “faith in his impulses,” for he has been supported by her ever since he “hung upon his mother’s breast.” In a word, he is the finest specimen, that I know amongst the poets, in illustration of that reverential line of Pope—

He looks through Nature up to Nature’s God.

THE GRECIAN CHIEF TO HIS SOLDIERS.

HARK! hear ye how deeply the sullen gun roars—
How the trumpet of war from each hill is resounding :
And see! the invaders are spread on our shores,
And over our plains the fierce war-horse is bounding.

Then onward to meet them, and nerved be each hand,
And true be each heart that for freedom aspires :
Be firm, my brave comrades---be true to the land
That is sacred, for e’er, by the blood of our sires.

Though the spears of the foe gleam bright in the sky,
Oh! fear not the thousands that martial before ye,
The shades of our fathers are hovering on high,
And point to the pathway of freedom and glory.

By the virtues and charms of the maidens we love,
By those bosoms that e’er will our memories cherish,
By those spirits whose prayers protect us, above,
We’ll meet the proud Moslem—and conquer or perish.

Oh! are we not sons of the virtuous and brave,
Who gloriously fell ’mid the battle’s rough surge ;
Who found, on the plains of their prowess, a grave
Where victory’s shout was the fall’n hero’s dirge ?

Then on to the fight, and in pride meet the foe,
Whilst each eye with the lustre of liberty flashes ;
And remember, whilst death-bolts are hurl’d with each blow,
That ye fight, sons of Greece, o’er your forefathers’ ashes.

J. H. H.

THE MAN ABOVE.

THE Iroquois, a nation in North America, have a confused notion of a Great Being who rules the world as he pleases. They never repine at the evil which this being permits. When some mischance befalls them, they say, “*The Man above will have it so.*” Though it is not to be presumed that these Indian savages ever heard of Zeno, or of the doctrines of the Porch, yet this simple sentence will comprise nearly all the better part of the Stoic philosophy.

MONOPOLISTS AND PROJECTORS.

(Concluded from the last No.)

ONE fool may from another win,
 And then get off with money stored :
 But, if a Sharper once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.---SWIFT.

I AM positively resolved to be sober. This, without the exercise of a certain degree of sagacity on the part of the reader, will appear an alarming declaration. Not so much, indeed, as it concerns the future, as it applies to the past. "Sober! Sir," inquires some sedate, water-loving old gentleman; "why, are you in the habit of being intoxicated?" Pray, Sir, consider my cane laid across your shoulders for such an absurd, impertinent inquiry.

By resolving to be sober, I mean that I shall endeavour to avoid the loose, flighty, hair-brained style in which I have indulged for a considerable time past. I shall strive to become as modest, as intelligible, and as dull, as if I were writing for the *Old Monthly*; as quiet, as unoffending, and as stupefactive, as if I were engaged in the *New London*. These are really grave, matter-of-fact times: they have infused their spirit into me—and I intend to sober down into a grave, matter-of-fact sort of a gentleman. There is a period in the existence of every man, at which he considers it high time to lead a new life. Some, indeed, "resolve and re-resolve, then die the same;" but others, of whom I am one, cast off the *old* man, and put on the *new*—or rather, cast off the *young* man, and put on the *old*. When the heart becomes sluggish, and the veins frosty, we feel that the summer of our days is over, and that "winter's come at last." The freshness of our feelings is gone, and, like a decaying flower, we lose leaf after leaf, till, at length, the shrivelled stem sinks into the earth from which it sprung—and the scene is closed for ever. To change the simile—Death sends on his advanced guard of gout, rheumatism, aches, and fevers: we arm ourselves against him with flannel shirts, linsey-wolsey night-caps, and lambs'-wool stockings; but all our precautions, all our skilful manœuvres, avail not—Death comes with his enormous scythe, and ——— "Positively, Mr. J. H. H., this moralizing strain is insufferable. What has death, or what have linsey-wolsey night-caps to do with your Monopolists and Projectors?" More, Sir, than you may suppose. In the first place, I contend that it is highly imprudent in men to wear night-caps, and that one half of the monopolies and projects that are now in operation, owe their existence to that unfortunate circumstance. When the brain is heated, the imagination naturally becomes more warm and vivid; the most delightful prospects are conjured up; the glorious results of every speculation are, in anticipation, wonderfully magnified, Fortunatus's purse appears within grasp, and the whole soul is absorbed in the delicious enchantment. Now, this heating of the brain, in a considerable degree, arises from wearing night-caps; and hence the necessity that men should abstain from the use of such pernicious appendages, and endeavour, as fast as possible, to reduce their systems to a proper temperature. Their heads will thus become sufficiently *cool*, and there will be less danger of their purses losing their wonted *warmth*.

It is really lamentable to observe the avidity with which certain persons catch at new projects. The most absurd scheme, provided it be an-

nounced with a declaration that ten per cent. must result from it, is sure to meet with supporters.

Put in your money, fairly told,
Presto, be gone---'tis here agen;
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
 Here's every piece as big as ten."

One might almost suppose there had lately been an importation into this country of some of the profoundest academicians of Lagoda. The projects of those celebrated philosophers for extracting sun-beams from cucumbers, for calcining ice into gunpowder, and for obtaining silk from spiders, were certainly quite as reasonable as many which, at the present moment, engross so much of the public attention. The most serious of these, from the extent of capital involved in them, appear to be the South American Mining Associations. The shares in these have been sought after with an avidity unparalleled, except in the memorable year 1720, when the South Sea scheme, in England, and the banking project of Law, in France, were in all their glory. But then, as a contemporary writer has observed,

Our sires, poor unambitious folks,
 Had but an *individual* hoax,

whilst *we* are the victims of a hundred. We are not only to behold ships returning to England full of gold and silver, but we are to open our ports to others that are full of pearls. It puzzles me exceedingly to divine what is to be done with these precious metals and costly ornaments. I certainly am not much of a political economist; but it appears to me to be an axiom, that things are depreciated in value, in a ratio with the facility with which they may be obtained. And this would place all articles that might be procured in equal quantities, and with equal facilities, upon an equality of worth, provided they were of equal service to mankind. If they were not of equal service, then the ratio of their values would be the same, as the ratio of their uses. Hence, if gold could be obtained in equal quantities with iron, the latter being the more serviceable article, would, consequently, be of the greater value. But this is getting too deeply into the matter. There will, I fear, be no necessity to look at the question in this point of view. It will be sufficiently early to pursue the argument in this form when we actually see the ships come home, and look into their holds, and view, with astonishment, the masses of gold and silver which fill them. As to the pearls, *when they come*, we shall certainly be more at a loss what to do with them than with the gold and silver. Dean Swift, I remember, in speaking of the directors of joint-stock companies, says, in a little poem called the South Sea—

But never shall our isle have rest
 Till these devouring *swine* run down, &c.

Well, I suppose the *directors* will claim the "precious freight," and then the old adage will be fulfilled of "casting pearl among *swine*."

Then we have the "Patent Brick Company," which proposes to dry bricks in forty-eight hours, instead of in two months, as heretofore. But will not the haste of drying, spoil the bricks altogether? Is not the length of time employed in drying them essential to their good qualities? If this really be the case, and I have no doubt that it is, then, Messieurs Subscribers to the "Patent Brick Company," pray remember the story

of the goose that laid golden eggs. Then there are the new "Milk Companies," and the new "Water Companies." These, indeed, may do if the directors have wit enough to unite their association. The grand national "Milk and Water Company" would really bear some signs of being a profitable concern. Lastly, we have the "Westminster Fish Company," for catching *flats* and *gudgeons* no doubt. Have a care, gentlemen, or some of you will *flounder* by and bye. The most glittering bait frequently covers the sharpest hook. Above all things, do leave off your night-caps, and—beware of *sharks*.

What an oversight! I had almost forgotten the—what the deuce d'ye call it—the Company for bringing the Sea up to London:

Nay, that our citizens may not,
As heretofore, in seasons hot,
To bathing-places run down:
Presto! behold a Company
Which undertakes to bring the sea
Full gallop up to London.

This is a charming project! How delightful it will be for the good citizen to go to the bath of a morning, with the glorious consciousness that he is going to plunge into a *part* of the ocean. What an elasticity it will give to his spirits! What a tone it will give to his appetite! What a colour it will spread upon his gills! What muscular energy will it afford to his fins! He will be metamorphosed from a Tittlebat into a Turbot. He will no longer be seen sprawling, like a great slimy eel, through the mud in the Serpentine; but we shall behold him dashing through the "green waves" with the energy of a young whale or a grampus.

There is, I am informed, another company to be formed, having a similar object in view to the one just mentioned. It is to be called "The Metropolitan Sea-Air Company," for conveying, by the means of pipes and air-pumps, the sea breeze to London. This plan is, if possible, more attractive than the former. How charming it will be for the shopmen in Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, from behind their counters, to snuff the gentle gale that lately "played upon the ocean's breast!" How refreshing to the toper, as he leaves "the Finish," "to bathe his brow" in the reviving breeze. How invigorating to the poor devils who "drag a lengthening chain" from year to year, through the dark purlieus of the city, to breathe the pure sea-air, instead of inhaling the pestiferous smoke and fogs that now envelope it. Many other companies are spoken of, and among them is revived the old project of towing icebergs into the southern ocean, for the purpose of equalising the temperature of the earth. The Lagoda plan for building houses, by commencing at the roof, in order to keep the walls and other parts dry as they are proceeded with—the bottling up of moonshine, in order to save the expense of street-lamps—and several others of equal importance—whether or not these will be carried into effect, will depend upon the success of those which are about to be put in operation.

Let us now look at these matters with a calm penetrating eye. Let us soberly inquire what has led to them, and what will be their probable results. It is to be lamented, that, in the present state of things, a man *esteems himself*, and is esteemed by his neighbours, according to the number of *thousands* which he may happen to possess. Money is the idol of men's affections, it is the god to which they bow down and worship. Money it is that destroys the best feelings, and the most tender sympathies of our

nature; and money it is that will for ever keep the wise and the good in the thralldom of rogues and fools. A man's virtues are estimated by the length of his purse, and his wisdom by the texture of his garments. Let a man, in the present day, be as acute a philosopher as Newton; let him be as deeply read as the greatest scholar that ever existed; let him possess the concentrated talents of Johnson, of Burke, and of Byron; and let him, at the same time, be in such worldly circumstances as prevent him from wearing other than a shabby coat—where, I ask, will that man find a welcome? Not with the rich and the powerful, and those whose duty it is to shield the sons of genius from the rude grasp of penury; not with him, who, unfortunately, has acquired as much love for his banker's book, as for the books in his library; not with even the common-place gentleman; but with those who, like himself, despise the grovelling dispositions and sordid views by which the generality of men are influenced. Campbell has said, and justly, that, in the same breast,

Two master-passions cannot coexist :

And when this detestable love of money, this eternal grasping after riches, this hateful affection for gain, takes hold of men, every other feeling is overwhelmed, and the mind is bewildered with projects and inventions. The ordinary, plain, honest sources of acquiring fortune are despised; whilst every visionary scheme that is set on foot by the crafty and designing, is pursued with the most inconsiderate avidity. That glorious pillar in a nation's stability—traffic, is neglected; and every hope is concentrated in that mart of villany—the Stock Exchange. The whole wealth of the nation is hurried on to that individual point: and thus, like a confluence of blood to the heart, the whole system is in danger.

Money is now rapidly changing masters; and this change must, ultimately, be productive of advantage; for, if a man, inconsiderately, gambles away his fortune, it is a proof that it was a superfluity to him; and hence the probability that it may be gained by others who will hold it in greater estimation. The transactions at the Stock Exchange are purely, for the most part, acts of gambling. They are attempts to accumulate certain sums by the risk of other sums. Now gaming has ever been seductive, it is still seductive, and will continue to be so, for this reason—it is the *easiest possible method of obtaining money*. But here follows the worst part of the business—a part which is generally overlooked—it is likewise *the easiest possible method of losing it!*

I find, upon collecting together the various sums that are required by the companies lately formed, that they amount to upwards of *Ninety-five Millions!* This appears almost incredible—but it is true. Now, from this statement, it is evident that, within a very short period, ninety-five millions of pounds have been placed by one set of men at the disposal of another. The wisdom to direct such a sum, the honesty necessary in the direction, and the talent to regulate the operations to which it is to be applied, *must be insured*, or all will be sacrificed. But *can they be insured?* “that is the question.” Then there must be the concurring circumstances of anticipations realised, of the political relations between this and other countries remaining in their present state, of the passiveness of individuals, whose energies being roused, might successfully oppose many of the existing projects, of hopes fulfilled, and of years, long, long years, annihilated, ere success may be calculated upon. The American Mining Companies, for instance; those delectable associations, whose directors hold

out to the subscribers such wonderful prospects of gain : who receive our cash, and promise to repay us tenfold out of the dreary pits in the deserts of South America ;

Giving them gold that 's ready made,
We wisely look to be repaid
By help of Watt and Boulton ;
Who, from their mines, by patent pumps,
Will raise up ore, and lumps, and dumps,
Whence sovereigns may be molten.

These sovereigns, however, we must leave to be counted by our grandchildren ; and " thus, like the ancient husbandman in Tully's Old Age, we must answer to those who demand for whom we are planting our oak, ' For posterity and the immortal gods ! ' "

But, it may be asked, should money be allowed to remain idle, when it may be employed with advantage to the individuals who possess it, and for the general benefit of mankind ? No : yet it is requisite that the schemes in which such capital is employed, should be of a reasonable nature. None of your Brick Companies, and Milk Companies, and Washing Companies, which are petty in their nature, and confined in their operation ; but a grand national, stable association, of importance in its object, and of general utility in its application. Several letters have been addressed to me, since the appearance of my first article on Monopolists and Projectors, developing the most acute inventions, and the most solid and useful schemes. Many of the plans have my decided approbation, whilst others appear, to me, to be of a very questionable character. I shall lay one or two of these letters before the reader.

SIR,

THE inventions and improvements of the present day exceed, very considerably, all that was ever accomplished in former times ; and although the present generation is so accustomed to hear of great and important discoveries, some, even now, fail not to excite our astonishment. Until lately, the great geniuses of our country had only applied their gigantic powers of intellect, to the construction and invention of machines applicable to the purposes of manufacture, and to the performance of Herculean labours ; but, thanks to the liberal spirit of the times ! they no longer hesitate to direct their exalted minds to the economy of domestic concerns. It may be grand, it may be beautiful, it may be sublime, to behold a mighty vessel propelled through the waters by the force of steam ; but is it, I ask, less so, to behold the same subtle vapour applied to the purposes of cooking and washing ? The advantages to be derived from steam are not thoroughly understood. Mr. Perkins's gun, indeed, convinces one that *he* knows a little about the matter---and 'tis but a little. Why, Sir, I have in contemplation an invention for superseding the use of hands on board of ships altogether. By a peculiar application of steam, I propose to furl and unfurl the sails, to strike the masts, to let go, and weigh, anchor ; and to perform every operation that is now done by seamen. Instead of being at loss for men, in time of war, we shall actually not even need their services. Our Navy will be *manned*, if I may so express myself, with copper kettles. Instead of employing the press-gang, all that the Admiralty will have to do, will be to engage a certain number of blacksmiths. Three men on board each vessel will be quite sufficient, one to command, another to light the fires, and the third to regulate the steam and steer the ship. An account of a fight will simply run thus : " The Britannia, of 120 steam-guns, fell in, on the 7th of last month, with two French line-of-battle ships, off the coast of Africa. After a desperate engagement of two hours and a quarter, in which every pot in the Britannia was kept constantly boiling, both the vessels were captured. The enemy suffered severely, having 275 men killed, and 315 wounded---*we* lost thirteen copper kettles."

This, however, is not the scheme that I intend to bring forward under your patronage---or rather for which I solicit your patronage.

The one I have at present in view is—

"THE NATIONAL STEAM SHAVING COMPANY."

The machine which I have invented for this important object is of the most ingenious nature; but I must not be more explicit in developing the manner of its operations, until the number of subscribers is complete. The capital required is one million; in ten thousand shares, of 100l. each, which may be obtained of Fudge and Co. Bankers, or of either of the respectable directors, the Hon. W. Bite, Sir J. Keen, and G. Grasp, Esq. or of me, James Gull'em. In the plan I propose for shaving, neither brush, soap, nor razor will be required. All that is necessary is, for the party to put his head into my machine, take it out again, and his beard is gone. It requires no equality of noses in point of length and breadth. The most prominent proboscis will be as little in the way as the most delicate Grecian. The nose may be either long or short, of a curvature either concave or convex; it may be turned up or turned down, or be flat, or balloon shaped, and yet not be an inconvenience---as far as my plan is concerned. But the chief advantage in my invention is, that I shall be enabled to shave every body *quite clean*. Pray, Sir, make this known, if you have influence enough, through the medium of the Magnet. I remain, Sir,

Yours, obediently, James Gull'em.

P.S. If you will call at my office any morning between nine and ten, I shall be proud of the honour of *shaving you gratis*.

LETTER II.

SIR,

THE laudable desire for promoting the general good which has been evinced of late by some spirited individuals in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, who have formed schemes, and kindly transferred their interest in them to the public, convinces me that there is a liberal spirit abroad, and that any plan formed upon the basis of reason and prudence, will meet with proper support. I have long turned my attention to the distresses in Ireland; and after the most patient investigation, I have discovered that all the misery of the Irish arises from their want of employment. Now, Sir, I propose that a company be formed for the purpose of sending out all unemployed Irishmen to the kingdom of Poyais, for the purpose of catching mosquitos. We learn from those who have returned from that populous empire, that mosquitos are found there in great abundance, and that they may be easily entrapped. I shall be enabled to point out the means of obtaining a market for these insects, and the purposes for which they may be used; and I have no doubt that a profit of 25 per cent. will be produced to the subscribers to the "Poyais Mosquito Company."

I am, Sir, yours, Benjamin Drone.

LETTER III.

SIR,

THE astonishing powers of the human mind have never been thoroughly understood until the present day. Now, indeed, the mightiness of its energies is fully developed, and man stands forth in the glorious majesty of his intellect. Invention succeeds invention, scheme succeeds scheme, and every element appears under his control. He rises to the clouds, like a bird—he goes down into the deep, like a fish; and, in a short time, we may expect to see him exist amidst flames, with the security of a salamander. But to the purpose. I have made one of the most important discoveries that ever entered the mind of man, and which, for the good of the public, I intend forthwith to make known. I have, after divers experiments, discovered a process for the purpose of obtaining and preserving a man's thoughts, without the aid of writing them down, or expressing them orally. This is done by the means of a certain composition spread upon paper—the paper is affixed to a metallic post, which I call a thinking-post—the man stands near to it, and his thoughts become immediately impressed, in legible characters, upon the composition. Any parties wishing to be made more fully acquainted with my discovery, may call at my lodgings, 17, Puff Court.

Yours,

James Air.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

AMONG the many schemes which attract public attention, I propose to bring forward one that shall out-scheme all the schemers of this or any other age. I intend

to organize, for I have influence enough to do so, a Joint-Stock Company, which shall have for its objects the collecting, condensing, and preserving of fogs. The utility of getting rid of the London fogs need not be dwelt upon; and the purpose to which I intend to apply them is in warfare. Thus, as I shall be enabled to condense 20,000 square feet of fog into a half-pint bottle, I propose that a quantity of these be taken with our armies, and that when they have occasion to retreat, it may be done securely, by uncorking at proper distances a certain number of these bottles, and permitting the fogs to expand and obstruct the view and the progress of the enemy. The fog will escape remarkably fast; and there is no doubt that the retreating army will escape with equal facility. This invention, Sir, may perhaps surprise you, but if you will call at my condensing depot, I will shew you a fog that filled the whole of Newgate Street, contained in a quart stopper bottle.

As soon as the shares in the "Metropolitan Fog Company" are all purchased, the government will be applied to, in order to ascertain the quantity of condensed fog that will be required, annually, in the time of war.

I remain yours, truly,

Samuel Smoke.

I really think Mr. Smoke must have been endeavouring to smoke me with a vengeance; however, in this *fog* business of his, he has certainly *mist* his mark. Many other ingenious schemes have been laid before me, such as "The National Cloud Company;" "The Universal Peace Society;" and the "Dover and Calais Tunnel Company." But the most astonishing is that of a gentleman who proposes to counteract the dissolution of human bodies. His plan is this: He argues that as dead bodies have been embalmed and kept for thousands of years; if a similar process had been adopted before the decease of the parties, they would have been preserved, for the same period, in an actual state of existence. He then goes on to shew that, by the absorption of certain gums into the human system, and by their being thoroughly united with the blood, disease will be resisted, and decay will be counteracted; so that, by proper care, men may live for ever. His views are certainly worthy consideration; and I trust that this brief notice will excite an active spirit of inquiry into the subject.

Ha! is it possible? A letter has just been delivered to me from Mrs. Smoke, in which she informs me that Mr. Smoke, being engaged in his laboratory last evening, by some unaccountable oversight, removed the stoppers from several of his condensed fog-bottles. The fogs instantaneously escaped, and poor Mr. Smoke was smothered.---So perish all Projectors!

J. H. H.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT was on the main, as the moon slowly trembled
Through clouds, on a mild winter's eve,
When a fair maid, whose face the pale planet resembled,
Sat down by her window to grieve;
Her arm, like the Parian marble, supported
A cheek early wasting with woe,
While her dark raven tresses, where winds rudely sported,
Hung loose o'er a bosom of snow.

She told to the billows this sad tale of sorrow:—

"My lover was lost on the sea;
Though moonlight may come o'er that ocean to-morrow,
No morrow—no moonlight for me!

Beat, beat, ye salt billows, I seek not your pity,
Such pity as traitors bestow."

Her head slowly sunk, as she finish'd her ditty,
For cold was her bosom of snow.

J. L.

THE BACHELOR'S FIRE-SIDE.---A RHAPSODY.

WHEN a lover is on the eve of returning to a mistress from whom he has for months been separated, how quickening is his sensibility! How he rejoiceth as the mile-posts in his path "come like shadows so depart;" or, like friends who have welcome news to communicate, inform him, with their intelligent faces, that he is about 420 poles nearer the *sum-mum bonum* of his existence. But when his cottage (the most orthodox tenement for your genuine innamorato) appears in sight; when he sees, for the first time, the thin blue smoke hang its domestic drapery round his chimney; when he hears his watch-dog "bay deep-mouthed welcome," while he turns up the well-known path—how the heart of the wanderer leapeth within him! How his plastic fancy effaces the long---long months of separation, and shapes its imaginings into the last well-remembered embrace of his mistress! In like manner, gentle reader (not to profane this simile), do I feel, when the lengthening twilight announces the return of winter. Each increasing night is to me like the lover's mile-stone, and tells me that I am by so much nearer happiness. As I travel towards October, I begin to luxuriate in the most cozy anticipations, for a fire-side, a genuine good old English fire-side, is the mistress to whose ardent embrace I consider myself as journeying. The first cold day of October is, in consequence, a period to be remembered; the first frost an epoch of the most jovial associations---but the first sensible orthodox snow-storm a thing so far superior to panegyric that I must take refuge in the stillness of thought.

"Come then, expressive silence, muse its praise."

In this exclusive or bigoted---call it what you will---partiality for winter I confess an unfortunate singularity of taste. Spring and summer, I well know, are the fashionable seasons, when flowers and Almack's, rivulets, mountains, Pall-Mall, and Brighton, are in full sophisticated glory. But I am no poet, and would rather that these romantic seasons should "live in description and look green in song," than annoy me with their fantastic realities. With respect, however, to flowers, I must acknowledge an amiable weakness in favour of a cauliflower; and as for rivulets, I respect them when qualified with the wintry addition of whisky. But my complaisance will carry me no farther; for though once, after a perusal of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I was intrapped into an evening walk with the hopes of encountering Puck, Pease-blossom, or some other elf of romance; yet, as I encountered only an unpoetic rheumatism, I have left such summer enjoyments to more imaginative spirits, and have ever since transferred my affections to winter---to that season when the feelings are as warm as the fire, when the tea-kettle (the Saint Cecilia of the drawing-room) uplifteth her stave upon the stove, and every thing around me speaks of punch and pleasures, comfort and chit-chat.

Having alluded thus generally to my affection for winter, I shall descend to more pleasant particulars; I shall suppose that I am, at this present moment, seated in the full enjoyment of its evening; and that the scene (dramatically speaking) is a parlour fire-side; time, six o'clock, P. M.; season, Christmas. To proceed then, the cloth and its appurtenances being removed; and the hearth neatly swept, the wine---a bottle of Port, vintage 1812---is placed upon the table, and as the hour is too dark for reading, the mind has leisure to live over again the past, whose realities, by the bye, if sad, may be mellowed by the social spirit of Oporto. I know

no season of the year, no time of the day, that so strongly disposes the heart to reflection, as a winter-twilight. Seated in an arm-chair, by a brilliant fire, too lazy and luxurious for exertion, we instinctively take refuge from the laborious present in the pleasurable past. The external aspect of the weather presents nothing to divert our attention; and the creeping dusk, while it steals with noiseless ghost-like space athwart the horizon, induces a corresponding sentiment of melancholy. But should this prove too depressing, should our own thoughts disturb the halcyon inclinations of our mind—the world of imagination still lies open before us. We can conjure up the great and the good of past ages; bid Cæsar stand in sceptered grandeur by our side, and the witching creations of Shakspeare pass in palpable review before our eyes. We can rove with Prospero, for instance, through his enchanted island; or assist with Miranda in carrying logs, while Ferdinand raves of love beside her. Ha! even while we suggest the idea, our yeasty imagination works it out—the very room begins to change; in its farthest shadowy recesses, stands the gaunt phantom of Caliban, placed in fine relief to yon last lingering gleam of light, the visionary form of Ariel. But, hark! is that the din of servants below? Preposterous supposition! No: it is the Stentorian voice of Caliban, as he addresses the superstitious mariners, with “Be not afeared, this isle is full of noises.”

Or shall our fancy, more sober and moderate in its flight, waft us to the Boar’s Head, Eastcheap, where Falstaff sits sipping his sack, and interweaving his endless falsehoods. Even while we start the wish, our desired transformation is effected. There, in that high-backed, old-fashioned chair, with “fiery snouted” Bardolph on one side, Poins on the other, and the embryo hero of Agincourt, engaged in busy chit-chat with “ancient Pistol,” sits our old tavern chum, “sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff—Jack with his familiars, John with his brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.” There, too, by that old dark-pannelled door, from which you may catch a glimpse of the animal that swings so fiercely from his sign-post, stands mine hostess, Quickly, with tongue newly clappered for a quarrel. Behold her Amazonian wrath! See how she setteth her arms a-kimbo, until the tun of man himself, who hath “lost his voice by halloing and singing of anthems,” shrinks abashed from her indignation. Lo! she presents him a bill, a longitudinal inventory of unpaid items, to wit—“sack ten shillings, bread a halfpenny.” She twitteth him, besides, for his ingratitude, and reminds him of having bought “twelve shirts for his back,” for which she now claims his promise of espousal. What a picture for the mind! what a triumph for the imagination! and these we can enjoy, seated in reverie, by a winter’s evening fire-side. Indeed—indeed, though life, as moralists observe, be all vanity and vexation of spirit, it is not wholly so, while the power of fancy remains to gild, with magic light, the gloom of its onward path.

But away with romance—let us return to real life, for the hour of tea approaches. Draw the curtains then, close the shutters, and heap on “mountain on mountain,” as Hamlet says, of coals. ’Tis done: and the midnight lamp, the Aurora Borealis of our winter, already flickers with modest brilliancy athwart the room, while our servant, related doubtless to the “Ancilla” of Horace, is cautiously bringing in the tea-urn. Only listen to its hosannahs. Hark! how it singeth its songs by steam, and dieth away in an untaught flourish. It is a pastoral, domestic, and unchanged songster. The nightingale and the tea-urn—pleasant association!

the one is the poet of summer, the other of winter—and both sing by night. “Arcades ambo, et cantare pares et respondere parati.” There is but little room for rhapsodizing upon this brief interval of tea. Suffice to say, that if we are alone, it is spent in reading; but if we have a sociable friend beside us, it may be past in *nonsensical* chit-chat—the only conversation, by the bye, to which it is worth while to listen. Englishmen, in general, are bad pedants. If they be merchants, they talk with the preciseness of the ledger; if lawyers, with the apprehensiveness of a flaw in their remarks; and if authors, with the formality of composition. But this is libellous, and, God knows, I am in no humour to find fault.

I now come to the important consideration of supper. What says Mr. Hazlitt on this subject? “Eggs and a rasher, a veal-cutlet, or a rabbit smothered in onions.” These will do, but despite their eloquent panegyrist, I give a plumper in favour of a lobster salad. I (the reader will perceive that I use *I* and *we* indiscriminately) suppose also, in addition, that a bowl of whiskey punch is smoking on the table, kept in countenance by a friend of sympathetic sociality. I suppose, moreover, that the watchman is bawling past ten o’clock; that a good honest north-wind is howling against the window, and that the season is just severe enough to enable us (meaning me), with added relish, to conclude our winter evening. Our friend, too, is of the right vintage—lively, grateful, communicative, and increasing in equal ratio with the punch. Can any thing be finer than this? There is sentiment, as well as sugar, in whiskey, and as we undo both our mind and shoes, we feel its full inspiration. How we bandy pleasantries with each other, pile load on load of jolly exaggerations, banter the wrinkled face of learning, and hold “dazzling fence with care.” How the serious stream of our conversation windeth through the miry fields of politics, the savage fields of criticism, and the ———. But, hark! in the very midst of our chit-chat, the sweet voice of minstrelsy is heard. Listen: it is the good old Christmas carol, the same strain that used to warn Ben Jonson home, when, with Masters Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other glorious wits of the age, morning overtook him at the Mermaid. Again! oh, how beautiful was that last long-drawn cadence; now swelling in simple grandeur, and now dying away on the thin frosty air. It warns us to conclude our orgies, for the hour of one is past, and the very fire seems inclined to go to sleep.

Reader, good night: may repose sit lightly upon your eye-lids, and, if young, and a female, may your dreams be all of love. May the idol (if you have one) of your affection, stand visibly before you in slumber, and pour into your willing ears, the soft whispers of hope. If you be, like myself, a bachelor, may your punch sit well upon your spirits, quickening their natural flow, and sending the blood in healthful currents through each vein. In short, to use the language of Scott, I bid

To one and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.

INSCRIPTION ON THE PEDESTAL OF A STATUE OF CUPID.

Qui que tu sois
Voici ton maître
Il l'était, il l'est.
Ou il doit l'être.

THE CONTRAST :

OR, TWO WIVES OF DIFFERENT TEMPERs.

BY THE "HERMIT."

I HAVE two friends, who are married to women more diametrically opposite in their dispositions, than any thing I ever knew. They are both excellent women, yet their husbands appear miserable with them; and what is as impolitic, as unfortunate, they make no secret of the matter; and, being acquainted, their chief consolation is to detail their mutual complaints, whilst, in their hearts, they laugh at each other. This is a very selfish pleasure---to rejoice because a neighbour has as bad, or as disagreeable, a partner as himself. But, in the present instance, it is not turpitude, inconstancy, extravagance, gadding about, flirting, folly, or the hundred and one conjugal transgressions and matrimonial miseries, nor even temper, or stinginess, but merely the unfortunate misapplication of over-zeal; impeding, annoying, and thwarting their dearies, in all times and places, or, as the Frenchman well expresses it, *à tout bout du champ*.

A change of companions would not only be an illegitimate remedy, but I doubt that it would produce the desired effect, for each *caro sposo* is aware of the troublesomeness of his neighbour's lady, and thinks it a fine subject to hoax him upon---not a jot the better satisfied with her who has fallen to his share in wedlock's lottery. Whenever they meet, the one eyes the other with a sarcastic smile, and waits a second for who shall speak first; at length Dick Short will break silence with, "Ah! neighbour, how's your wife?" (knowing the tender subject)---to which Sam Soft will reply, "And, pray Dick, how's *your* wife, since you come to that?" laying immense accent on the word *your*, as much as to remind him that she is his. Overpowered by this *ad hominem* address, Dick will shrug up his shoulders, and shake his head, as much as to say, "as incorrigible as ever." After which, the two *Socii* shake hands upon the matter. All this time their wedded dames are as wretched as themselves at their want of success, and let out, occasionally, a gentle hint on the subject, *just to make each other the happier*, clad in the form of "what a pleasant creature your good man is! I'm sure any *body* (meaning, *but you*) could live with him"---(strong emphasis imposed upon the *body* and the *him*). A sigh is generally the reply, or a look, which might be taken for, "I wish you had a trial for a short time" (of *temper*, gentle readers, be it understood). For Mrs. Short fancies that Mr. Soft would appreciate her merit fully, and that she would be as comfortable *as any thing* (to use the lady's own expression), with such a spouse, whilst Mrs. Samuel Soft considers Mr. Short a delightful, lively creature, and her *own* husband a bit of a drone. In fact, the parties are badly named, Mrs. Short should have been called Soft, and Mrs. Soft, Short. Nor are these the only *misnomers* amongst the Misses in town and country. But to the main point and cause of grievance. Mr. Short is a lively stirring fellow, who knows every body's business but his own; who thinks that he can do wonders, and most particularly boasted, whilst a *celebataire*, that he would form a wife to his own hand; now, whether she has been spoiled in the making, or not, the sapient reader must judge. He would have her mild, he said; yet now he complains of her want of life, of animation, of

spirit, and calls her insipid, tasteless, stupid, something like weak tea and an English concert (two things which a certain musical duke held in horror), or evaporated cyder, or flat and sweet ale, vapid champagne, or any mawkish mixture which is without flavour or zest.

Mr. Soft, on the other hand, is gentleness personified, at least was so until married, and ruffled by the over-active disposition of his rib (she would have made an excellent *Short rib*). When unmarried, he thought that Miss Theodora (we must not give the signification of the word) was the most attentive, prepossessing creature in the world; she prevented every want, anticipated every wish, read his looks, and interpreted a gesture, or a smile. Now these prepossessions, preventings, and anticipations, altered wonderfully after marriage, when she possessed herself of every thing before he could look round him; prevented every thing which he wished to say or do; anticipated in such a way as to make him not only a sleeping partner in the concern, but a mere cipher in the account-book, and, in the opinion of all his friends, continuing to watch his looks, he was afraid to look over his nose; and pushing the interpreting system too far, she over-did her part, and misinterpreted every thing. But this was with the best intentions---she kept the purse to save him trouble; paid the tradespeople to prevent imposition; prevented him from acting for himself, for fear he should not do himself justice in that particular; and anticipated all his thoughts and words, to shew her activity, devotion, industry, and talent as an orator, and a thrifty housewife: she watched his looks and smiles, because he had no right to look or smile on any one but herself; and thus was all the work of the house done to his hand, without his interference or share therein. If he spoke, "Stop a moment, Dick," she would officiously say, "I know what you are going to say, but let me tell it my way." If he ordered, or rather attempted to order, any thing, she would interpose with "Stuff and nonsense, that's not the thing at all---don't trouble yourself about it, dear, we women understand those matters best." If he rose up, it was, "La! love, where do you want to go? wait for the children and myself; old married men have nothing to do lounging about town, like a parcel of boys." If a friend was invited on a Friday, it must be Monday, "because Friday, you know, *pet*, is a washing-day." And when *pet* had capitulated and surrendered the day, it must not be Monday, because it is killing-day with the butcher, and the meat would be tough. "But there's the boiled beef of last week?" "It a'n't salt enough, *Sammy*." "The veal?" "No: I'll have mutton." "Well: as you like!"

Such was Mr. and Mrs. Soft---such the poor man's pot-luck, his *quotidian* bread, his soft enjoyments, with

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will.

But thought met thought to *stop* it on the rear, and will prevented will to prostrate its intentions. They were a couple answering to the beautiful, although broad, translation of Pope's *Eloisa*, in the following description of the two lovers in their happier days, but in a very different way:

Qui pensent à la fois et s'expriment ensembles.

They did think at the same time, but in an opposite way; and expressed themselves together, in order that the voice of Madame might drown that of Monsieur.

Now, to Mr. and Mrs. Short. Mr. S. had formed his lady to be all

complaisant, assenting, consenting, passive, and non-resisting; and yet he loved contradiction to a rage—for without it argument must cease, and his delight was argumentation. He could not bear a passive, tame, tasteless female; but he wanted to seem to govern, yet to be gently opposed---to carry off the argument, but to have a struggle for it---to have matters all his own way at last, but to have a dispute in carrying his point. It was no easy task to be all this, to answer just to his whim. Mrs. Short was a second Mrs. Shandy, but far outdid her: it was not merely, "Very well, Mr. Shandy, just as you please," "Exactly so," "True," "Be it so," "Very well;" he had drilled her into something *exceeding* this, in acceding to all his words and wishes; and yet he blamed the lady when he had made her perfect, and longed for a little acid in his cup of life, accusing her of want of interest in his sayings and doings, of apathy, tepidity, and I know not what; for he had brought her to be his very echo, from frequently dinning into her ears the propriety of saying as he did, of strengthening his assertions, of subscribing to his opinions, of being of one heart, but, above all, of one voice. And so she was, she had become like his echo. If he said, "It's a fine day," she would look as meek as a mackarel, and respond, "A fine day:" "Methinks it's cold"---"Cold," was the answer: "Near dinner-time"---"Dinner-time:" "Will you walk?"---"Walk:" "The wind blows"---"Blows:" "How are you?"---"How are ye?" Not "*How are you?*" there would be some spirit in that. "Will you go to bed?"---"To-bed:" "Now?"---"Now:" "Yes?"---"*Is.*" If a friend arrived, the husband rose; and Ma'am rose directly, as if pulled up by the same string---Mr. Short: "I'm glad to see you."---Mrs. Short: "Glad to see you."---Mr. S. "Will you stay and dine?"---Mrs. S. "Stay and dine."---Mr. S. "Good by."---Mrs. S. "By." Thus moved on the day tranquilly and insipidly. Mr. Short would have given all his family fare for a dish of contradiction, but Madame let every argument fall to the ground, and so accustomed had she become to agreeing to every thing which he advanced, and to saying as he did, that she sometimes coincided with him when it would have been more flattering to him had she done the reverse. For instance, he said one day, as he was shaving, "Peggy, I think I am getting very old"---"Very old," echoed Peggy: a peg would have been more to his mind in obstinate taciturnity. "My time's gone by, dear"---"Gone by, dear," vibrated on his ear, and made him cut his chin. "'Sblood!" exclaimed he; "Blood!" added she, very quietly; but she cut him a bit of court-plaster, and he *cut* her for the rest of the day.

Poor Mrs. Short! she puts one in mind of the gardener's son in France, who accompanying his father to meet their lord and patron, with a fine *bouquet*, in the garden, was directed to bow when his father did, and to say whatever he did. The simple lad obeyed most scrupulously, and a pretty ridiculous address he made of it---The Gardener (addressing the Count): "Monseigneur, we are happy to have the honour of paying our duty to you in your garden."---The Son: "In your garden."---"These humble, but fresh flowers are all we can offer you."---The Son: "Offer you."---"Not worthy of your greatness"---"Your greatness." "But in the sincerity of the heart"---"Art," echoed the simpleton. "May you live many years"---"Ears," accented the biped donkey. "And we beg to remain your dutiful servants"---"Servants." "Adieu, most noble lord"---"Noble lord." Upon which the patron turned upon his heel, and told all his acquaintances that the gardener's son was an

idiot. This tale is far more ridiculous in French, but such as it is given it will serve to furnish an idea of Mrs. Short, and of the system of repeating after others, and of having no will of our own. In wedded life, the *poco meno*, or *poco piu* (the little less, or little more), is a hard point to reach; but extremes are, in wedlock, as elsewhere, to be avoided. Whether the husbands or wives are most blameworthy is the point to be settled: the former in over acting authority in the first instance, and being disgusted with the slavish state which it produced (we mean Mr. Short), and his friend giving up every thing until he became a worm: or the latter (the two ladies) in going into the two most troublesome and ridiculous opposites. The question ought to be considered when the parties are single, for when the noose is tied, and the ring placed on the finger, it will be too late.

STANZAS.

When the day from out the calm blue sky
With fiercest flame is gleaming,
And on ocean's face all gloriously
The sun's pure light is streaming;
Oh! 'tis not then his ray is dearest,
Oh! 'tis not then the hour is fairest;
When dewy even melts in tears away,
More loved the sunbeam, and more dear the day.

When summer spreads her gayest hue,
Her loveliest chaplets wreathing,
When 'neath the heavens' deepest blue
Her spiciest gale is breathing,
Oh! 'tis not then the scene is fairest,
Oh! 'tis not then the year is dearest;
When autumn shadows glimmer o'er the way,
More loved the sunbeam, and more dear the day.

When joy laughs gay in woman's eye,
And the smile on her cheek is brightest,
When her heart at Pleasure's song bounds high,
And her step in the dance trips lightest,
Oh! 'tis not then her spell is dearest,
Oh! 'tis not then her form is fairest,
When swims her eye with melancholy's tear,
More bright her beauty, and her spell more dear.

C. B.

TO MIRA.

Why those tears in *Mira's* eyes?
Why doth *Mira* heave those sighs?
Can that little breast retain
A thought that gives it woe or pain?
Sometimes, love, a truant tear
The cheek may steal from beauty's eye,
Which adds a brighter lustre there,
Than ten thousand roses' dye:
Perhaps, perhaps, oh! *Mira*, thine
Are shed to make thy cheek divine!

Ah no! 'tis real affection's tear,
That like a diamond glistens there:
That tear is for a brother shed
Who in a cold grave rests his head!
Weep, sweet *Mira*, weep again!
But weep not till thy fount be dry;
Let, for love, one tear remain,
Sometimes, *Mira*, love may die!
But till then thy tears give over,
I'll be thy brother, and thy lover!

S. E.

CONFESSIONS OF A SEXAGENARIAN.

PART III.---AGE.

THE reader must now be content to pass over an insipid period of twenty-five years, for it is just that time since the termination of my last amour. My father---Marie---Hippolyte, all with whom I set out in these confessions, are gone, and a new set of friends and incidents surround me. I am no longer the fickle boy---the wild, enthusiastic man; my very identity is lost; I am become worldly and corpulent. Where is the ardour with which I once followed up an amour---where the Quixottic chivalry with which I bore a lance in the service of beauty? I know not; other and far better feelings have long since usurped their place---the enjoyments of reason, for instance---of society---and, it may be, even of appetite. Oh, these are the true pleasures of your Sexagenarian! He is still, as before, poetical, but has changed the character of his romance from without to within. Where he once felt enthusiasm for rocks, glens, mountains, and all that, he now confesses a more laudable predilection for indoor comforts. The wildest scenes of nature, however enchanting to the youth of twenty-five, are apt to give your gentleman of sixty the rheumatism. Such was my case. Age had blunted my relish for scenery, and something, I felt, must supply the vacuum. I began accordingly to look about me for a companion; for one who would discreetly fill the elbow-chair that stood vacant before me, and chat me to sleep when weary, and, above all, who had a genius for mending stockings! Now it so happened, that within five miles of the town of R--- (whence I date these confessions), there bloomed a virgin exotic, endowed abundantly with such requisites. I had once met her by accident, when visiting at her mother's house; had admired her graceful form as she lay recumbent on a sofa, and been still more charmed with the excelling qualities of her mind. Months, however, had rolled on, nor had I since thought of Eliza, till now that the daring idea struck me of perpetrating matrimony. I will go, I said, suddenly bursting into a determination, and commune with this damsel, analyze the properties of her heart, and if I find the component parts unadulterated, lay my wig and fortune at her feet. With these words I rose abruptly from my chair, mounted my gray mare, Thunder, and in less than an hour had reached the desired haven.

My reception there was warm and gracious. I found Eliza, as I had found her months before, stationed on the couch of sickness, and was more than ever charmed with her endowments. There appeared too a subdued gentleness in her manner, the effect, perhaps, of ill-health, but which lent, nevertheless, an indescribable interest to her person. I found myself, in consequence, during the ensuing month, turning my horse's head oftener than usual towards her abode, till at last it began to be a matter of doubt among her domestics, which was the greatest fixture, myself or the front parlour. One thing, however, sorely puzzled me. Whenever I chanced to propose a walk, a refusal was instantly on her tongue, and though she made no plea of indisposition, yet, use what entreaties I might, I never could withdraw her from the sofa. At first this looked like affectation; but when I listened to her unassuming conversation, and marked the character of her mind, so versatile yet so consistent, I dismissed the idea with abhorrence. Still I was far from being satisfied. There must surely be some strong motive, I said, for such invariable seclusion. Can it be debility? No, for she is young and healthy. Rheumatism? No. Gout? No!

What, then, can it be? This query harassed my mind for months; and when, at last, too fatally discovered, gave a tone to — But I must not anticipate.

One evening---one memorable summer evening, while seated by the side of Eliza, my conversation happened to assume a more impressive tone than usual. It had been ordinarily devoted to the floating topics of the day; the weather (that invaluable stop-gap), books, or the scandal of the neighbourhood; but was now become sage, solemn, and sentimental. We had previously been discussing the merits of a rash young couple who had lately committed marriage within five hundred yards of us, when suddenly the recollection of similar intentions struck me with a confused sense of guilt. I paused; bent my culprit eyes towards the ground, and sate for some seconds the very image of an ass. Eliza was less confused; but when she saw me preparing for a speech, whose import she might well guess, a shade of the most touching melancholy overspread her countenance. "Madam," I confusedly began, "I have been,—hem! hem!—for four delicious months, putrefied—petrified, I should say—with the deepest admiration of your virtues" (here an awful pause ensued), "and have only waited—hem!—for this favourable opportunity—hem! hem!—to declare, the---the---the nature of my sent---sentiments towards you. Sentiments, Madam, that---" I was here suddenly interrupted by Eliza, who thanked me for my flattering attentions, but informed me, with a blush, that there was one insuperable obstacle. "Obstacle!" I replied, with all my wonted animation, "what obstacle, dear lady, can there possibly be between us? You are your own mistress---I am equally independent; I love you besides to distraction---yes, Madam, to distraction; and if you return my ardour, why hesitate to avow it? Indeed, Eliza, indeed, you are too reserved; I can appreciate the modesty of a female---but is there no chance, love, of its being carried to excess?" "Cease, for God's sake," she rejoined, "it cannot, must not be---there is still one dreadful obstacle. Have you never heard, Sir, that I have got---" My suspicions here began to be awakened. "Got, Madam," I resumed with increasing stateliness, "gracious Heaven! have you got a child?" "Alas! no, Sir," she replied, covering her fair face with her hands---"but, how shall I reveal the truth?---a---a---a WOODEN LEG, Sir." With these words, she rose from the sofa, and in the sudden agitation of her movements, exposed unconsciously the infernal stump. Conceive my feelings at this discovery! A lady with a wooden leg, and one who was to become my wife too! What an idea! To think that two lovers, though linked to each other in the firmest affection, should only be able to muster three legs between them. Impossible---impossible---I felt that it was so, and, after pouring forth a thousand confused apologies to Eliza, in the course of which I kept my eyes fixed, as it were, instinctively upon the unhappy limb, I rushed like a cannon-ball from her presence.

From that time to the present I have lived a decided bachelor. I might tell, however, how I thrice attempted matrimony---once with a coquette, and twice with a prude, and how, by the mercy of Providence, I escaped scot-free from all, were I not warned by the length to which these confessions have already extended themselves to hasten to a conclusion. But I may venture to remark, *en passant*, that, as I cordially agree with the writer who observes, "marriages are made in heaven,"---and are, consequently, ill-adapted to earth,---so, I am for the future resolved to keep clear of all such bargains. "When I lost my wife," says some French

author, Volney, I believe, "the whole parish, each member of it individually, offered me another; but when, sometime afterward, I lost my cow, I could find no one to supply its place." What a warning to the uninitiated!*

INTRODUCTORY LINES

TO A SERIES OF VERSE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "MOSES'S OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS OF THE WORKS OF A. CANOVA." 1823.

Oh! if the sounds that in the dead of night
Do sometimes melt upon the pilgrim's ear
(As youthful bards have fabled, or have dream'd)
Descending earthward from the realms above,
In soft celestial music---Oh! if those
Mysterious harpings are of angel choirs,
And sent to summons, from a world of woe,
Some mild, some gentle spirit---then let such
Breathe round the tomb that holds Canova's dust!

For sure, if there are light and airy spirits
That float amid the calm and azure void,
Unseen by all, and only heard by few,
And those already half-estranged from earth---
Such must have play'd around Canova's head,
His chisel guided, and imbued his mind,
With less of earth than heaven---for so he seem'd,
In form a mortal, but in soul a god.
Nor be it deem'd profane, if human voice
Invoke the aid of gentle poesy
To swell the general tribute that his name
Exacts in death from an admiring world.
Yes, first-born, fairest of the sister arts,
Whose separate beauties were, methinks, enough
For such frail denizens of earth as we,
And whose commingled glories on the soul
Burst like the splendour of the mid-day sun,
And while they charm us, dazzle---the pleased eye
May gaze, at distance, on the blue of heaven---
May watch, delighted, the bright golden tint
That gilds the clouds that shroud Sol's setting orb---
Or view the maiden-blush that warms the cheek
Of young Aurora---but, when all combined,
Blue, gold, and carmine grace the glorious bow,
What time the sun-lit showers of April fall---
Then, then it owns how more than doubly sweet,
Each seems, when thus united. Poesy,
Fair radiant goddess! thus it is with thee,
And thy two younger sisters. Painting gives
Grace, colour, beauty, almost life itself.
Who, when he gazes on such forms of love
As those that erst Apelles' pencil drew,
Forms that enchain'd an Alexander's soul,
And wreck'd the hopes of a Marc Antony,
Campasce, Cleopatra---who but owns
How great the painter's magic? The blue eye

* While this concluding portion of the MS. was in the press, the author was informed, that its leading incident was by no means original, for 'that it had appeared some time since in a work illustrated by Cruickshank. He can only say in his defence, that the present idea occurred to him four years since, and though now by him first promulgated, yet it undoubtedly claims the merit of priority. He hopes this is sufficient apology for what might be otherwise considered plagiarism.

Melting in pity, as the master's hand,
 Trembling, essay'd to catch the thousand charms
 That graced a figure of such heavenly mould,
 And fix them on the canvas---the light hair
 That wanton sported in the summer breeze
 What time the "silver oars" to dulcet notes
 Beat true, as down the Cydnus' placid stream
 The Queen of Egypt's golden galley sail'd---
 Who, when on such he looks, but feels how great,
 How more than mortal, must have been his mind,
 Whose glowing pencil could embody thus
 The fairest forms of female loveliness?
 And, Sculpture, thou, though youngest, not the least
 Attractive of the three---what either want
 To make their magic influence complete
 Is thine, and thine alone---no graceful curve,
 No finely moulded limb of polish'd snow
 Mocks, while it courts, the fond admirer's hand,
 And flies, delusive flies, the proffer'd touch,
 Or melts to nothing, like the poet's dream.
 Who, as he gazes on the sculptured stone,
 And marks the young Apollo's god-like brow,
 Marks his fix'd eye that watch'd the fateful shaft,
 His haughty lip, upcurl'd in proud disdain,
 All-conscious of his beauty, does not deem
 The marble with divinity instinct,
 And feels as if there wanted but the breath
 Of life to realise a god on earth---
 Or she, who stands "the wonder of the world,"
 The Medician Venus?

No. I.

LINES ON THE BUST OF BEATRICE.

Was such indeed the lofty brow?
 Was such the bosom's heaving snow?
 Such, too, the soft luxuriant hair
 O'ershadowing features young and fair?
 Features a Hebe might have own'd,
 Or Venus with the cestus bound.
 Or say, Canova, wast it thou
 Whose genius framed yon lofty brow?
 Say, was it thy creative art
 Alone that dared those charms impart?
 All Italy's in one combined,
 Her face the mirror of her mind.
 If hers indeed those beauties were,
 So chaste, so heavenly, and so rare---
 If lightly o'er her lovely head
 In easy folds the veil was spread,
 Gilding the charms it seem'd to shade,
 And opening on the gazer's eye,
 In meek retiring modesty---
 What wonder that th' Italian bard
 Should bid her praise from far be heard?
 What wonder that, in sweetest verse,
 He joy'd her every smile rehearse?
 And, warm'd by true love's vestal fire,
 To her and Cupid strung the lyre.
 Nor was it strung in vain around---
 No more! Vacluse alone shall tell
 Of love and beauty's magic spell,
 Since Dante pales fond Petrarch's fame,
 And Beatrice's Laura's name.

H. B.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE majority of our readers, we presume, are aware that, so late as December last, there was a miscellany, published monthly, under the title of the "London Magazine." That publication was really very respectable, and, with the exception of "Blackwood's," and the "New Monthly," was considered equal to any of its contemporaries. Its essays were, occasionally, very spirited; and although some of its papers were marked with a feebleness ill-suited to its general character, the major part of its articles were distinguished for originality and power. Now, by some strange fatality, the proprietor of the London Magazine, being of unsound mind, and not having the fear of the public before his eyes, determined to change the form and *the price* of his hitherto generally esteemed miscellany. This, in itself, was a dangerous experiment; for the change from good is, nine times out of ten, *to bad*—although, by some fortunate concatenation of circumstances it may, the tenth time, be *to better*. Mr. Taylor (for such is the aforesaid proprietor's name, legally, as far as we know, handed down to him from his forefathers) had not the good fortune to belong to the *tenth*; and hence, his character, or we should say the character of his work, has suffered considerably by the metamorphosis.

We were always fond of witnessing the feats of those who deal in legerdemain; and, therefore, are content to abide by our first love, and still tolerate a little *hocus-pocusry*—but then it must be done cleverly. We are shocked with the clumsiness of the performer, if he permits us to behold the agency by which his transformations are effected. Our organs of vision are far more acute than they were when we were boys, and were deceived by every itinerant juggler who cheated us out of our *shillings*. We are now far more inquisitive, and if we are deceived, it must be entirely by the skill of the deceiver, and not from any assistance on our parts. We now come to the result of our reasoning. We have seen through the trickery of Mr. Taylor, and hence we pronounce him to be—"no conjuror."

The pompous prospectus put forth announcing the change about to take place in the London Magazine, induced us to hope that some very important improvements would accompany the proposed alteration. A man may vapour, with some degree of security, in the seclusion of private society; but when he ventures to boast in public, his pretensions are open to the scrutiny of an eye that is seldom deceived. We therefore considered the high tone assumed by Mr. Taylor, and his noisy coadjutors, indicative of some very wonderful benefit about to be conferred upon the reading public. We deemed it impossible that such a "note of preparation" would not be followed by some surprising efforts of human energy. We heard the thunder muttering in the distance, and waited, in breathless expectation, for the awful appearance of the spirit of the storm. The hour at length came, and the whole affair proved to be a mere flash in the pan—"a flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb." Out came No. I. of the New Series. Every body read it, for every body had been excited, and, to use a vulgar term, every body wondered that they had been so egregiously gulled. But who decides upon the character of a work by its first number? That is merely the puffing, and scraping, and tuning which are to precede the concert. Do have a little patience, Sirs, and wait for the second number. Let the gentlemen get their instruments in tune, I pray you. Well, we *have* waited for the second number—we have *read* the

second number, and we have come to the determination never to read a third, until we are dangerously ill, and every opiate which our physician may prescribe (if our case need them) shall have failed in producing the effect for which it may be administered. Who that has read the elegant critiques, the lively essays, the delightful tales, and the classical and chaste papers which distinguished the London Magazine, in its old form, will not turn with disappointment and regret from the trash which now burthens its pages. The first number of the "New Series" commences with an article on the "Thames Quay," laboured through six pages, for the purpose of shewing that the proposed quay ought to be built on the Surry, instead of the opposite, side of the River! Then follows a paper on the "Vagrant Act," being a stupid imitation of one that appeared in the Morning Chronicle on the same subject. This ends with a letter from Hookey Walker, who, we suppose, will be a regular contributor to the work. Article the fourth is lines "to the Nightingale." We read the title, and paused—we were like one about to enter an ivory palace with a bespattered pair of boots—we were about, for the first time in our lives, to hold communion with something holy—we were in the presence of beauty, and felt its halo encircling us—we felt as if we were treading on forbidden ground—we hesitated, were abashed, and overawed—we heard the words, "our poetry shall be poetry," still echoing in our ears, and were overwhelmed with their mysterious import. But desperate cases require desperate measures. We had gone too far to recede, and, consequently, we had nothing to do but to go on---we had pronounced the "*open sesame*," and the fatal treasures were before us.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Fine bird! who mournest o'er the by-gone hours,
 Like one of life complaining, *or great wrong*,
 Turn hither! and, fine bird, o'er Bolton bowers
 (Too much forgotten) spread thy wealth of song:
 And *lend thou*, as the willing April showers
 Lose---when they wish the summer green and long---
 All their bright strength in tears---so unto me
Lend thou thy love-availing melody!
 Ri tol di diddle dol di diddle de.

The last line, which we consider the most expressive in the stanza, we beg to state, is our own. We consider the description of the showers crying for a long summer, the most pathetic passage in English poetry---it is a saving clause. The second stanza begins

Teach me to sing,

We sincerely trust some good-natured nightingale will take compassion on the gentleman, and do so, for at present he stands in much need of instruction.

We cannot wade through all the precious twaddle in the number; but we should not omit to mention a biographical memoir of Hookey Walker---we beg pardon---we mean of Mr. Liston. Confound that Hookey, we can't get his name out of our heads. A memoir of Mr. Liston!! "Babylon, Babylon, how art thou fallen!"

It is unnecessary to prolong these observations. The fate that must attend the London Magazine, unless it be far, far better conducted than it is at present, will mark, more truly than all we can offer upon the subject, the degradation into which it is sunk. We are far from saying that the new series has no marks of talent: the lines to Miss M. Tree, in the second number, and other articles we could mention, are productions of much merit---but they are, as it were, glow-worms on a dunghill.

THE ROUND TABLE. NO. VII.

WE are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee'.

*Present, TOBIAS MERTON, President. OAKLEY, CLUTTERBUCK,
ALLEYN, and the PUBLISHER.*

THE PUBLISHER. BUT are you quite certain, Mr. Merton, that the Secretary will be with us this evening?

TOBIAS. He states that he will, very positively, in his letter. Shall I read it to you?

OMNES. By all means.

OAKLEY. Now for a little sermonising. A smart fever is an admirable moral preceptor.

ALLEYN. Ay! I wonder where his worthy Secretaryship's jokes are now?

Tobias reads.

"MY DEAR TOBY,

"BRIGHTON, Feb. 4, 1825.

"'THROW physic to the dogs!' I'll have no more on't. A murrain on all your poisonous nostrums. Give me a good, hot, stiff tumbler of punch. But why do I ask for this, when I have one before me? Toby, your health, my old boy! Ah! 'tis a beverage fit for the gods. Let the dull dogs preach upon sobriety till their throats are dry, they shall never preach me out of my darling punch. 'Tis the Bard's Hippocrene, the only true fount of inspiration. Well, how are you? How is Wright? How are your 'merry men' of the Round Table? How gets on our dear little Maggy? How, as many other things as you have leisure and inclination to answer? Tell Wright that I am obliged to him for sending me the Magazines. The porter at the Blue Coach Office brought the package to me late last evening, and I have been, the greater part of this day, occupied in alternately smiling and yawning over its contents. Dulness, I perceive, is still the order of the day with the *London*. Timothy Tickler, the merciless wretch! has given it, I fear, a blow, from which it will never recover. You were full of business, it seems, at your last meeting: yet you were still kind enough, it appears, to drink the *health* of your dying Secretary. I thank you sincerely, for all the tears and old port that were shed on the occasion. The papers you have forwarded to me shall be taken care of. I would return them to you by coach, but you may rely upon seeing me at the next meeting, when, I apprehend, it will be sufficiently early to put them into your possession. I suppose you have discovered, by this time, that my trip to Brighton, together with its *salt* water and *fresh* air, and my landlady's chicken broth, and punch, have done me much more good than Doctor T——'s febrile mixtures and barley-water.

"&c. &c. &c.

"J. H. H."

CLUTTERBUCK. A most charming epistle for one just raised from the dead. A plague upon the fellow, there's no making him serious. It really would be well if he were a little more inclined to be sober. Mr. Wright, will you be so good as to *move* the bottle.

OAKLEY. An excellent *motion*.

TOBIAS. And if you please, Gentlemen, I move that the papers which were not read at the last meeting, be now attended to. Those for the present month are in the hands of the Secretary, and, consequently, cannot be noticed until his arrival. The first of the letters to which I am desirous to call your attention, is——

Enter JONATHAN.

PUBLISHER. Confound that fellow, he is always interrupting our business.

OAKLEY. Heave one of the decanters at his head.

CLUTTERBUCK. Not until it is empty, if you please, Master Timothy.

JONATHAN. There's a gentleman below, Sir, says he wishes to speak to Mr. Merton.

TOBIAS. What sort of a person is he, Jonathan?

JONATHAN. A little elderly gentleman, Sir, with a big hat.

TOBIAS. I'll warrant, Gents. this is my old friend, Christopher Council. Desire the gentleman to walk up, Jonathan.

OAKLEY. And his hat too, Jonathan.

[Exit JONATHAN.]

TOBIAS. You will find Mr. Christopher an original---a disciple of the old school; a bigot to ancient customs, and a sworn enemy to modern innovations. His feelings are as old-fashioned as his garments, yet of a much finer texture. Notwithstanding his crude notions, he is a warm-hearted old boy; has seen much of the world, gathered much knowledge, and is extremely profuse in dispensing it to others. If you will only listen to his advice, there is — But here he comes.

Enter CHRISTOPHER COUNCIL, preceded by JONATHAN.

TOBIAS (*rising to meet him*). My dear Christopher! I'm glad to see you. Gentlemen, Mr. Council. Mr. Council, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Wright, our very worthy and respectable publisher (*Mr. W. made a publisher's bow*), Mr. Oakley, Mr. Clutterbuck, Mr. Alleyn.

CHRISTOPHER (*taking off his great-coat*). Do you know, Master Toby Merton, that your man was foolish enough to ask me if I would not take off my great-coat in the hall. No, no, these are not evenings for exposing one's self to the currents of air that rush along the passages of your town houses. There's nobody, you know, more willing to take advice than I am (*or give it either, whispered Alleyn*), but then it must be upon the principles of reason. I wonder that men are so thoughtless as to allow fashion---which is nothing more than the art of being unnatural---to direct them instead of their understandings. If they would take my advice, there should be none of these fantastic fopperies and fashionable fooleries.

CLUTTERBUCK (*whispering to Oakley*). A precious queer old genius Master M. has introduced to us.

TOBIAS. Come, Kit, never mind these matters. Give Jonathan your coat, and take a seat at the Round Table, of which we are now proud to call you a member. You are already acquainted with the form of our proceedings, which consists, simply, in the communications of our correspondents being read, and each member having the liberty to make what comment upon them he pleases. We are about to examine some papers which were left unnoticed at our last meeting, but there is, I believe, little in them to remark upon. In the first place, however, you and I must take "a stoup of kindness," in remembrance of "the days of auld lang syne." Gentlemen, you will join us?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! Toby, the memory of those days is still dear to me. The present times form an awful contrast to those you and I have seen; things might indeed have been as they were---but the world has refused to take my advice. (*Bumpers were drunk to "the days of auld lang syne".*)

TOBIAS. Now to business. Here is a letter, signed "A Septuagenarian," dated January 4th: the writer of which abuses us most sadly, and concludes with stating, that he will try us once more.

TIMOTHY. We have no desire to be *tried* by such a judge.

TOBIAS. The next is a tale, "Dinna Forget," by W. H. L., which, upon my own responsibility, I will venture to return to the author, with my compliments. A similar *compliment* may be paid to Mr. W. F. of Totness, whose poem on Stonehenge has been laying by us, unnoticed, since November. Another poem, by Theophilus Blank (*reads*)---you will agree with me that T. Blank is A. Blank. "Modern Observations," by a Devonian (*reads*)---trash! Lines, by somebody of Chelmsford (*reads*)---somebody is nobody. "Lines to the departing year," by J. R. (*reads*)---we had better preserve them until next January. I have nothing farther to read to you, Gentlemen, except a note from a person of the name of De Lara, who complains, in very pathetic terms, that some MS. which he forwarded to us, a month or two since, has been taken no notice of; and he farther complains that he cannot get his MS. back again, notwithstanding he, the said Mr. de Lara, author of the said MS. has made several applications to the proper authorities. Now the fact, I believe, is, that the gentleman's paper is lost; at all events, it cannot be found. And if there is no other way of pacifying his authorship, we must place in his hands four or five rejected communications, from which he can select any one which he may consider of equal value with his own.

CLUTTERBUCK. An admirable thought---it will be "paying him off in his own coin."

CHRISTOPHER. Positively, friend Merton, thine is an unenviable office. An editor, I perceive, is a mere literary scavenger, who turns over a great deal of rubbish with the solitary hope of discovering, amongst it, some little gem that shall repay him for his labour. And you, Gentlemen, I should suppose, sometimes find the business of the evening a little fatiguing. It must be rather dry work for you, I should imagine.

TIMOTHY. Oh! by no means, Mr. Council, you will find it quite the contrary, I assure you. Alleyn, my boy, the bottle stands with you.

ALLEYN. Yes, and the *bottle* is all that stands with me; for the wine hath faded, like the sweetly remembered visions of an early joy.

PUBLISHER. My dear Sirs, I beg ten thousand pardons. Pray, Mr. Merton, be so good as to touch the bell for Jonathan. I really did not see that the bottles were empty.

CLUTTERBUCK. There is no necessity for any apologies. The best of us cannot see, at times.

Enter JONATHAN.

PUBLISHER. Jonathan, take down these decanters, and fill them (*a knock is heard at the front door*)---but first step and see who that is. [*Exit JONATHAN.*]

TOBIAS. Our resuscitated Secretary, for a dozen.

CHRISTOPHER. The poor gentleman, I believe, who has been so very ill. Be so good as to stir the fire, Mr. Wright, this is a raw night for a sick person. If he would take my advice, he would not venture out on such bitter cold evenings.

TOBIAS. To tell you the truth, Mr. Council, he'll listen to nobody's advice.

Enter the SECRETARY, followed by JONATHAN bearing the black-bag.

SECRETARY. "Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer ——"

[*The Secretary was evidently about to make some noble speech; but the confusion that ensued---the shaking of hands---the exclamations of, How are you? ---Thought you were going to die---Welcome to the Round Table---Bin not quite empty---and so on, entirely prevented his being heard. At length order was restored, the Secretary and Mr. Council were introduced to each other, and the parties resumed their seats.*]

SECRETARY. A plague on the fellow that first said, "Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast." I'm of a different creed---pass me the —— "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" The Round Table destitute of——

TOBIAS. Don't be under any apprehension, Mr. Secretary, Jonathan has the decanters for the purpose of refilling them. But what say you to a little punch? I believe you have something of a *penchant* that way.

SECRETARY. Punch! Ay, bring us a bowl of punch.

TOBIAS. Jonathan, do you understand making punch?

JONATHAN. That I do, your honour. When I was servant to Captain Bluster, just before the battle of Vittoria——

TOBIAS. Never mind Captain Bluster, Jonathan, I dare say you understand the matter---so be smart about it (*Exit JONATHAN*). Well, my dear H. I'm rejoiced to see you once more amongst us. Your trip to Brighton has done you much service.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay, ay, Nature is the best doctor after all. A good dose of pure country air is better than all the physic in Christendom. If people would only listen to me, the bills of mortality should look less formidable than they do at present.

CLUTTERBUCK. You will, however, please to remember, Mr. Council, that though we may get long credit, these are bills that must be paid at last.

ALLEYN. Byron, I believe, has a stanza upon the subject——

Oh, Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou daily
Knockest at doors—at first with modest tap,
Like a meek tradesman, when approaching, palely,
Some splendid debtor, he would take by sap---
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
Advances with exasperated rap,

TOBIAS. And "insists on ready money." But you, it seems, Mr. Secretary, have put him off this time. The old gentleman, however, appears to have frightened you a little.

PUBLISHER. Mr. H. certainly looks a little thinner than he did.

TIMOTHY. Thinner! Shakspeare's apothecary was an alderman to him.

SECRETARY. I confess to you that I am of the same opinion. The good people of Brighton, I believe, looked upon me with as much awe as if I had escaped from a coffin; whilst the undertakers' apprentices used to follow me to my lodgings, for the purpose of informing their masters where to find a customer.

TOBIAS. Now, Mr. Secretary, if you please, we will examine the papers you have in your possession.

SECRETARY (*unburthening the black-bag*). Here is a communication from our old friend, Simon Sightly, entitled, "A Sampler of Signs" (*reads*).

OMNES. Well done, Simon!

TOBIAS. Put that article by for insertion.

SECRETARY. "Naval Songs," by True Blue (*reads*).

ALLEYN. True blue
Wont do.

SECRETARY. "The Editor's Club," and other papers, by J. F. (*reads*).

TOBIAS. These are smartly written articles; but they do not exactly suit our purpose.

SECRETARY. "An Essay on Old Age," by James (*reads*).

CHRISTOPHER. If James will take my advice, he will give over writing.

SECRETARY. Several pieces, by Egeria (*reads*).

ALLEYN. A lady, by the name; and a young one, by the hand. Oh! if she is but handsome too—do let me send her an answer (*takes a sheet of paper and writes*).

MY DEAR EGERIA,

THOU who art purer than the breath of morning, and lovelier than its softest blushes! Thou whose lips are sweeter than honeycomb, and whose very voice is music! Alas! that I should have to tell thee thou art rejected. Rejected! no, it must not be—let the musty old bachelors say what they please, thou wilt ever find an admirer in

THY FAITHFUL ALLEYN.

TOBIAS. There are only two other communications of any consequence. One from U. U. U. from whom we shall be glad to hear farther. And the other from J. J. W. which I shall endeavour to give a place in the April number. You need not, therefore, trouble yourself to read any more. The X. Y.'s and J. H.'s, and A. B.'s and C. D.'s, must be "read again this day six months." I am happy to inform you, Gentlemen, that I have received some valuable communications from H. B. they are verse illustrations of the works of Canova, and are worthy of the great spirit to whom they are dedicated. I should mention to you also, that J. S. F. has forwarded a paper which will probably be inserted. He inquires the reason that our Secretary did not meet him at the "Finish," as *par agreement*. Simply, I suppose, we must tell him, because the Secretary was very nearly figuring at another "Finish."

CLUTTERBUCK. Well, this, I suppose, *finishes* the business; and here comes Jonathan with a glorious smoking bowl of punch. (*Enter JONATHAN with the said smoking bowl*.)

SECRETARY. "Then a truce to care, and farewell every sorrow,
For we'll be merry to-night, and wise to-morrow."

J. H. H.

Secretary.

HOPE.

IN Sorrow's dark and gloomy night,
Enlivening Hope! thy radiant light
Can chase the clouds of grief away,
And bright'ning skies again display.
Thy smiles the widow'd heart can cheer,
And dry the hapless orphan's tear;
Can calm the ravings of despair,
And smooth the furrow'd brow of care.
The mariner, compell'd to roam
Far from his native land and home,
Sustain'd by thee, still onward steers,
Till the long-wish'd-for shore appears.

E'en in the dungeon's cheerless gloom,
Where trembling victims wait their doom,
Thou canst a ray of comfort shed,
To raise the captive's drooping head.
When death's sad solemn hour is nigh,
And friends in parting anguish sigh,
Thy voice still softly whispers peace,
And bids th' afflicted mourners cease;
Disclosing scenes beyond the tomb,
Where joys unfading ever bloom---
Where pure immortal spirits blest
From grief and pain for ever rest.

W. H. S.

MURDER WILL OUT;

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A VILLAGE APOTHECARY.

MY name is Bolus (*the* Bolus, as, with emphatic felicity, I am sometimes called) : and I have been about forty years an orphan. My father was a knife-grinder, of infinite repute, in Devonshire ; the same whose genius has been immortalized in the *Anti-jacobin*. My mother took in washing, but happening, one unlucky week, to deduct the Item of a cotton night-cap from the sum-total of an ironmonger's inventory, she was convicted on the stat. Geo. III. cap. 4. and fell an imprisoned martyr to her feelings. I was but a child when this accident occurred, but distinctly remember how it affected the nose and nerves of my father. He declaimed, for some weeks, upon the violated liberty of the subject ; talked with infinite gusto about the necessity of free-will ; and might have made many proselytes, had not an affair of honour with the pillory driven him into retirement (as we say of an ex-minister) at Botany Bay. By this domestic calamity I was left destitute. My sole accomplishments consisted in cleaning shoes, baiting mouse-traps, physicking dogs, and tying tin-kettles to the tails of cats. These qualities, however, I found more brilliant than beneficial, and soon began to be known throughout the neighbourhood as a graceless young chap, whom it would be a charity to see hanged. There was a dog too, I remember, a favourite black terrier of my father, who more than shared my notoriety. He was an animal of much natural good-humour ; but having, in early life, been soured by misfortunes, had imbibed wrong notions of things ; so much so indeed, that no dog of any respectability would be seen in his company. With this professed libertine my time was usually employed ; and, accordingly, we might both be seen, day after day, parading the only decent street in the village, on the look-out for mischief ; my companion with his tail curled in conscious guilt between his legs, and myself with that peculiar obliquity of look, aptly denominated *gallows*. But this vagabond mode of life was not long to last, for it so happened, that, on the anniversary of my sixteenth year, a press-gang was stationed in the neighbourhood, and took up its quarters at 'the Stag and Stinging-nettles, a pot-house—or hotel, as it was called—where the sages of our village were in the habit of meeting to discuss the affairs of the parish. Now it came to pass that I was the gentleman-usher in attendance at one of these weekly meetings ; and as it was my duty to manufacture the punch, I resolved (having always had a genius for pharmacy) to fashion it after a receipt of my own ; and so successful were my innovations, that the bowels of the whole assembly rumbled volumes in my praise. One little fat man, in particular, the exciseman of our parish, a portly personage, with a head of hair like a clothes-brush, evinced such ungovernable symptoms of ecstasy, that I thought he would never have got over it. He did however : but that was not my fault.

The success of this notable experiment produced a complete change in my affairs, for reaching the ears of the recruiting-serjeant, who was at daggers-drawn with the exciseman, he was so electrified with, what he called, my medical abilities, as to request, with the most pressing politeness, the honour of my farther acquaintance. What was to be done ? Nothing : you will say ; so I thought : and having accordingly packed up my wardrobe (consisting of two shirts, *minus* flap and collar), and resigned my dog to a friend, who, like myself, had made exceeding progress

in impudence, I set off, with a light heart and pocket, for the continent. I need not depict my adventures: let it suffice to say, that after having accompanied the British army as far as Dettingen, where, on the day of a great battle, I was discovered looking for my snuff-box behind some baggage waggons; I received a call (doubtless an inspired one) to resign my laurels. The fact is, I felt myself born for great things, so deserted one morning from my regiment, taking with me the commanding officer's purse and pistols, in token of respect for his character. For years subsequent I became, like Cain, a vagabond on the face of the earth! I smoked with the Dutch—danced and dined off frogs with the French—wore mustachios and train-oil with the Cossacks—eat roasted monkeys with the Mexicans—was tattooed with the Cherokees, and stuck through the nose with the Chickasaws.

Thus variously accomplished, I resolved to return home; and as I had acquired some money, and more knowledge, during my travels, I anticipated, with confidence, the character of a great man in the village. Nor was I mistaken in my conjectures. Old and young, hearing that I had amassed a competence, assembled to greet my arrival; and suddenly began to remember that I was now, and always had been, a first-rate genius. Past indiscretions were all forgotten, and even my former amusements of tying kettles to the nether-ends of cats, were looked upon as so many sure indications of talent. Such talent, however, must find its proper channel: mine, as I have already hinted, inclined me to pharmacy; and the village apothecary happening, about this time, to visit his patients in the other world, I determined to supply his place. Accordingly a few days saw me standing with a pestle in my hand, behind the counter of a tidy little shop, with a brass-knocker in front, informing those whom it might concern, that Bolus, late Killquick, had there taken up his abode. This was my first step, and in physic, as in all other professions, the first step is every thing. Take a shop—stick up some blue and red bottles in front—attend vestry dinners, taking care to order yourself to be called out, as if on business; or kill, like "fighting Bob Acres," your man a-week—and the thing is done. Such was my case; and this my first step accomplished, my second was to try a course of experiments upon my own dog, the libertine above-mentioned, which succeeded so admirably, that he died of too much health, and secured to me, in consequence, the gratitude of the whole village. My patients now began to thicken; the most beautiful illnesses prevailed throughout the parish, and, of course, nothing could be done without the doctor. Oh, the doctor! the doctor! was every thing: and as for his learning, it was only surprising how one man should know so much. I had, it must be confessed, a most plausible method of displaying this latter accomplishment. An honest villager, for instance, would call at my shop, where a crowd was generally assembled, for advice as to the state of his health. "My good Sir," I would begin, assuming, at the same time, a look as knowing as an Encyclopædia, "believe me you are seriously ill—very ill indeed—so ill, Sir, that the inner tegument of your biliary duct is affected." "But what is the cause of it, Doctor?" "Cause, Sir," I would indignantly answer, "ask a man like me the cause? Why, Sir, the fact is, that *verbum personale concordat cum parlez vous, Monsieur, quod erat demonstrandum in secula seculorum*, and this, Sir, is the sole cause of your complaint." "Egad, and so it is," the fellow would reply, "and I never had it so clearly explained before;" upon which the whole assembly, astonished at such learning,

would break out into the most rapturous admiration. But there is an old proverb, "*omnia mortalia sunt caduca*," which is, being interpreted, all sublunary honours are frail; and I was doomed, for a time, to be an illustrious instance of this truth. There were some few refractory bowels, which even my physic failed to stimulate; and my first patient, in particular, just as it was beginning to do him good, had actually the misfortune to die. I have not the presumption to suppose I killed him—nothing is more unlikely; but the village, nevertheless, accused me of his murder, and I continued, in consequence, the object of their suspicion, till the arrival of Alderman Guttle in the neighbourhood. This gentleman weighed exactly thirty-five stone, was shaped in the head like a cabbage, with features as expressive as a dunghill; and was, besides, in the daily habit of eating till his waistcoat buttons rubbed against the dinner-table. The consequence was as might be expected. Apoplexy wishing one day to measure his exact dimensions, prostrated him, for that purpose, on the floor, where I found and cured him; or, in the words of Cæsar, "came, saw, and conquered." He had afterward indeed the ingratitude to attribute his recovery to the circumstance of his having thrown my physic out of the window, which, according to report, alighted upon an ostler who was looking up, with his mouth wide open, and precipitated itself through the thorax into his bowels.—But this is a bounce!

To resume: language would fail, were I to describe the effect that this cure occasioned. "It is not merely a cure," one and all exclaimed the villagers, "but a resurrection:" and had I been a resurrection-man, in the literal sense of the word, I could not have made more noise. Honours flowed in upon me like cataracts—old Gubbins, the parish clerk, was heard to call me "clever;" and even his Honour, the Squire, invited me to dinner. To be sure I dined in the kitchen: but what of that?—the compliment, in these cases, is every thing. I was not, as the reader may imagine, of a nature to permit such celebrity to cool. "En avant" was my motto; and a new physic, which had been preparing for months, I now, for the first time, resolved to promulgate. This agreeable potion consisted of bark, brick-dust, gin, and gunpowder, boiled over a slow fire, and tinctured with Scotch snuff. It took astonishingly: all parties agreed in liking it; and even my old crony, the exciseman, was seen to shake his thick head in its praise. Nothing, in fact, is so likely to "have a run" as a new nostrum. The public loves to feel its bowels raked; there is excitement in the idea, and stimulus, in this insipid world of ours, is one grand desideratum. Acting on such principles, I was seldom or never mistaken, and though sometimes, in the hurry of the moment, I would give to one man the dose intended for a dozen; yet if it produced excitement, he would be equally well pleased. Once I remember administering to the Squire's favourite greyhound a blue pill, manufactured for its master; but as the poor animal never discovered the mistake, it was not my business to expose it. With respect to bleeding, my plan was equally original; for if a patient had too much blood, I would diminish it by some ounces; and if too little, I would still bleed on, in order to enable a fresh supply to flow into the veins. Thus I contrived to suit all parties; but if, which was seldom the case, I had to deal with a subject who, in spite of all my physic, presumed to think himself ill, I would straightway make him up a few suet pills, which, being duly peppered with cayenne, were sure to produce an effect. Among the number of my most invaluable patients, was an elderly gentleman, by name Tomkins. He was a schoolmaster and

bachelor, and withal the most irritable little mortal that ever disturbed a parish. But then he had surprising talents, for, in the course of the year, he would actually drink out my shop. Pill, blister, glyster, opiate, astringent, or aperient draught; nothing came amiss to him. To be sure a fit of obstinacy would now and then seize him, when he would take an emetic for a cathartic; but as this mistake generally contrived to cure him, he would be doubly wretched till restored to his usual bad health; and, to do myself justice, I always satisfied him on this point. The manners of Mr. Tomkins were as eccentric as his mind. He spoke in a deep pompous tone, somewhere in the key of a Tower-gun, and had a trick, when any thing excited him, of kicking out his left leg, to the great detriment of his neighbour's shins. It may be supposed that such a genius was not suffered to be lost; and accordingly, on his accommodating intestines, I tried my most daring experiments. My "Elixir Divinum, or composing draught," as I called it, found in him an invaluable patron; the brick-dust especially agreed with him; and as for the gunpowder, one would have imagined him a cannon, it went off so successfully. But, notwithstanding these remedies, he one day took it into his head to kick (what is called) the bucket. It was said that I placed the bucket in his way; and Jack Baggs, the sexton, I remember, observed on the occasion, that my composing draught was *composing* in more senses than one—a *grave* joke: but what else could you expect from a sexton?

My sensibility for the loss of Tomkins was poignant in the extreme; not so much on my own account, as on that of science in general. Who was there like him to swallow each newly-invented medicine? and what bowels were there, besides his, that could digest it? A good-natured farmer, with a face like a copper saucepan, in part supplied his place; but just as my "Elixir" was beginning to do him good, he too departed this life: I suppose, to look after Tomkins. On the morning of his decease, a curious circumstance occurred. I was sitting by his bed-side, watching his countenance comfortably composed in death, when a little dapper fellow, attired in deep mourning, entered the room, with "Servant, Doctor, your servant;" accompanying his salute by a picturesque variety of the most familiar gestures. "Who are you, Sir?" I coldly replied, "and what is your name?" "Name—name—why, Twiggum, Sir, at your service: head-man to Jonas Gripe, the undertaker; the same as ——" "My good fellow," I rejoined, interrupting the flow of his eloquence, "this is no time for talking, the melancholy sight before us, one would think ——" "Very true, Sir, very true indeed—alas! what are we, after all? Worms, Sir, mere worms—flowers of the field and lilies of the valley: here to-day, and gone to-morrow. Shall I measure the gemman, Sir?" As I made no reply, he proceeded straight-forward to his task, exclaiming, while he drew aside the blanket in which the corpse was folded—"My stars, what a beauty! Oh, that Jem could see it!" "Jem, Mr. Twiggum, and who, in the name of Heaven, is Jem?" "Why, foreman to master, as was; factotum rather, for no one could match him either as mute or mourner. Such a face for a sorrow; and then such expression—but, alas! ——" "He's gone, you mean to say, and you have stepped into his place." "The very thing, Sir, and shall be happy to have the honour of your custom; screw you down tight as wax, and so snug—ah! Sir, they must be clever ghosts as gets out of our coffins." With this impressive remark, he quitted the room, informing me, as he retired, that if I took proper care of myself, I should, no doubt, make an admirable corpse.

But to pass to graver matters. I had now been some years settled in the neighbourhood, respected by all who knew me, and more so by those who did not, as a man of prodigious power. But one thing was yet wanting—a wife. Though covered with laurels, I stood alone under their shade, so resolved to perpetrate a breed of Boluses, through whom I might transmit them to posterity. With this view, I began to look about me for a help-mate: for one who could do justice to a pudding-crust: assist me in the duties of the shop, and now and then drink off an odd bottle by way of experiment. In a few weeks I lighted on this treasure in the person of a Miss Deborah Jones; but unluckily while I was wooing her one summer evening on my knee, a cursed zephyr blew my hat off, and as it took my wig along with it, the good lady, who professed an abhorrence of caxons, was so incredibly shocked as never afterward to listen to my suit. She took my physic nevertheless; but by one of those odd accidents incident to mortality, died after a hearty draught of my “Elixir Divinum.” The brick-dust, I fear, choked her; she was naturally delicate.

A man who has been inured to changes soon digests a disappointment. This was my case; for scarcely had the first weed time to spring up over the ashes of Deborah, when I contrived to worm my way into the good graces of Jonas Gripe, the above-mentioned undertaker, whose family consisted of a wife and son, two cats, and a poodle. This same Jonas was a carpenter as well as an undertaker, and eke a mighty man in the village. He was, moreover, a profound mathematician, having much meritorious criticism to advance respecting the title-page of Wood’s Algebra. In disposition he was serious and calculating, and withal so imperturbably cool, that one day, on seeing his bosom-friend tumble into a fish-pond, he refused to assist him till he had first calculated, with a stop-watch, the exact time it would take him to reach the bottom. A less scientific gentleman, happening to pass by at the time, plunged in, and luckily saved the poor wretch; but then—he was no mathematician.

With the exception of this favourite hobby, Mr. Jonas Gripe differed little from the generality of mankind; save, indeed, that he loved his wife; an affection which was by no means reciprocated. In fact, one must have a genius for marriage; be born, as it were, matrimonial. Mrs. Gripe was a case in point: she had often prayed (so she was pleased to inform me) for divine grace to enable her to love “her Jonas;” and though before strangers she kept up appearances, and even adorned her room with pictures illustrative of domestic felicity, yet, when alone, the proofs of her ineffectual supplications were but too apparent. On my first introduction to this circle I was received with bewitching courtesy, and even Mr. Gripe himself was pleased to call me his best friend. For months I continued his weekly, indeed almost daily visitor, making up matters between himself and his wife, for which I generally got abused by both parties, and physicking his son, cat, and poodle periodically; when one cold November morning I was summoned to his bed-side, where I found him half strangled by a blood-vessel which he had burst in an altercation with his wife. The remedies in this case are obvious: a little brick-dust to scour the ruptured vein, bark to brace, and gin to warm the system. All these tonics, it will be remembered, were mixed in my “Elixir Divinum,” to which I now added a few drops of aqua fortis, by way of improving digestion. Yet, notwithstanding such masterly treatment, the intelligent reader will scarcely believe that Mr. Jonas Gripe, undertaker and mathematician, died three days after his first attack. This, however, is scarcely to be won-

dered at; the disease, when I was summoned, had got so far a-head that it was only surprising he lived so long. Under any other apothecary he would have died the first day.

A few months subsequent to this accident I was called in to attend one John Crawley, a promising young green-grocer. His case was a scarlet fever; so I plied him well with my "Elixir," heightened by two ounces of the best gunpowder, and washed down with syrup of soap-suds. Their effect was at first electric: he kicked from right to left with evident symptoms of returning strength, then sunk into a deep and lengthened slumber. His friends called soon after to ascertain the state of his health, but retired on my assuring them, that he was sound asleep, and perfectly free from fever. No wonder: he had been dead two hours.—My next patient was a stout gentleman of five-and-thirty, yclept Baddy: exceedingly soft (considering his size) in speech, and devoted to female society. Of this last article he had usually a choice abundance in his house; and as he was eloquent even, to enthusiasm upon the merits of their flounces and furbelows, he was, of course, pronounced a "genius." I can't say I thought him so, for he spoke disrespectfully of my Elixir, and when, at last, prevailed on to take it, swore that it made him worse. This, however, was his own fault; had he swallowed it in larger quantities, he would have been alive to this day; but by omitting the gunpowder—the very essence of the mixture—he fell a victim to his obstinacy.

It was about this time that nerves were first introduced into our parish. A lady from the West-end of London, elegant, pensive, and thin as a thread-paper, happening to pass a week with his Honour the Squire, was seized with a sudden indisposition, and being asked the nature of her complaint, replied, that it was a delicate affection of the nerves. Instantly the same disorder spread like wild-fire throughout the village. Young ladies and servant-maids, in particular, were no longer harassed by the good old complaints of head-ache, cough, or rheumatism, but suffered indescribable agonies from "a delicate affection of the nerves." Even Mrs. Jonas Gripe, the undertaker's anti-domestic relict; a gentlewoman of four feet five inches in circumference, and whose walk was distinguished by the peripatetic gravity of a goose—even she, despite her periphery, was attacked with a nervous affection. This brought us into more frequent contact; and as my connubial inclinations, though so cruelly blighted, thrived, like virtue, by persecution, I resolved to seize the opportunity of adding to my own stock of flesh, Mrs. Gripe's more lavish abundance. The business, however, required caution, for your widows are proverbially knowing, and in exact proportion to the decay of their sensibility, is the growth of their worldly wisdom. Accordingly, I sate myself down to the siege with all due preparation. First issued, from "my heart of hearts"—as I one day prettily observed—a brisk fire of small sighs: this was succeeded by an immediate cannonade of groans, under cover of which I advanced, till I had gained possession of the out-works. A more serious business awaited me within. Mrs. Gripe—I quote her own words—was highly flattered by my attention, and all that; confessed, it is true, as strong a predilection as the delicate state of her nerves would allow, but still insisted that there were obstacles. In the first place, the duty she owed to her "poor dear Jonas," prevented her from again entering into the "blessed state," &c. &c.; and secondly, her fortune, never too abundant, required immediate replenishment. Now this was coming to the point, so resolved to be equally explicit; and aware also that the depart-

ed Jonas had left funds amply suited to the dignity of his vocation, I made an instant offer of myself and the patent of my "Elixir." The first tender, I am shocked to say, was accepted with little gratitude; but at the second, my fair widow paused, made a hasty calculation of its value, and finally, on the strength of its reputation throughout the village, agreed to a surrender of her charms. Behold us, then, by the mysterious agency of the parson, converted into "one flesh." The whole neighbourhood was in ecstasies on the occasion. The bells rung till the tympanum of every ear within a mile was cracked, the Stag and Stinging-nettles was crowded with genteel company, and a liberal allowance of physic was delivered *gratis* to all who chose to apply.

But alas! happiness, as the poet sings, is fleeting, and Mrs. Bolus and myself were two beautiful instances in point. Our honeymoon (like all honeymoons) was short, and before a few days had elapsed a shoulder of veal, discharged with impressive energy from the right hand of Mrs. B. raised on my cerebellum what craniologists would call, a domestic bump. This was the commencement of hostilities, and each succeeding day beheld me assailed with fresh squadrons of reproaches, followed closely up by an awkward squad of oaths. Sometimes, indeed, a pause would ensue: but then again pealed the thunder of the war, the stormy trumpet of the tongue, the ceaseless cannon flashes of the eye. Oh heavens, what a wretch I became! Naboth was a fool to me: for his Jezebel, though a shrew, yet somehow contrived to die, while mine threatened to be immortal. To make the matter worse: she invariably contrasted my behaviour with that of her deceased husband. "Ah," she would often exclaim, "poor dear Mr. Gripe never used me so;" an expression which, to me, who knew her affection for that dear departed worthy, was indeed superlatively impudent. This persecution lasted, on an average, a year, at the end of which time she took a fortunate fancy for my Elixir. At first I was apprehensive that its virtues would increase her energy, and my consequent tribulation; but soon my fears subsided, for the gunpowder disagreeing with her bowels (the only proof I ever had that she possessed any), carried her off like a cannon-ball. I had by this time swallowed a very sufficient dose of matrimony. Talk of physic indeed! there is none like the physic of marriage, the only stimulant that at once puts soul and body in an uproar. With me, its effects appeared eternal; for, a year subsequent to the decease of Mrs. Gripe, I was waited on by a lawyer for her jointure. The fact is, I had somehow contrived to implicate myself, and as her son claimed his mother's marriage-portion, Mr. Shuffle, Attorney, was empowered to obtain redress. Now this same Shuffle was one of those legal practitioners, who, though perhaps as honest as lawyers are apt to be, are seldom burdened with a conscience; and, accordingly, though retained on the opposite side, I presented him with a tempting fee, by which, I informed him, he might purchase spectacles, and thereby see more clearly the justice of the case. He took the hint in good part, acknowledged the force of my claims, and on the subsequent trial of *GRIPE versus BOLUS*, held at ——— Assizes, proved clearly to the court, that injured innocence (meaning me) was entitled to their kindest consideration. The consequence was, a verdict in my favour, for which, in gratitude to my adviser, I physicked him ever after for nothing.

Scarcely had I been reinstated in this competency, when, as if to crown my fortunes, a tall thin hypochondriacal old tailor, disgusted with the world and his profession, took up his abode in our village. No one knew aught

about him, except the postmaster, who, observing that he received monthly remittances, dated from the fashionable vicinity of St. Mary Axe, concluded, naturally enough, that he must be a man of consequence. The house in which this second Mr. Tomkins resided, was full as miserable as himself. A chaos of bilious-looking bricks, cemented with execrable mortar, formed its exterior walls; while a few windows, patched with picturesque bits of brown paper, flapped their skeleton casements to each blast. On the summit appeared an eccentric weather-cock, which, if the wind were north, made a point of turning to the south. In front, upon a slip of ground as yellow as if it had the jaundice, rose a family of weeping willows; and before them mouldered a cypress, far gone in vegetable misanthropy. Behind, like man and wife, stood two invalid plantations of cabbages, garnished here and there with a row of peevish stinging-nettles, and kept in countenance by a sympathising progeny of consumptive sun-flowers. The servant to this notable establishment possessed an equally piteous frontispiece. Woe, deepest woe, peeped out in ludicrous solemnity from his eyes, sate, like a ghost, athwart the decayed bridge of his nose, and lent to his voice that peculiar music which a north-wind may be supposed to possess when whistling through the lungs of a jack-ass. This accomplished couple had resided but a month in the neighbourhood, when I was summoned to attend them. Away, therefore, I posted, armed at all points with pill, draught, and blister, together with a few odd bottles of Elixir, neatly packed up in my coat-pocket. On entering the old gentleman's apartment, I was thunder-struck at the scene which presented itself. Asleep on the hearth-rug, before the skeleton of a deceased fire, lay a dog and cat, the very emblems of animal hypochondriasm. From the wall, opposite, hung the portrait of a man dangling from the bed-post in his garters; on the mantle-piece glittered a brass snuff-box, shaped after the model of a coffin, while the table was ornamented with a dog's-eared duodecimo, entitled the "Miseries of Human Life." The owner of these curiosities was himself in equal keeping. His legs, swathed in flannel, were supported on two chairs; his chin was bristled with the hairy accumulation of weeks, and his head blockaded with cravats, and topped by a red worsted night-cap, resembled a raw beef-steak stuck upon the apex of a cauliflower. But his voice—his look—his manner—these, indeed, like a pair of breeches, are inexpressibles. He had been, he said, an invalid from youth; had suffered, at one and the same time, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and gravel, which had only quitted him to make way for bile, cholic, jaundice, and indigestion. But this world, he continued, was, at best, a vale of tears, and who, therefore, could be surprised if a man caught cold in wading through it? For himself, the only disorder he had escaped was hypochondriasm; that, thank God! could never be laid to his charge; an opinion which his footman seconded with a groan. There is but one mode of treating such characters. Physic them to their hearts' content, no matter with what; and you are certain, in the long-run, to fit them either for this world or a better. Such was my plan—and when the next day I waited, according to order, on Mr. Grumbleton, I found that my "Elixir," though it had cured the gout, had brought on a liver-complaint. To work, therefore, I went, to expel this new disorder; and so successful were my exertions, that, before night, not the slightest particle remained. The next day, however, a fresh indisposition appeared, which, after changing as often as a pantomime, settled down into a confirmed pleurisy. This, too, was, with difficulty, eradicated; but then came on a sciatica,

then an erisypelas, and, lastly, a magazine of spasms (new series), accompanied, by way of variety, with a miscellaneous assortment of head-aches. Such continued maladies must, in time, destroy the strongest constitution; and grieved am I to state, that Mr. Ebenezer Grumbleton, after two months' kind attention to my "Elixir," died for want of a new complaint to keep him alive. But all men are mortal!

This accident gave the death-blow to my reputation. The villagers, for some time suspicious, now roundly accused me of ignorance—cracked an infinity of dull jokes upon my "Elixir;" and even went so far as to exclaim, on the occasion of any new decease, that the victim had "died by the visitation of the doctor!" Such is the gratitude of mankind. Here was an individual, whose life had been spent in benefiting his fellow-creatures, turned adrift, in his old age, to their reckless and unsparing ridicule. I consoled myself, however, by reflecting, that the greatest of mankind have been calumniated; and drew sweet stores of enjoyment from the recollection of my past exertions. Nothing, indeed, is so soothing to the soul of sensibility, as to call to mind, in the decline of life, the services it has entailed upon mankind. "And this satisfaction," I proudly exclaimed, "is yet left! The world—the ungrateful world, may now spit its slanders on my fame, but when years have rolled away, and the prejudices of the present generation are forgotten, the name of Bolus will glitter on the scroll of time, amid the mighty spirits of his age, like a star in the firmament of heaven." Solaced by these reflections, I abruptly resigned my profession, and retired, like Belisarius, to the charms of a virtuous obscurity. In this state I have for years continued; my cottage, fringed with fragrant honeysuckle, is situated at a pleasant distance from the village; and from its secluded site, seems the very spot where a great man would wish to die. My days here pass philosophically tranquil. I drink a pot of beer for dinner—indulge in a quid at noon; and over my pipe and gin-and-water at night, prepare myself, by meditation, for death. For the last week I have amused myself by drawing up these unparalleled confessions, that the world—the cold, heartless, ungrateful world, may know—— Ah! what is this sudden inflammation that has seized me? 'Tis fearful—resistless—I feel it burning, like a wild-fire, in my brain. Now—now, it seizes on my intestines, parching the—— Eternal powers! am I dying? Let me recall (as an able practitioner should do) what I have swallowed for the last two days. Yesterday I drained the punch-bowl; at night despatched some pork-pie and sausages; and to-day took, by mistake—I shudder while I relate it—A DOSE OF MY OWN ELIXIR. Nay, then, there is no hope. In a few hours I shall be numbered with the dead; rejoin my departed patients, and receive their combined execrations. Hark! even while I recall their fate, a voice loudly thunders in my ear. It is the sepulchral tone of Tomkins—and, see! already by his side glares the shadowy form of Jonas Gripe. Mrs. G. our united wife is with them. Grumbleton, too, shakes his head, and points his middle finger towards me. Hands off, ye vulgar goblins, mine hour is not yet come! In vain—in vain I implore—the very room begins to change, and a dark sulphurous abyss yawns wide in frightful blackness beneath me. Demons brood over its infernal marle, from which already, in solemn grandeur, ascends the clock of eternity. Its hand is on the hour of twelve! Now—now it strikes—and the prince of fiends himself stands grimly prepared to pound me with a pestle in his mortar.

'TIS DONE, AND I AM LOST!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANOVA. NO. II.

BUST OF ALFIERI.

SPIRIT of gentle Poesy, if e'er
 Thou 'st bid young Freedom couch the patriot spear ;
 If, at thy word, entwined with Glory's wreath,
 The generous sword hath scorn'd its coward sheath ;
 Flash'd o'er the field a more than mortal light,
 And quell'd oppression in eternal night :---
 If e'er, when distant from those realms afar,
 The God of battle roll'd his blood-stain'd car ;
 If then thine eye, with sorrow dimm'd, hath shed
 The tear of pity o'er the youthful dead ;
 Or, kindly yielding to his thirst for fame,
 Enshrined in living verse the warrior's name :---
 Yes, gentle spirit, if 'tis thine to pour
 The flood of song alike o'er every shore ;
 If despot climes, where orient minions kneel,
 And freedom's skies, alike thine influence feel---
 Oh, deign one glance, one spark of heavenly fire,
 And self attuned shall breathe the poet's lyre.
 And thou that gazest from thy throne above,
 Lord of the lyre, of light, of life, of love,
 Whose various music rules the list'ning sky,
 Warms the cold heart, and lights the rayless eye,
 What time assembled there in stern debate,
 Th' immortal synod poise the scales of fate.
 Whether 'tis thine of war or love to sing,
 Or strike in glory's praise the sounding string,
 To tell Hope's false, though golden tale, and shew
 What passions sway our little world below ;
 Refuse not thou my prayer---not I alone,
 An humble suppliant at thy radiant throne---
 Not I alone the godlike favour ask,
 A son of song demands the pleasing task,---
 'Tis ALFIERI calls---his virtues claim
 No common verse to gild his vaunted name ;
 No short-lived flowers must form his minstrel-wreath,
 But fadeless laurel, verdant e'en in death.---
 Hear'st thou yon sounds of woe, yon stifled cry ?
 'Tis sad Italia heaves the sorrowing sigh---
 Still o'er the tomb where 'parted genius sleeps,
 Absorb'd in grief, the matron mourner weeps,
 And, as her form o'er his cold urn is seen,
 Still clings in thought to what he once has been.
 So some fair queen, love's nuptial pleasures flown,
 Feels more her country's terrors than her own,
 Sighs with her sigh, smiles with her smile, and then,
 With sympathetic feeling, sighs again ;
 While her sad breast, with public sorrows torn,
 Seems less her lover than her lord to mourn.
 And well---for who, where yellow Tiber laves,
 Fair Rome, thy ruins with his classic waves,
 Who better skill'd to strike the tragic lyre,
 And bid to generous deeds the soul aspire,
 Than, Alfieri, thou ?---not thine to scan,
 With superficial gaze, cameleon man,
 Nor view unmoved great nature's giant plan :
 Not thine to muse, with thoughtless mind, and trace
 The smile that gilds, or frown that clouds, the face ;
 Not thine to hear the distant thunders roll,
 Unfelt the sacred awe that strikes the soul ;

No---rather thine with keener ken to seek
 What secret sorrow paled the maiden's cheek,---
 Or, all-unmask'd the mental fraud, to shew
 What latent passion flush'd that once-calm brow;---
 Yes, at thy word behold them all laid bare,
 Hope, grief, fear, anger, terror, pride, despair;
 Young timid love, that doubts her own sad sigh,
 And the fierce pangs of heartfelt jealousy.
 Such, mighty master, was thy magic wand---
 Such were the spells that own'd thy dread command:---
 Did captive worth beneath oppression groan?
 'Twas thine to hurl her from her towering throne:
 Did gentle Pity plead, with down-cast eye?
 'Twas thine to share her sorrow and her sigh;
 View Hope gild Hope, with Pleasure Pleasure meet,
 And fond Affection with affection greet;
 To Grief sad sympathetic grief oppose,
 And by dividing thus, half heal her woes;
 O'er human life the mystic mantle fling,
 And bid great Nature hail a second Spring.

LINES ON THE BUST OF CANOVA, EXECUTED BY HIMSELF.

Written soon after his death.

YES---it indeed is he---but where the glow
 Of life, of health? Nor health, nor life, is now:
 Cold is the brow where Genius sat enthroned,
 Genius, which Europe envied whilst she own'd.
 Wan is the cheek, and closed the heaven-lit eye,
 That scorn'd the rays of dull mortality;
 While on his lips, no longer warm with breath,
 A livid paleness sits;---oh! is it death?
 It is---with fatal speed the spoiler came,
 Nor own'd the spell of e'en Canova's name.
 I saw his car upon the midnight blast---
 Sad sounds of woe were heard---but soon 'twas past;
 Sad sounds of woe---for Death himself a while
 Check'd his swift course, gave one half-pitying smile,
 Then frown'd to think that Genius e'en had pow'r
 To melt his soul---rush'd on---and all was o'er.
 I turn'd in horror---sought the sculptured stone;
 Canova's bust was there---himself was gone!
 But there are spirits, who, when life is fled,
 Still round their name a lasting halo spread;
 Men of no common soul, no common mind,
 By no fictitious bounds of fate confined;
 Of sterling worth, with sense and feeling graced,
 In action pure, and in expression chaste:
 Source of no heartfelt tear, no stifled sigh,
 Save when a sorrowing world beholds them die.
 Such was CANOVA. Time, indeed, may tear
 The page of History, nor the marble spare;
 The day must come, when not as now shall stand
 The Graces perfect from the sculptor's hand,
 And forms that rival Phidias' proudest boast,
 Amid the wreck of many a year be lost:
 Then will fair Sculpture's elder Sister rise,
 Hope in her air and triumph in her eyes,
 Strike the loud lyre, pour forth her sweetest strain,
 And bid Canova live and breathe again.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

A GREAT deal has been said, of late, concerning "the education of the people." Many facts have been adduced to shew the necessity of diffusing knowledge among the lower orders; and many arguments have been offered in favour of its practicability. There can be little doubt of the advantages which the working classes would derive from a more extended education than they have hitherto been accustomed to receive; but the means whereby so desirable an object may be effected, do not appear, to us, so clearly defined. One great, we may almost say insurmountable, obstacle, is the inappetency of the lower classes of society for the acquirement of any species of information which does not lead, in a direct manner, to the gratification of their sensual appetites. To them the first steps in education are scaled with so much difficulty, and the advantages which may possibly result to them from any kind of study, appear so very remote, that any endeavours to wean them from their mere animal pleasures to those of a more intellectual order, would, we apprehend, be far from being attended with the success which certain warm-hearted philanthropic individuals have predicted. We do not deny that, in every class of men, however humble, there will be found some whose minds, bursting through every obstacle, arrive, at length, at that power which gives them rank with the wisest and most honoured of their fellow-creatures. Such instances are, by no means, rare; but then, on the other hand, it must be remarked, that these instances are far from being of so frequent occurrence, as to induce us to believe there is any thing among the humbler classes, like a general disposition to receive such instruction as it is proposed to give them. Dr. Johnson very justly observed, that "among the lower classes of men, there will be found very little desire of any other knowledge than what may contribute immediately to the relief of some pressing uneasiness, or the attainment of some near advantage." This is as true in our days as it was in the days of Dr. Johnson; and, much as the circumstance is to be regretted, it will, we fear, be as true a hundred years hence, as it is at the present moment. The habits and propensities of the lower orders are incompatible with the self-restraint essential to the acquirement of knowledge. And to the labourer who has been engaged for ten or twelve hours in severe bodily exercise, the cheerfulness of the ale-house will be far more seductive than the gloom and silence of the school-room. The broad jokes of his companions will be infinitely more attractive to him than the grave definitions of the teacher. And though the chalked symbols of the landlord may occasionally cause him certain unpleasant feelings, they will be far less terrible to him than the magical characters which unfold the sublime mysteries of Cocker. The difficulty then lies, as we before stated, with the people themselves; and unless they can be brought to a sense of the importance of education, nothing can be done—nothing can even *be begun*. But how are they to be brought to that sense? That is the question. On this subject we have lately met with some very judicious observations in

MR. BROUGHAM'S PAMPHLET.

Mr. B. observes, that "it is no doubt manifest that the people themselves must be the great agents in accomplishing the work of their own instruction. Unless they *deeply feel the usefulness of knowledge*, and resolve to make some sacrifices for the accomplishment of it, *there can be no*

reasonable prospect of this grand object being attained." To be sure there cannot: that is precisely our argument. But it was no part of Mr. Brougham's purpose to maintain this position; and therefore he proceeds, if we may so say, to *dislodge himself* as speedily as possible; and hence he states that "it is *equally clear* that to wait until the whole people, with one accord, take the determination to labour in this good work, would be endless. A *portion* of the community *may be* sensible of its advantages, and willing, at any fair price, to seek them, long before the same laudable feeling becomes universal; and their successful efforts to better their intellectual condition, cannot fail to spread more widely the love of learning, and *the disrelish for sensual and vulgar gratifications.*" This is all exceedingly pretty in theory; but, we fear, that the practical part of the matter will not be quite so encouraging. It is impossible to preach men out of their gratifications. An attempt to reason the inhabitants of Saint Giles's out of their peculiar appetites, would be as fruitless as a lecture against turtle to an assemblage of aldermen.

Mr. Brougham has, notwithstanding, *made out a tolerably good case*; and although it may not be possible to effect all that he anticipates, his observations are evidently calculated to excite men to try the experiment. Our belief is, that the benefits of instruction can only be extended to the lower orders, by engrafting on the *child* the germ of those feelings which we desire to behold flourish in the future *man*. We are quite aware that much of education is received after the period of leaving school; and that a man's habits are nurtured in the circumstances which affect him after he has escaped from the books and birches of his teacher; but, it must be allowed, that the mind is never so open to impressions—impressions whose traces cannot be effaced—as in our younger years. The point then at which to begin, with any degree of certainty, in advancing the intellect of the lower classes, is in boyhood—and this brings us to the consideration of

THE SYSTEMS OF BELL AND LANCASTER.

That these have been productive of great advantage, we most readily acknowledge; but they are by far too limited in their operations to give that grand impulse to the national intellect upon which Mr. Brougham and his partisans so confidently calculate. As systems for teaching those humble, yet indispensable, branches of instruction, reading, writing, and the elementary rules of arithmetic, they stand, perhaps, unequalled; and as vehicles of religious knowledge, they are all that can be desired. But to accomplish any thing like the views of Mr. Brougham, they are altogether inadequate. They are too confined, too slow in their operation, too mechanical, too much adapted to cramp, rather than to give freedom, to the mind. A school such as Mr. Brougham wants, and such as we want, and such as the country wants, is a school of reason—of things, and not of words—of investigation, and not of acts of memory. And such a school, we would say, is equally wanted for the rich as well as for the poor. Education is a science quite in its infancy; few men know any thing about it. It has been too long in the hands of old women of both genders. But we have, at present, only to consider the poor, let the rich take care of themselves.

In what are termed "national schools," we mean those supported by public subscription, and carried on upon the system of Dr. Bell, the education which boys receive is, perhaps, sufficiently calculated to prepare them for those higher studies to which Mr. Brougham wishes to di-

rect their attention. But we are of opinion, that if masters of talent were provided for these schools, the system might be rendered considerably more beneficial than it is at present. We do not speak without a positive knowledge of the fact, when we state that the persons who are sent from the Central Institution in Baldwin's Gardens, to the different national schools throughout the country, as masters upon Dr. Bell's system, are, in general, lamentably deficient in the qualifications essential to a teacher. Taking into consideration that, in these schools, thousands of the poorer classes receive the whole of their education, the fact to which we have adverted is worthy the consideration of those who have it in their power to remedy the evil.

Heretical as have been our observations concerning "the education of the people," we are far from believing that *no good* can be effected by the systems of instruction which it is proposed to adopt. Considerable benefit may be derived by hundreds of individuals from the societies which have been formed for carrying these systems into effect—although that benefit will not, *cannot*, be general. We view with considerable pride, among other establishments, which have for their object the improvement of the humbler classes,

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Of this institution much has been said, much remains to be said, and much of what has been said must be repeated: the force of public opinion must be brought to its support, and to the support of similar establishments which are now rising in every populous district. The most obvious benefit to the mechanics and artizans is the knowledge they will gain of the principles of their arts and occupations: in this light, incalculable benefit will be produced; the chances of important discoveries and improvements will be multiplied; bringing the arts nearer perfection will increase the sources of national wealth: but there are far more general but more imperceptible advantages to be effected, incalculable in their effects, and unlimited in their duration.

One of the first benefits to which this Institute gave rise, was the rapid and extensive circulation of cheap, literary, scientific, and matter-of-fact publications, which continue to increase, and doubtless to benefit: the moral effects must be good; whatever tends to draw the attention from sensual pursuits and debasing enjoyments; whatever tends to induce men to cultivate their minds; whatever increases the stock of public information, must be productive of moral rectitude and social comfort. Integrity is not always the fruit of knowledge; but virtue is more likely to thrive where knowledge abounds, than in the regions of ignorance. In the hour of leisure the artizan possesses the power of mental gratification; his family, his children, his friends, partake of the benefits of his converse and of his knowledge, example influences his pursuits, and his tastes descend to posterity.

Nothing is better calculated for the lower classes than mathematical and philosophical knowledge; much desultory reading of loose, inflammatory, or sentimental literature, or the declamatory politics of the day, may, in minds unaccustomed to reasoning, produce injurious effects: in the study of philosophical knowledge the passions are not worked on, the feelings are not raised, the pride and vanities of the heart are not nourished: on the contrary, the mind is enlightened, the understanding strengthened, the judgment rendered more acute, the feelings regulated, the passions

calmed, the wanderings of the imagination checked, habits of steadiness and self-inquiry are induced, so that the people are prepared to examine any subject that may fall in their way, without the danger of being misled by the sophistry of the designing and ambitious. Wealth, power, and ambition will produce but little effect on the great body of the people, prejudices will be appealed to in vain; the understanding, not the passions, must be worked on; reason and truth, above all, will be allowed to decide great and important questions; the people will no longer be duped into conspiracies, nor cajoled by "the many for the gain of a few." History has hitherto been a melancholy subject; no works of fiction, not all the efforts of the most frightfully horrid imagination, can produce any thing to equal the dreadful realities of history; the ravages of disease, the fury of the elements, the convulsions of nature, are mere ephemeral blazes compared to the deep glare of man's anger, and their consequences rare and mild compared with the direful and perpetual outrages of his burning passions. The future history of any country where the arts and sciences are so generally diffused, as they shortly will be in England, must be calm, and grand, compared to those periods when the mental darkness of the population contributed to foster all the evils of ignorance, and the horrors of superstition.

The effects, too, in a religious view, will be calm, dignified, and rational. Whence do we derive the most exalted notions of the Deity, the most sublime conceptions of the Almighty Architect, but from an intimate knowledge of the mighty operations of nature; from the comprehension and contemplation of her works? This initiation into the mysteries of nature, unfolding the most sublime order and regularity, the most admirable designs, will infuse a most devout and sincere religion, continually looking through nature up to nature's God; will abolish superstition, and firmly establish the most rational belief among the people; and to become the tools of priestcraft will be no longer a possibility.

There is no calculating on the future benefits of Science; she has performed much, but she will achieve mightier things: there is already a power gained over matter and motion that the last generation knew nothing of: we can have no conception of those mighty wonders that lie in the womb of futurity: but we can look back on the past; we can shew, from the experience of history, what is most beneficial to man. Let all that have any claims to philanthropy, to Christianity, encourage the cultivation of intellect, as the surest means of producing the most permanent blessings to the world: let all who love their country, cherish its industry, its institutions: this will be a proof of the most effectual patriotism, far superior to the frothy declamation of wily projectors.

We cannot close these remarks without noticing an individual to whom this country is considerably indebted for his services in the cause of public education—

DR. BIRKBECK.

With those enlightened characters of modern times who have collected and diffused knowledge, the name of Birkbeck will hold no mean rank: Newton, and Davy, and others, have advanced science,—Birkbeck has spread science. Lancaster has succeeded in giving an immense impulse to the population of Europe and America, and however slightly his countrymen may estimate his abilities, the power the people of this country have

gained by his means is of no common degree, nor his services entitled to no mean recompence.

It was desirable to give a direction to this power: to teach to read was not enough; and to Br. Birkbeck is the honour due of having given this power the best possible direction; "inquiries into the principles and causes of those arts and operations which men daily practise, and a bias to philosophical knowledge and demonstrative reasoning." Stimulated by the same ardent love of knowledge that distinguished the ancient philosophers, he has laboured with a zeal that demands reverence to bring to maturity an establishment replete with the most important consequences.

We have never wanted great warriors to fight our battles, and raise the renown of our country: we are rich in philosophers who have enlarged the boundaries of science: we are not wanting in poets to delight, and moralists to instruct; but we have wanted in every age practical men to give a grand impulse to the people, to open new channels through which the streams of knowledge may flow wherever her desired waters are in most urgent demand: every age wants a Lancaster and a Birkbeck, but few ages possess them. Lancaster produced an era in education. Birkbeck has created an era in the annals of science: the effects will be glorious; the consequences as permanent as man. Will all the best deeds of the noblesse of France, the princes of Germany, the grandees of Spain, or the aristocracy of England, during the last century, bear comparison, in their effects, with the achievements of these men?

It is high time to appreciate justly: the discovery of a single theorem is of more benefit to a nation than a triumph; and one good poem superior to ten victories. What benefits does France now enjoy from all the great conquests of Buonaparte? Her Code Napoleon will benefit ages yet unborn. The great monuments of antiquity have survived the memory of those to whom they were dedicated: the name of Euclid will exist as long as the everlasting fabric he has erected.

THE EXILE.

ADDRESSED TO MINA.

LONE wanderer from thy much-loved native sky,
 Doom'd, as thou art, in solitude to roam,
 An exile from thy desolated home,
 Hope beams not in thy dim and joyless eye:
 The morning's song, the evening's holiest sigh,
 Are musicless to thee; and heaven's wide dome
 Seems drear, though sun and skies of summer come
 To cheer thee. And thou passest heedless by
 The summer flower, and birds that from the brake
 Pour forth the song that breathes of liberty!
 An hour is coming when thy soul shall wake
 From out this vengeance-nursing lethargy,
 And thou, in new-born mightiness, shalt shake
 Thy country's fetters off—and bid her sons be free!

J. H. H.

ACTIVE PEOPLE.

BESTIR and answer your creation's ends ;
 Sluggards are Nature's rebels——
 The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
 And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

ONE half the world would certainly pass their earthly existence in a profound slumber, were it not for the continual clatter and jostlings of the other. It would be a fine sight, on a fine day, in a fine field, to see the motley troops of Mother Dulness reviewed: first would advance the *loungers*, who pass their time in crawling up one side the street, and down the other, provided the sun shine equally on both; stretching their debilitation on sofas, lolling against posts, pillars, and mantle-pieces; sprawling on tables, yawning over newspapers, dropping into easy chairs, fatigued to death after every three minutes' exertion of standing. Then the *squatters*, for ever on their buttocks, who take their daily exercise in cushioned coaches; visit their neighbours across the street, in wheel-chairs, by day—and card parties, five doors off, in sedans, at night; whose legs are enormous incumbrances, that might be readily dispensed with, particularly in gouty seasons. Next would follow the *dozy*, a swelling troop, who rise at ten, spend two hours at breakfast over their eggs, ham, muffins, and coffee; walk to the news'-room, exalt their spectacles with a becoming old gentlemanly dignity, and pore for an hour and half over a parliamentary debate on the Catholic question; call at the fishmonger's and poulterer's, order a salmon, a lobster, and a fine pair of soles (remarkably cheap), with a couple of brace of partridges; take half a score of oysters, by way of whet, or a basin of mock-turtle at the confectioner's; gossip at every corner, settle the merits of the fish-market, and the state of beef; anticipate the joys of an approaching public dinner; toddle home, consult their oracle, the barometer, on the state of the weather, with which they have no concern; make sundry impatient inquiries after their dinner; eat heartily of half a dozen dishes, drink a bottle of good old port (a bargain), nod comfortably for an hour; refresh themselves with a few glasses of warm punch, then with a cup of coffee and a muffin; afterward dose over a game at backgammon; smoke three pipes, and swallow three rummers of brandy-and-water; and, lastly, like sedate prudent old gentlemen, hobble off to bed, unless a fit of apoplexy kindly steps in to release them from their enormous fatigues. To these would succeed the *grumblers*; too active to do nothing, and too sluggish to do any thing; who are always too late, usually behind, never in the way, and generally in misfortune; lamenting, moaning, snarling, railing at fortune, envying their neighbours, and dying of the spleen. And, lastly, an immensely long motley train of creeping servants, pot-house mechanicals, yawning tradesmen, half independent gentlemen, who reside in cheap cottages, and dig flower-beds with their gloves on; sensual lords and gambling ladies, with the king of France and his two legs, attended by his cooks and physicians, in the rear.

“Some place their bliss in action, some in ease.”

Active people are the only true philosophers. By active people, I do not mean those honest, plodding, well-meaning personages, who tread the beaten path of life with undeviating regularity; who rise at six o'clock in the summer, and seven in the winter, *precisely*; dine at one *precisely*;

and go to bed at ten *precisely*; who unbutton their waistcoats, untie their neckcloths, and start the very moment the clock strikes; who feel a sad oppression of the conscience for every ten seconds' transgression from accustomed regularity; who never fail to discharge the least important point of duty with the most vigorous punctuality; but who have neither inclination nor ability, neither activity nor spirit, sufficient to carry them a single step beyond the regular routine; who can follow, in a measured pace, but can never lead: these are very useful people—but they are the merely industrious. The active man belongs to a superior class; he has, in general, a fine flow of spirits, is quick in apprehension, rapid in combination, and decisive in action; he sometimes trips, but quickly recovers himself, and redoubles his speed; he not only performs what he undertakes with more celerity, but much better than other people. He finds out new ways and means, and improves the old ones; he feels himself under the necessity of perpetual action, and this quickens his invention. He performs more than he undertakes, and is perpetually stealing a march on the rest of the world. He does not *give in* at every opposition, nor get angry at every jostling, nor despair at every failure; accidents and misfortunes are mere trifles to him, he readily surmounts them, and drives on; he runs the farthest in the race, and soars highest in the flight. He is never troubled with indigestion; his continual action is the source of health, pleasure, and enjoyment; he puts aside the tide of misfortune with a bold arm; strides through the storm of life with manly vigour, and commands success, while the sluggish look on and wonder.

Active people are in high request in every station; an English sailor on board ship is the most active fellow in existence. Our sailors fire much faster than the French, hence one cause of superiority. Active footmen, waiters, active menials of all kinds, are invaluable. Among tradesmen, shopkeepers, merchants, more men have risen to riches and eminence, by a steady, well-directed activity, than by any other quality—it is one of the keys that unlock the treasures of fortune.

I was walking through the city of B. last summer: Do you see, said a friend, that spruce, brisk-looking, and rather portly, gentleman in the blue surtout and top-boots, about to mount his horse? he appears to notice nobody. Look closer: his eagle eye glances every body. Now mark his grace and agility: observe his air—were it not that his manner is too quick to be dignified, you would take him for a lord. Thirty years ago he was a stable-boy at this large inn, the most extensive and best conducted in our great city; he is now its sole proprietor, and worth 20,000*l*. He can neither read nor write, but he has a remarkably “clear head” and good memory; to these qualities, and his excessive activity of mind and person, he is indebted for all he is worth.

But of all *smart* people, I know no one better adapted to exhibit, as a pattern of industry to all young tradesmen “beginning the world,” than my old friend, Mr. Richard Bustle; he is somewhat peculiar in his appearance—I must therefore give him at full length. Mr. Bustle is the sole proprietor of a small, but well-stocked, huckster's shop, opposite the Darby and Joan, in Piper's Lane; he is a remarkably neat, active little fellow; rather above fifty years of age, and somewhat under the standard of five feet; his nose is particularly sharp and aquiline, his visage thin and pale; his straight lank jaw-bones form, with a line conceived to be drawn across his nose, a very acute angled triangle, his sharp chin being the vertex, a pair of quick eyes dancing beneath his long gray eye-lashes

appear in perpetual motion. Mr. Bustle's legs are of the "spindle order," their sparseness being much increased in appearance by the old-fashioned shoes he prefers to wear, in spite of the changes of mode, that he may indulge himself in sporting a very fine large pair of silver buckles, once the property of his great-grandfather; a fine flaxen-coloured wig supplies his deficiency of natural locks; and his person is usually habited in a plain suit of homely gray, rather antique in fashion; a wide-brimmed hat, rather rusty, hangs over the pepper-box, which Mr. Bustle claps on in a twinkling, whenever he feels disposed to hold five minutes' converse with "mine host" of the Darby, or to peregrinate through the city.

Mr. Bustle inherits the vocation of his father, but has increased his patrimonial inheritance tenfold, partly by his civil and courteous behaviour, but chiefly by his superior activity: for this latter quality he is principally beholden to a very sage personage, his mother's nurse, a lady of exquisite despatch, and of great knowledge, in all the arts that appertain to the treatment of sick women and young children, being gifted with amazing powers of garrulity; she has conferred eminent service on Mr. Richard, by training him in the way he should go, that is, in the way of all the news, stories, gossip, tattle, and remarkable events, that circulate within two furlongs and a half of Piper's Lane—a most unspeakable advantage in business.

Mr. Bustle, in his walks, darts along like a trout in a stream. 'Tis impossible to observe him without feeling a sudden impulse to quicken one's pace. At one moment he is on the right side of the street, saluting neighbour Godwin; the next, on the left, imbibing news from old Tripe. Now he darts round a corner, and suddenly immerses into the baker's. Now he is bustling on the other side, nodding, bowing, and winking to his numerous acquaintance, with all the good-fellowship imaginable. But he shines brightest, and moves most quickly in his shop. He has a most attentive ear and eye to business. He is always proud to hear himself talk; but in the midst of the most important harangues, never fails to hear the most trivial order. It is exhilarating to contemplate Mr. Bustle's manner, spirit, and conversation on a Saturday evening, when customers are more numerous than usual; his eyes sparkle with increased activity and pleasure; his voice is raised several notes higher, his features become more sharp and expressive, and his whole despatch of multifarious concerns is wondrous. "This account of Mr. Fauntleroy is quite melancholy—half an ounce of snuff for you, Sir?—'tis said he owes a million of money, and that hundreds will be irretrievably ruined—John, weigh a quarter of bacon for this lady:—how do you do, Miss Cox, is your brother any better, my dear?—he was a very extravagant man; but his partners were as much to blame as he, in not inspecting their accounts more frequently—half a pound of cheese, five-pence halfpenny; two ounces of tea, eight-pence farthing; half-pound of candles, long sixteens, five-pence; and one rushlight, a penny: nineteen-pence three-farthings—thank you, Ma'am: shall we send them home?—he will certainly be hanged, the proofs are so strong, and the Bank so determined—how is Mrs. Mason this evening? John, carry two pounds of butter, and half-a-pound of rice, to No. 8, Cobler's Alley: any thing more, Ma'am? we have excellent sugar at eight-pence—John, step in to the Darby, as you come back, and borrow the Star—Have you heard of the dreadful fire at Bristol?—this cheese is rather more than three quarters, we'll say a penny for the odd weight—the accounts of these fires are dreadfully alarming—a pound of candles for

you, Sir: moulds or dips?—Oh! here comes the paper—John, 'tend this young gentleman---Any thing else, Ma'am?—A most alarming fire broke out with ungovernable fury—thank you, Ma'am: good evening---on the premises of Mr. Chambers, timber-merchant---John, did that boy pay for the cheese?---Upper City Road, at about two o'clock in the morning of the 18th, which entirely destroyed---John, give this little boy three herrings, and weigh a pound of salt for this lady---destroyed three large warehouses, one dwelling-house, and several out-houses, so great was the fury of the devouring element---John, is the candle safe in the store? look to it: be brisk---that though the greatest exertions were made by the firemen from the various fire offices, and other places---God bless me! what a dreadful calamity is fire---John, put to book half-a-pound of soap, and a rushlight, to Mrs. Center---and more than twenty engines were speedily brought to the spot---John, wipe that scale well after the brimstone---the fire could not be got under till day-light." These multifarious and heterogeneous topics of speech were much enlivened by corresponding action---drawers, boxes, weights, scales, packthread, and paper, are danced about with magic despatch. Now his right hand darts to the bottom of the herring-tub. Now he dethrones an enormous jar from an upper shelf in a twinkling. Now he rings, with peculiar skill, a suspicious half-crown---here the keenness of his look is inexpressible!

Mr. Bustle is overseer of the poor---a churchwarden---a commissioner of highways---secretary to the committee of the Gas Company---Agent to the Sun Fire Office---superintendent of the Sunday school---one of the stewards to the City Infirmary---a freeman and alderman---and performs all and every of his various offices with surprising sagacity and reputation. And it is said that Mr. Richard Bustle, of Piper's Lane, opposite the Darby and Joan, has accumulated a snug ten thousand pounds.

Z.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FLOWER.

THERE is a spirit in the flower,
Which mortal may not see;
Although, in many a summer hour,
It spoke of love to me.

And I have heard, with rapture, breaking
From bud, and leaf, and tree,
The same mysterious breathings, speaking
Of holy things to me.

My native hills, and vales, and groves,
Where once my soul was free,
Those dearest of my early loves,
Have told sweet tales to me.

The winter storm, the mighty rush
Of waters to the sea,
The summer calm, the rill's soft gush,
Had each a voice for me.

My heart beat high, for it was young,
And blythe as heart could be;
And every voice in nature sung
Of happiness to me.

But silent now is every power,
And still each strain of glee;
And dumb the spirit of the flower
That spoke of love to me.

J. H. H.

PARIS IN THE SPRING.

BY THE "HERMIT."

Primavera gioventu de l'anno.

SPRING in Paris is delightful; it is, indeed, the youthfulness of the year, the season of promise; all is smiles (not always artless), joy, mirth, pastime, frolic, and fancy, but not the *fancy* for sanguinary combat, with fractured bones, contusions, extravasations, and stupefaction, together with battle, murder, and sudden death. Paris in Spring exhibits an unmasked masquerade, an animated magic lantern, a living panorama, a theatrical exhibition *off the stage*, and a scenic representation by fashionable performers *gratis*, yet for their own benefit, for each pretty woman and macaroni male are *acting* and showing off to the very best advantage. Yet is the French metropolis neither the finest, nor the largest, nor even the cleanest in the world. London beats it in all these respects, yet the *gaieté du cœur et de l'esprit, l'aimable folie* (a thing neither known nor wished for in England), the buzz of morning amusement, preparatory to the still higher entertainments at night, are no where to be met with in the high degree which the French capital exhibits. Rome, Naples, and other Italian towns, have the Conso, and day-theatres, open as at a fair, and of fashionable resort; yet the Conso is not the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, nor the Bois de Boulogne. In London, we have our Parks, our Kensington Gardens, our morning lounges, our street *promenade*, itinerant puppet-shows, perambulating bands of music, and divers exhibitions and shows. But St. James's Park is not *l'extreme bon-ton*, although it serves as the momentary transit of royal dukes, of ministers, and of the members of both Houses of Parliament, who drive through it as a piece of business. Hyde Park is seldom full, except on the Sundays; and although, on all other days, the company is more select, yet the thin sprinkle of illustrious and fashionable visitors, leaves a blank—and all is cold, damp, and stiff; the weather, too, is distant and severe, like an old maid; and if dry, it is the dryness of a stranger. Kensington Gardens put on their loveliest hues in summer; and if a wet season occurs, high company has left town before their attractions are at their meridian. Moreover, the Gardens are too far from most parts of the town, and your *elegantes* and *exquisites* never take the trouble to descend from their carriages or horses; and it is quite *du bon gout* to be in a great hurry, as if merely to make an appearance. His Grace of Wellington could not tear up the sod with more violence than he does, had he lost a battle. Now, in the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne, all is attitude, ogling, gentle tittering, the lisping, or *grassanillement*, of Paris; nods of intelligence, telegraphics of love-making, tons and respectful bows to the fair sex, hugging and embracing of the old *pigeon-wing* gentry, happy *rencontre*, amatory adventure, out-of-door politics and criticism; intrigue, comedy, farce, rivalry, emulation; the highest dress, and the gentlest, yet most scientific airs; not to forget the gastronomic delights of the *dejeuner à la fourchette*, in twenty places, overlooking the gay moving scene, under the very eyes of the tasters of delicacies, and thus mingling the *utile dulci*. Such *caffèes*! such high-dressed *dames du contaire*! like goddesses presiding at the feast. *Hebes* who offer the cup of pleasure, and *Graces* detached from the trio, to have single and signal effect; *bouquets* of

flowers, and plates of fruit, judiciously placed near Floras and Pomonas, flourishing in the spring and summer of life; and wandering Italian nymphs, who love "to wander not unseen." Such Galateas as Virgil never sang, and Ariadnes who would lead youth through a strange labyrinth indeed. Our constitutions and habits are not formed for all this intoxicating pleasure—far above the intemperance of wine, but more winning, although not less dangerous. Yet must the charm of novelty and variety be admitted; it is such as might either bewilder, or alarm, a thinking people. Another great attraction and convenience in Paris, is the number of public walks; and although four are prevalent over all the others, in *bon gout* and elegant company, yet, in all, you have the statue and the fountain, exquisite flower-gardens, orange-trees and geraniums; broad walks, dry situations for conversation, which is never dry; newspapers, coffee-houses, ices, cakes, mummary, love, gossip, and politics; added to tea-gardens (as we should call them) out of number, in the suburbs. The Luxembourg, with its palace and fine garden, although in an old-fashioned quarter of the town, like our Bloomsbury, displays all the charms of a public walk abroad—and we say *abroad*, because the style is different there. We know not at home (and perhaps it is happy for us that we do not know them) hired chairs for the morning lounge, resorts to kill time, not as on a bench (hungry and low-spirited) at St. James's Park; *marchandes* selling trinkets, pert flower-girls offering sweet violets, and tolerated to prattle away a few minutes, nor informants of all that Paris offers of amusement and temptation. The Palais Royale again! the Royal Exchange, in point of buzz, business (the business of pleasure), appointments and speculations, from the purchase of a dog or a snuff-box, up to the loss of thousands at play. The whole circle of the city is a public walk, planted with trees, and occupied by coffee-houses; stationary and moving jugglers, show men and women; singing and street music, etc. etc. In London, rustics and children alone deign to laugh at these exhibitions. In Paris, laughing and curiosity are the order of the day and night. We have a Regent's Park in its infancy, but it is a mere ride for convalescents, and a mere walk for nursery-maids, and his Majesty's second regiment of Life-guards. We have innumerable drives about town; but the circle of fashion is alone driven through in Paris. The Temple, Museum, and Gray's-Inn Gardens, would offer all the variety of the more fashionable walks to the inhabitants of those quarters of the town. The Temple Garden, from its locality, in relation to the river, would have floating baths on its margin, flowers, flower girls, coffee-houses, and assignations; and would be a second, and minor, Tuilleries. And the Museum Gardens would be a *Jardin des Plantes*, in miniature, and in a better quarter of the town than the latter. But we must change the inhabitants of Great Britain before such levities can be found in the gloomy east of the city; or in the quarter of law, with full-bottomed wigs; or commerce, bent upon turning the penny only. Let us come to the four fashionable *promenades*, all succeeding each other, of easy access to rich and poor—so that private soldiers, labourers, and servants, partake of their enjoyment: and those amusements are on every hand, at all prices, and even for nothing, from the gratis stone-bench, to the hired chair; and from the two-penny bottle of beer, up to a regale of oysters, sparkling wine, game, and every dainty. First the Boulevards, from that of Coblentz, up to La Madeleine, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, the Tuilleries Gardens, the *Elysian Fields*, the Bois de Boulogne. Here,

s,
n
il
-
s
e
d
a
s
e
.



Drawn by M^r H. Corbould.

Engraved by M^r Stewart.

MR. CAMPBELL'S POEM OF "THEODRIC."

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
 She look'd to Heav'n, as if its aid she sought;
 Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
 And signified the vow she could not speak.

London, WILLIAM CHARLTON WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row.

all day, but, above all, from three to nearly six o'clock (so as to give time to dress for dinner), the Spring is indeed the

Bella madre dei fiori
D' Erbe novelle e di novelli amori.

And a military police, added to the disposition of the majority of the people, ensure the utmost order and decorum.

Nor do the evenings offer less accommodation to all ranks in the way of pleasure; the theatres are, *at least*, as numerous as ours: and not only is the first French theatre, the Academie de Musique, and the Italian opera fashionable (as with us our two winter theatres, and our Italian opera), but Feydeau, the Varieties, the Vaudeville, Franconi's, and the Porte St. Martin, are filled with good company; after which the host of minor houses follows, with prices to suit every purse; whereas, in London, the minor theatres are not frequented by the first class, unless once in a season, or to take children to dancing-school recesses. In London, a particular set *regularly* frequent the opera and play-houses. In Paris, it is an affair of habit, to all alike, according to their means and leisure, which last *they will have*. Sunday, with us, is a day of recreation, or rather a day of rest; but to the Parisian, it not only has the constant followers of pleasure of the six other days of the week, but the poor and working class have their Sunday, with every pastime, from a masquerade (in the season), down to two-penny hops; concerts and theatricals below ground, together with the numerous public walks, where the eye is diverted, and the mind drawn away from sad reflection. The descendants of the Gauls are certainly merry people. How many of them live in public, from the *promenade* to the coffee-house, billiard and gaming-table; thence to the tavern or eating-house; and the *finale* at a ball, a concert, or a theatre, sometimes at all three, the whole for prices as aforesaid, formed for each class and pocket; whereas, if a resident in London were to attempt to lead such a life, he must have a fortune of no small extent. The very morning shows are ruinous, and dull at the same time; the price of the other entertainments amounts to a prohibition, to those with small means. Having said this much, we are, by no means, going to advocate the cause of Sabbath-breaking, nor about to enter into the merits or demerits of a life of pleasure. She, or he, who has tasted it, has made their own reflections on the subject. There are, at Paris, as elsewhere, two kinds, innocent and the reverse. It will, however, I think, be admitted, from this faithful, and not too high-coloured picture, that Paris is a scene of pleasure indeed in the Spring: nor does Summer drive away her votaries, for the French, of all ages (they are never old in conduct), have little taste for rural retirement and lonely contemplation.

EXTRACT FROM MR. CAMPBELL'S DOMESTIC POEM, OF

"THEODRIC."

(Subject of the Plate.)

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
She look'd to Heav'n, as if its aid she sought;
Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
And signified the vow she could not speak.

THE MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

BY A CI-DEVANT POET.

Here you may see Benedick, the married man.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Oh! my Parolles, they have married me.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

MAN is affected by two powerful casualties—*birth* and *death*. The latter, it will be allowed by every one, is a terrific transformation; and, upon consideration, I think it will be granted, that the former is equally awful. If it were possible for a human being to be born with his faculties fully developed—if it were possible for him, at the moment of his birth, to have a distinct knowledge of the fact; to have suddenly burst upon him the terrible truth—that *he had become a living thing*—it cannot be denied that *that* being would shudder at so miraculous an operation. It is, however, beneficently ordained, that man shall not have cognizance of these awful transitions. Years pass over him before the maturity of those powers by which he is enabled to reflect upon his existence; of the commencement of which there are, to him, no traces. Death, too, is deprived of its horrors; since it essentially consists in the annihilation of those faculties by which it is alone possible to dwell upon so frightful a change.

Marriage is another casualty of which man is the victim—a casualty equally alarming with either of the former, and far more dreadful in its operation and consequences; for these are not, in the slightest degree, *hidden*. What an awful period is the bridal hour! In what a harrowing state of excitation does the destined bridegroom cross the portal of the church! How bewildered are his senses, and how trembling his footsteps, as he treads the silent aisle! How, like a phantom, does the fatal altar break upon his dim wavering vision! How does his soul shudder in the midst of the holy rites, as the words of the minister break in quick succession on his ear, till the dreadful—"I will,"—finally rivets him to his fate! And if, amid the ceremony, some wandering joy alight, for a moment, upon his heart, how do the hollow vaults send up their echoes, and the very dead, as it were, whisper from their coffins, to scare that joy from its resting-place!

My practice, however, in this matter, has not at all comported with my theory. Who, for instance, that seriously believed such horrors attended upon matrimony, would venture to contend with such a gorgon? And yet, amid all my philosophy, I had the hardihood to encounter a wife. Never shall I forget the pleasure with which I beheld the first light that smiled upon my bridal morn. I had just awaked from a dream, in which my adored Eliza appeared to me in more, even, than her natural loveliness; and the reflection that so perfect, so beautiful, a being, had an existence beyond the confines of my brain; and that she was, on that day, to be made mine for ever, brought with it the most rapturous emotions. I drew back the curtains, and hastily seized one of her letters—it breathed of affection, and of sentiments spiritual as my own. "Yes," said I, "we were indeed formed for each other; and in the possession of thy charms, not a sorrow can obtrude itself upon the brightness of my future hours." For a considerable time I lay indulging in the most delightful visions. I had conjured up the most enchanting scenes of happiness. Our little cottage (I had fully resolved to purchase one), with its honeysuckle and wood-

bine, and every plant that love delights to dwell upon, was distinctly imaged before me. There, too, was my Eliza, the presiding angel of that hallowed paradise! the flowers brightened as she approached them, and the songs of the little birds bespoke their joy at her presence. We had just entered a delightful alcove, her hand in mine, and her lovely soft blue eyes beaming upon me, when the rough voice of Betty, accompanied by a rap, at the bed-room door, which might have rivalled a clap of thunder, exclaimed, "'tis time to get up, Sir!" Oh, that Nature ever created so unsentimental a wretch as a servant-maid! How did that one rude act, that harsh reality, break upon my enchantment!

I rose hastily, flew to my adored Eliza, and, in a few hours, we were united by those ties which no earthly power can separate. Her smiles seemed to me the light that was to lead me on in my future destinies; her voice the music that was to cheer me in my path; and the nectar of her lips the food that was to nourish me.

A week passed away, and, by some unaccountable fatality, my rapture had passed away also. My cottage was forgotten, and "my adored Eliza" was divested of at least nine-tenths of her divinity. In fact, in less than seven times twenty-four hours, I had discovered that, instead of marrying an angel, I had committed the unpardonable folly of uniting myself to a mere mortal. In one little week I found that she, whom I had considered a being formed for Elysium, was possessed of all the attributes of frail humanity. Accustomed, as my mind had been, to the purest abstractions; and filled, as my soul was, with images of beauty; and resolved, as I had been, to unite my destinies with no one who did not possess the perfectibility of a goddess, I was little prepared for the dreadful truth, that my Eliza was no more than a human being. I do not pretend to say that I might not have made the discovery at an earlier period of our acquaintance, if I had regulated my affections by philosophical principles, or if I had made love by Euclid; but I have always been of a warm temperament, and an enemy to sober calculation. Besides, could I possibly believe that the angelic creature who had, day after day, sent me such exquisite effusions in return for my own---she whose lines breathed of nought but love and "hours of bliss"---she who was my soul's idol---she who seemed to me a spirituality, would so soon be transformed into one of the world's coldest realities!

My wife (what a horrible name to put into the mouth of a poet) was evidently of a vivid imagination; she was ardent in her feelings, and of an affectionate disposition. In the warmth of her early regard for me, and under the excitement which is produced by the uncertainty of possessing the object of one's first love, she had appeared to me arrayed in the brightness of a divinity; but now that *that* uncertainty no longer existed, the excitement which had been consequent upon it subsided; and I beheld in her, not the divine creature which my imagination had pictured, but a being possessed of the ordinary frailties of poor human nature. She who had hitherto conversed with me in a language intelligible only to those whose hearts vibrate in unison with each other---she whose thoughts breathed continually of love, and whose words burned with a fire purer than that which Prometheus stole from heaven---she whose constant themes were the loveliness of evening skies, and the charms of the noiseless grove---she whose voice was sweeter than the honey-breathing wildflower---she---oh! how shall I name it---yes, she---"my adored Eliza"---no: *my wife*---actually, now, talked, in the most unconcerned manner, of

legs of mutton, baked joints, potatoes, cauliflowers—and a thousand other vulgar, villanous, unpoetical substantialities. My mind was bewildered: unholy shapes hovered upon its confines, and mingled their pestiferous breathings with the pure atmosphere of my imagination. The bright images of my fancy were no more. I had become an outcast from the world in which I had lived, moved, and had my being. Instead of dreaming of roses, my mind was eternally filled with the detestable images of plebeian cabbages; or if I sat down to pen a sonnet to some wandering beauty that strayed across the cheerless confines of my deserted soul—my enthusiasm was sure to be damped by some inquiry concerning what my wife termed household affairs, and that beauty vanished for ever.

This, however, was but the beginning of my sorrows. Eliza had evidently ceased to be the goddess I once considered her; but still the climax of my misfortunes was to come. In less than a fortnight her divinityship caught a cold, from which proceeded a fever, to which succeeded a nurse and a doctor. Eliza taking physic! “That was the unkindest cut of all.” The legs of mutton I could have stood—and the ribs of beef, and the cauliflowers, I could have stood—but the physic played the very devil. Never did any one feel more forcibly than I, the truth of Byron’s declaration, that

Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels.

J. H. H.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES, THE CEIAN.

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἀνεμῶς
βρεμε πνέων, κ. τ. λ.

WHEN round the frail bark raving
Peal’d the wind in murmurs drear,
And the billows fiercely heaving,
Fill’d the mother’s heart with fear;
Around her Perseus, sleeping,
Her arm she fondly cast,
And thus, all wildly weeping,
Sang her sorrows to the blast:

“Ah! woe is me, my dear one,
What misery is my doom!
While thou sweetly slumberest, fair one,
In this unholy home;
Where the moonless night around us,
Spreads forth her thickest gloom,
And the brazen chest hath bound us,
As ’t were, in a living tomb!
In thy purple mantle lying,
Though o’er thy long dark hair
Lash the waves, and sadly sighing,
The wind may murmur there:
Thou heed’st them not, my dearest,
Nor reck’st thou of my pain;
Nor my bitter mourning hearest,
Or sadly would’st thou plain.
Sleep on, my babe! and Ocean
Hush thy troubled waves to rest,
And may sorrow’s wild commotion
Be calm’d within my breast.

C. B.

MY AUNT'S ALBUM. NO. II.

BIRTH-DAYS.

WHAT indeed is a birth-day, but a sad memento of mortality, an unwelcome warning of decay, a finger-post to the tomb! yet how few are sorrowful on that day! They never think upon, or thank Seneca for his moral—

The hour that gave of life the benefit
Did also a whole hour shorten it.

Or as that able expounder of the ancients, Montaigne, has paraphrased it: "The day of your birth is but one day's advance towards the tomb." They never think of this, and they are right—we may plough some soils too deep: we may force a spring till we arrive again at polluted water: 'tis not all scum that rises to the surface. Give me the man that stretches out a ready hand to receive the gifts of all-bounteous nature, and proffers nought but smiles in return.

Why shouldest thou, O man! when youth and strength are given thee, contract thy brow and poison the serenity of thy mind in hunting for feebleness and old age? The seeds of both are sown in thy body, and will, in due time, rob thy youth of its freshness. Hasten them not then, by too much seeking: read the book of life as it is laid open before thee; and desire not to explore the secrets of the last chapter ere thou hast perused the first. The rose blooms not in winter, neither does the crocus die in the spring: then why shouldest thou aim at more perfection than nature, and wish to combine the seasons of life into one?

I look upon the man, if such a one can be found, possessing the simplicity and timidity of infancy, and the generous warmth and confidence of youth, with the sound judgment and firm resolve of manhood, tempered with all the wariness of age, as, indeed, a faultless monster—a lump of ill made or too well made deformity—a combination of unnatural and heterogeneous mixtures, amounting to an ugly mass of contradictions on the whole, which we should have admired in its several parts—a thing with which the imperfections of our nature will not allow us to sympathise with or admire.

Let me have every age of life by itself; distinctly and vividly portrayed. I take my maxim, with trifling alteration, from Dryden's inimitable ode:

Life, love, and pleasure, sit beside thee—
Take the good the gods provide thee.

And under this determination I always meet my birth-day as I would a long-absent friend—with good cheer and a hearty welcome.

I never look about me for a far-fetched excuse to keep it. I love pleasure for its sake, as Virtue, and every thing else worthy of loving, should be loved. Still less do I pine it away: "Ah! the world and the year grow young again: but man—never!"

No, Sir: on that day I get up in good humour with all the world, and more particularly with myself. I fancy that I see a "many happy returns of the day," in every face I meet; and nod, laugh, and commit a thousand impertinencies with persons, but then first seen. In fact, I always make a point of thinking that day specifically mine—absolutely made and designed by the Giver of all days for my particular pleasure and

individual gratification. And were I an emperor, I should certainly distribute a largess on that day: not a man but should wear a smile upon his countenance—not a dog but should have cause to wag his tail. Sorrow on that day should be folly, and misery a sin. But, alas! I am *not* an emperor, but this *is* my birth-day; and I am practising one of my self-assumed privileges, by nodding (albeit good-naturedly) at the readers of the Literary Magnet, and I trust they have kindness enough for me to wink at me (for once) in a like manner.

And, oh! that my worthy TOBY were with me now at my own fire-side: yea, ALLEYN, OAKLEY, CLUTTERBUCK, and all: what a night this for a "Round Table" meeting! I know thee, Toby, to be a fellow of an infinite jest; and thou shouldest bring thy old crone, CHRISTOPHER COUNCIL, and we would push round wit with the glass (old wine is the only true fount of a new jest), till a wrinkle fell from the brow of Counsellor Kit at every merry thought. But as the fates have decreed it otherwise, I shall expect that you will drink my health at your next meeting with three times three, and be the toast "Sweet five-and-twenty."

But do not think, Master Merton, that a day like this is to pass as the common herd, and be as days that were not: no—the Album, "my Aunt's Album," shall be an immortal register of the event and its follies.

I had been invited a fortnight before to spend the day that comes "only once a-year" at Verd Cottage; and, accordingly, on the afternoon of the 7th of March, with a joyous heart, I mounted the — stage, accompanied by Brisk, my old chum, and was, in due time, disembarked at the beginning of the lane described in my last; from whence we proceeded to my uncle's, where we shortly arrived, without having encountered any adventures worthy of record. At Verd Cottage suppose us to have received the hearty congratulations of uncle, aunty, and my fair cousins; to have offered our homage to the presiding deities of the hearth in a stiff glass each of brandy-and-water, and to have retired to bed to prepare ourselves by rest for the festivities of the morrow. We sought rest, but we found none. 'Tis as difficult sometimes to reconcile oneself to excessive silence as violent uproar; and the absence of coach-wheels and charleys' voices completely broke our night's rest, and we rose in great depression at our over-much quiet, and began the day in dolor.

But as sadness never stops long by me, the recollections of the day which greeted me from all lips at the breakfast-table, and the grateful cawing of the tenants of the neighbouring rookery, soon chased away my head-ache, and restored to me my wonted cheerfulness of temper. Nor was Brisk long behind me in recovering his vivacity. But, passing our walk round the plantations, and the arrival of fresh visitors, we will at once proceed to the business of the day—avowedly, the celebration of my birth, but secretly, with my aunt, the public display of her museum-like register.

At about half-past four, I observed a good deal of bustling in and out of the servants, and whispering between mine hostess and her daughters, which I concluded augured something of more than common importance. I was right in my conjecture. A few minutes after, my aunt, winking at the young ladies, and casting a look of meaning at my uncle, requested the attendance of the company in the library. "As this is my nephew's birth-day, I hope to do him honour: Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins will favour us with their names in my album," giving a glance of triumph at the doomsday-book before us. As I had before taken precedence in an epigram, I had

sufficient opportunity to observe the rest of my companions. But I could not resist shewing some surprise in my countenance, which I was wise enough not to betray in words (to my advantage in the eyes of my aunt, who is much pleased at my discreet behaviour), at perceiving, immediately after my own insertion, the following maxim, and its signature.

"Some politicians are for healing the wounds of a nation with court-plaister : but give me Roman cement.
J. HUME, M. P."

The secret I afterward discovered was, that the uncouth writing was written (under whose direction I know not) by no other than Jonathan Hume, Master Plasterer, at that time employed in white-washing "The House."

Be it as it will, the deception was complete, and the effect produced by witnessing an M. P.'s name was electrical. The predominant emotion in the countenance of the males was wonder—that of the females, envy; and a secret determination to go and do likewise.

"Do, Mrs. Wick," said my aunt, with an air of mingled complacency and conscious superiority, "do put down something. A line from Cowper's Rape of the Lock, or Pope's Seasons. Or suppose, you see there's plenty of room, you copy a page of Lord Byron's Horse-hair."

"Lord! Mrs. Cinnamon, you know I know nothing about plays or novels; but Mrs. Catsup has just given me an excellent receipt for pickles. Why, do you know, 'twill keep girkins green and crisp for seven years." Saying which she handled the pen with such unwonted celerity, that my aunt, who rushed towards her, alarmed for the reputation of her album, could not arrive in time to prevent the inscription, in very legible characters, of this notable receipt, now preserved in the archives of the wit of the Cinnamons. In her agony of expostulation, she wholly passed unnoticed the two young ladies, who, emulating their mamma's example, each deposited a valuable relic: one for preserving the complexion—the other for promoting a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. The rage had now reached its height, and my aunt's huge folio had like to have become a book of nostrums and receipts for the whole village. An old fat tobaccoist, of Aldermanbury, was in the act of inserting a certain cure for the colic, from which he had received a world of benefit, when Mrs. Cinnamon, screaming with horror and indignation, wrenched the pen from his hand, exclaiming in bitter terms against the lowness of some people, and the horrid vulgarity of city-breeding; at the same time giving the old gentleman a push which sent him over a stool, on which Shock was reposing; who, perceiving his mistress's choler, revenged the insult she had sustained, by a piece of biting satire.

While the rest were attempting pacification, Dr. Tithepenny took the opportunity of putting down his old Easter text:

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," &c.

To which Caustic, who is the plague of my life, and finding out my retreat had just entered, subjoined—

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

To which Brisk put the finishing touch, by way of Amen, of

"Rum-tum-tiddle-e-tum-te."

The issue of the day's adventure is—that My Aunt's Album is—no more!
J. A. G.

THE VISION OF GHOSTS:

AN AFTER-DINNER ROMANCE.

HORACE TEMPLETON was a student of the Inner Temple. Law was his ostensible profession, but the study of metaphysics—philosophy, I believe, he called it—his one overwhelming pursuit. Like many other sanguine visionaries, his brain was somewhat bewildered, and he held, in particular, certain favourite theories touching the perfectibility of the human mind. He believed that intellect existed essentially by itself, that its operations were independent of the human body, and that those modern philosophers who thought otherwise, reduced man to the grossest materialism. “What!” he would often say, “must we be indebted for our mental to our physical peculiarities? Must our fancy, that *meus divini*, take of necessity the course prescribed by the organization of our brain? Impossible!” So at least thought this accomplished metaphysician, and, for the credit of his argument, it is a thousand pities that such impossibility should be questionable.

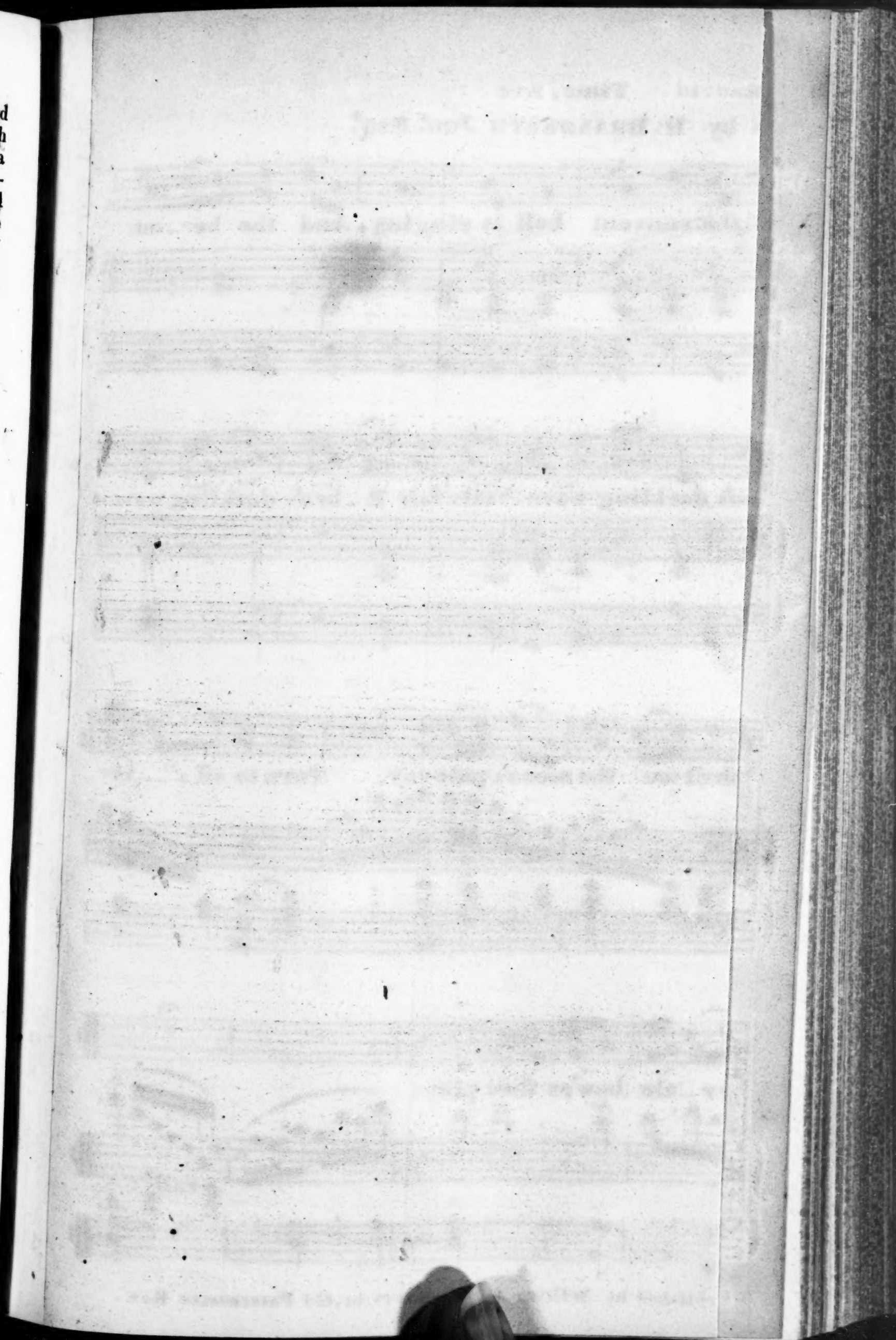
It happened that, after a long morning more than usually devoted to his physiological studies, he had taken up that wildest of all imaginative fictions, the “Ancient Mariner,” when the abrupt apparition of his landlady with the day’s repast—I disdain to call it dinner—put a stop to all his speculations. Now let us be as poetic as we please, yet the appetite will still make itself respected; or, in contradiction to the theories of Mr. Templeton, the body will, for the time, hold sway over the mind. At this precise moment he was an illustrious instance of the fact, and, contrary to his wonted practice, defended the doctrine of materialism with sentiments of sincerest devotion. A bottle of generous wine increased his religious ardour, and it is beautiful to observe, how, as glass after glass precipitated itself into the abyss of his *æ*sophagus, he relaxed more and more in the virulence of his favourite theory. By the time that the whole bottle had disappeared, his imagination had become so buoyant, that even metaphysics failed to repress it. He had plunged, in short, into a most romantic and abstracted mood, picturing to himself, at one moment, the skeleton appearances that haunted the “Ancient Mariner,” and at another the metaphysical delusions that fevered the brain of Swedenborg, when a loud knocking at the door suddenly attracted his notice. He turned to see who was the intruder, and (awful to relate) beheld standing beside him, in the gray glimmering of the twilight, a figure dark, venerable, and mysterious. He would have asked the reason of this intrusion, but horror fixed him speechless to the sofa, for the look of the charnel-house was on the countenance of his visitor, and as he beckoned to Templeton with a finger of the colour of parchment, the youth’s blood grew cold within his veins. A spell, nevertheless, seemed to hurry him onward, until the stranger guest glided from the room, followed close by the panic-struck metaphysician.

And here, with a sacred conviction of its truth, I proceed to detail the adventures of this interesting couple. On quitting the Temple, they proceeded in silence down Chancery Lane, crossed its more plebeian neighbour, Holborn, then stalked along King Street, up Russell Square, and so on to the New Road, till they reached the Regent’s Park, where, much to Templeton’s discomfiture, his spectral guide evaporated. In a few minutes, however, he returned, repeated some words in an unknown dialect, and

then waved a sort of wand over the landscape. Instantly it assumed a new character: trees, walks, and canals disappeared, houses sunk into earth, with the crash of thunder—clouds, and a clear waveless lake came up instead, glittering in mellow star-light, and belted by mountains whose summits pierced the very heavens. As the youth stood wondering at this change, the drapery fell on a sudden from his guide's body, and revealed the carious limbs of a skeleton. The *thing* poured its hollow voice upon the wind, and immediately at its call appeared a magic boat, into which both gentlemen entered, while the lake, as they glided over its bosom, spread out into an ample ocean, and before them, on an island, shone a city of crystal palaces, amid which stalked shapes of unknown character. They had, by this time, concluded their voyage, and on entering the enchanted city were paralyzed (one at least) with its stupendous magnificence. All was a glory around them, but ghostly and unsubstantial as a dream. Carriages rolled along the streets in rapid and glittering succession, yet returned no echo as they passed; sound itself was enslaved, for the very wind came wafted in whispers, like the rushing of dead leaves in autumn. Above the city were seen clouds of silver tissue, through which gleamed shapes transcendantly beautiful, and around it, like half-forgotten dreams, hovered birds of mysterious fashion. Suddenly, to the delight of Templeton, rose the distant sound of music, low at first, then swelling into gradual fulness, till it burst at last into one majestic chorus, assuming, as it drew near, the form and lineaments of a woman. Oh! never may imagination, in its wildest, most inspired reveries, depict the all-perfect beauty of this vision. The celestial purity that sate enthroned in sweet smiles upon her countenance—the music of her unearthly voice, voluptuously liquid, as the first song of the summer nightingale heard in the stillness of evening across waters. These, indeed, like the rich glimpses from above, that sometimes shine in upon our slumbers, must be conceived—they can never be described. But to resume: in the splendour of her exceeding beauty, this fairy form approached; but scarcely had she saluted our metaphysician, when the fiend again waved his wand, and the proud city, with its gorgeous terraces and transparent crystal palaces, disappeared, leaving only a mysterious chaos, which slowly settling into shape, became a hall peopled with the dead. All who had once dwelt on earth, the mean and the mighty in their generation, were here promiscuously assembled; not, however, as they had been during life, but shadowy, passionless, and sepulchral—Alexander no longer ambitious—Catiline uninfluenced by remorse—Antony for ever dead to the smile of beauty—stood, statue-like, on their respective pedestals. In the midst of these mighty nothings, and high upon a throne, formed of thoughts and hopes, disappointments and regrets, petrified by supernatural power into substance, sate a shape of ineffable awe. As our metaphysician approached, the form fixed its demon-lighted eyes upon him; till a sudden whirlwind arising, the throne and its tenant disappeared; and in their stead came up the sweet image of the queen of the crystal city. Again she advanced towards Templeton: but before he could reply to her welcomings, the graceful form had fled; and his fiendish guide waving, a third time, his wand, the pair found themselves standing within the walls of a ruined abbey, and between two rows of sycamores, above which one solitary star was shining. The hour was deepest midnight; the moon in her last quarter, and the wind low, gusty, and mysterious, wafting, from a distant charnel-house, the long howls of the jackall. On the summit of the abbey was perched a raven, and with-

out the walls, a lean wolf; while thick among the tangled ruins, crawled heaps of spotted snakes, whose yellow sides glistened like gold beneath the moonshine. Suddenly clouds rolled over the sickly planet, when a blind toad that had been crouching within the abbey walls, uttered a tremendous shriek; and the sycamores, as if influenced by the voice, assumed the forms of ghosts standing shrouded in long succession. Impressed with the horrors of such a scene, our metaphysician scarcely breathed, his very mind seemed shrinking within him, and to increase, if possible, his affright, a pair of fixed glassy eyes glared on him from between the chinks of a neighbouring tomb. But, hark! there is a sound of music: nearer it advances—nearer—nearer still: and see, gliding downward on a moon-beam, appears the queen of the crystal city. Darkness fled at her approach; the stars resumed their lustre, while the angelic vision cast smiles like sunshine around her, and hallowed tree, wall and tower with the exceeding beauty of her presence. In vain, however, the mortal stretched out his arms to embrace her; the landscape was again transformed, and he stood, with his fiendish guide, upon a vast Indian plain. There is something exalting to the imagination in the view of an unbounded moor. An endless ocean is impressive; but the horizon is there diminished, and the pride of sight consequently less. Templeton felt the full majesty of his present situation. The power of solitude was on him, for the plain was dead and tenantless, and the very clouds that rolled above it, wore the leaden looks of corruption. In an instant, however, this appalling solitude was invaded. A mighty band advanced to the music of trumpets, dulcimers, and atabals, ranged under the banners of a thousand embattled nations. It was a day of awful import. The destinies of mankind were to be decided, and a voice from some unknown quarter commanded the carnage to begin. Long rolled the war-drum, accompanied by the thunder of the cannon; from morn to eve the din of arms was heard; but when the moon looked down from heaven, silence was once more upon the plain. On a sudden the rushing, as of mighty waters, was heard. Westward, in distance, appeared the indistinct heavings of a surge; then the long swell of billows, till, gathering power as it approached, the whole fury of the ocean broke in thunder upon the plain, sweeping away Templeton and his guide upon its bosom. Oh! dreadful to the mortal were the moments that ensued. His brain became maddened with the whirl, and the ringing of a thousand bells chimed in his ear, as, mocked by the monsters of the deep, he plunged into its abyss. Then followed the fever---the wildness---of insanity. Palaces, and temples, and theatres, fired with a thousand conflagrations, fell, with terrific crash, beside him; crystal caves, far buried in the bosom of the ocean, split, with the voice of thunder, in his ear, till he sunk, from deep to deep, into the lowest depths of the gulf. At this awful moment, while tortured with the struggle between life and death, the long tolling of a clock, heard far over the face of the waters, came, wafted on the wind, towards him. Trembling at the sound, his demon guide disappeared, and a sweet voice cried out from heaven, "The spell hath lost its power." It was the voice of his fairy queen, our metaphysician's guardian angel. With ecstasy he strove to meet her, but in the headstrong energy of the moment, his mind broke loose from its delusion: queen, ocean, and imagination, faded---and he found himself stretched, terrified and tipsy, upon the floor of---his Temple Chambers. What a situation for a philosopher!

d
h
a



ROMAN

PRECIOSA Sola. Scene, Garden n

Music by CARL MARIA von WEBER. V

PRECIOSA.

LARGHETTO.

PIANO
FORTE.

seeks his cave; Night, around her mantle flinging, Veils fair

Yet ere long, and o'er yon moun-tain

each bright foun-tain, As 'mid myrtle bow'rs they play. As 'mid

London, Engraved for the Literary Magnet and Monthly Journal by James Peck, a

N C E

en near Madrid. Time, Eve.

. Words by H. BRANDRETH Jun^r. Esq^r.

List! the convent bell is ringing, And the her-mit

E - bro's darkling wave. Veils fair E - bro's darkling wave.

-tain, We shall see the moon's pale ray Turn to sil - - - ver

'mid myr - tle bow'rs they play.

rall.

eck, and Published by William Charlton Wright, 65 Paternoster Row.

THE
stolen
was
mind
good
cation
tones
on the
It is
at Ca
But t
Pr
fifteen
lities
capit
gipsy
her o
lace
of en
whic
of Sa
all o
appr
well
min
gold
this
and
deni
atter
A
their
were
with
was
tired
disg
the
love
He
dees
shan
prop
the
the
tion
She
that
ther
take
hesi
Pre
T

PRECIOSA
Music by C

PRECIOSA.

LARGHETTO.

PIANO
FORTE.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics "d the her-mit" are written under the vocal line.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics "seeks his cave; Night, around her's darkling wave." are written under the vocal line.

Third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics "Yet ever to sil - - - ver" and "a piacere." are written under the vocal line. The piano part has a melodic flourish.

Fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano lines. The lyrics "each bright foun-tain, As 'mid my" are written under the vocal line. The system ends with a "rall." (rallentando) marking in the piano part.

PRECIOSA, OR THE LITTLE GIPSY. A ROMANCE.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM CERVANTES,

ON WHICH IS FOUNDED THE MELO-DRAMA COMPOSED BY
CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

THERE was once an old gipsy woman, who, in the true spirit of her calling, had stolen and educated a young girl as her niece. Now the name of this young girl was Preciosa, and never yet did name express so fully the qualities of its owner's mind and person. She was vivacity itself, with a face all radiant with sunshine and good humour, and, above all, accomplished in the science of singing. Such qualifications were of inestimable value to her tribe; and whenever she raised the sweet tones of her voice in the public streets, at time of Carnival, or in summer evenings on the Strada, young and old would alike stop to listen to her enchanting melody. It is even reported, that one day an English merchant, who chanced to be residing at Cadiz, was so electrified with her harmony, that he actually forgot his business. But this is impossible.

Preciosa received her education in Castile, and when she had reached the age of fifteen, her pretended relation carried her to Madrid, with a view of turning her abilities to the best account. Preciosa accordingly made her first appearance in the capital, on the festival of St. Ann. She entered by the main street, heading the other gipsy girls in a dance, to the enlivening sounds of the Spanish castagnettes. All her companions excited admiration, but Preciosa bore away the palm. The populace flocked in crowds around her, and young as well as old joined in manifestations of encouragement. When the dance was concluded, she was requested to sing; which she did with unaffected grace. After this the party proceeded to the church of Santa Anna, where Preciosa sang a hymn in her honour. When the party were all on the point of retiring, a young cavalier availed himself of a favourable moment, approached Preciosa, presented her with a folded paper, whispered a few words of well-turned compliment, and disappeared. On reaching her home, Preciosa examined the enclosure, and found it to contain a song in her praise, and a purse of gold. "It is somewhat extraordinary," said she, "to receive gold from a poet. If this be his mode of offering a song, may he copy a whole collection of romances, and present them to me one by one!" In spite, however, of this sally, it cannot be denied that the unknown person, and the delicacy of his manner, excited Preciosa's attention, and left behind a feeling to which she had before been a stranger.

After a short stay, the gipsy band quitted the capital, in order elsewhere to pursue their adventures. They had proceeded only a few miles from the city, when they were overtaken by a person wrapped in a cloak, who said he wished for an interview with the aunt of Preciosa, and herself. Accordingly, after a short consultation, it was agreed to hear what the unknown had to communicate, and they all three retired from the company. No sooner were they alone, than the youth threw off his disguise, and Preciosa was surprised to behold the poet, who had presented her with the verses, and the gold. Addressing himself to the aunt, he told her that he was in love with her niece; and had come to the resolution of devoting his life to her alone. He then proceeded to tell them, that he was an only son of one of the richest grandees of Spain, but that all his rank and fortune would be of no avail, unless he could share them with Preciosa; that he was willing to submit to any test they might think proper to require; and in order to give them some proof of his veracity, he presented the old woman with a purse. The whole time Don Juan de Carcame (for that was the stranger's name) was speaking, Preciosa listened to him with profound attention, and after a moment's pause, requested permission of her aunt to address him. She began by assuring him, that though she was only a poor gipsy, she had a virtue that was proof against all promises. That she must in the first place ascertain whether he really was the nobleman he proclaimed himself to be, and if so, that he must take up his abode among the gipsies for the space of one year. The knight without hesitation accepted of the terms proposed, and then took an affectionate leave of Preciosa, and returned to Madrid.

The next day Preciosa, the old woman, and a chosen party of the gipsy girls, re-

visited Madrid, in order, as had been agreed, to make the necessary inquiries respecting the connexions of Don Juan de Carcame. The street had been named to them by the knight, and the sign by which they were to know his house was a balcony with gilded lattice-work. They discovered it, therefore, with ease; and after recognising, and being recognised by, Don Juan, were invited into his saloon, where they amused the assembled guests with singing and dancing.

And here a circumstance occurred, which we must not omit to notice. As Preciosa was finishing the dance, she dropped a paper, which one of the gentlemen picked up, and read aloud for the good of the company. It was the copy of verses which had been presented to Preciosa by Don Juan, and which she had ever since concealed in her bosom. His father wished to look at it: it was handed to him, and he desired his son to read it aloud. What now was to be done? to refuse, would in some measure have been to criminate himself; therefore, with much stammering and agitation, our luckless hero read aloud the following stanzas:

LIST! the convent bell is ringing,
And the hermit seeks his cave;
Night, around her mantle flinging,
Veils fair Ebro's darkling wave.

Yet ere long, and o'er yon mountain,
We shall see the moon's pale ray
Turn to silver each bright fountain,
As 'mid myrtle bow'rs they play.

Sweet at such an hour, reposing,
Yet not slumbering, 'tis to hear
Valour's minstrel voice, disclosing
Cupid's conquest, greet thine ear.

Yet, Madrid! though rare thy beauty,
I that beauty scarce can feel:
Memory still, despite of duty,
Bids me seek mine own Castile!

Thus, amid youth's pleasures sighing,
Grief, not joy, I'm doom'd to prove;
Song, and dance, and revel flying—
Say, Madonna, is it love?

Warrior! dost thou love another
In some brighter clime afar?
Sure thou scarce canst wish to smother
Feelings fix'd as day's own star!

But thou'rt proud, 'tis said---how truly
Matters little now to me;
Passion's waves, howe'er unruly,
All are calm'd---I'm free! I'm free!

Yet than Preciosa never
Fonder maiden shalt thou prove—
Heavens! 'tis *he*!

(*Juan—rushing forward*) Thou'rt mine
for ever!

(*Pre.*) Ever thine---I love! I love!

Preciosa pretended to be vexed at the reading of these verses, but in secret she enjoyed the confusion of Don Juan. Exchanging looks of affection, the lovers now bade adieu, and the gipsies mounted their mules, and returned to join their company, who had pitched their tents at the skirt of a wood. Meanwhile Preciosa found that she no longer existed for herself alone, her heart was another's; but then that person was of a rank in life that startled her by its contrast. In consequence she became thoughtful and melancholy; so much so, that the importunities of the old gipsy were doubly annoying to her.

The following day beheld the return of Don Juan. It was hailed with delight by the whole party, and the necessary preparations were made for initiating him into all the mysteries of the tribe. One of their largest cabins was carpeted with turf, and ornamented with flowers. In the centre stood an elevated seat, on which the knight was placed, and it was then agreed, that his name should be changed into that of André. He was next ordered to uncover one of his arms, which was bound with silk riband, and then desired to wield a cudgel. These ceremonials being concluded, the oldest gipsy took Preciosa by the hand, and leading her up to Don Juan, addressed him in a set speech. After which, the party again struck their guitars, and all joined in a song in praise of their newly-initiated companion.

After a variety of adventures, it was determined that they should go and recruit the funds of their company in the province of Mercia, where the party was unknown. Accordingly, on the following morning they set out upon their route. A colt was offered to André, but he refused it, in order that he might attend upon Preciosa, who was mounted on a sorry mule. The morning was delightful; the sun was rising in all his glory over the mountains; and the song of a thousand birds resounded on every side. The gipsies felt the stirring influence of the hour, and as they moved along the road amused each other with divers delightful ditties. After a journey of a few days, during which our lovers were, of course, inseparable, the whole party arrived at a town of Mercia, where they distributed themselves into bands, Preciosa, André, and her old aunt, taking up their abode at an inn kept by a rich widow. This same widow had a daughter, by name Carducia, somewhat good-looking, and tolerably good-tempered. She had no sooner seen André, than she fell desperately in love with him, and, with all the impatience of youth, addressed him in a long and touching speech; to which he simply replied with a bow, and a formal resignation of her love. How shocking for a fond girl!! So utterly, in fact, was Carducia confounded at this unexpected reply, that she nearly sunk to earth. Fired with rage, she immediately hurried away, breathing nothing but vengeance, and resolving to seize the first opportunity of effecting it. André, who knew of what a disappointed woman is capable, was desirous of avoiding the storm by a hasty flight. But if he had his views, Carducia, whose advances he had repulsed, had also hers. Jealousy and love are always on the alert; she had contrived to gain intelligence of André's intended departure. As there was no time allowed her to renew her suit, she came to a resolution of arresting by force, him whom she was unable to detain by love. Seeing that not a moment was to be lost, her ingenuity was awakened, and love and vengeance supplied her with means which but too effectually succeeded. Amidst the confusion into which the gipsies were necessarily thrown by the suddenness of their departure, they could not look to every thing; and Carducia taking advantage of their embarrassment, got possession of André's leathern travelling bag, which she knew from the rest, and put into it various articles of value, such as a gold chain, a pair of rich coral bracelets, several rings, and other trinkets of her own. At length the band commenced their movements; but scarcely had they left the inn, when Carducia rushed into the street, exclaiming that the gipsies had robbed her, and carried away her jewels. The whole of the inhabitants of the village, with the Alcalde at their head, ran together at these outcries. The gipsies made a halt, and boldly asseverated, that they had not taken a single thing, in proof of which they offered to open their baggage. There was one among them, however, who was alarmed at this proposal; for besides the dress which Don Juan had laid aside on embracing the gipsy profession, she had certain other valuables in her baggage, which she was anxious should not be exposed. But she was soon freed from her dilemma by the artifice of Carducia, who inquired which was the pack belonging to André, for that she had twice observed him enter her room, and perhaps he had her property. André burst into a laugh; but what was his confusion, when, on opening his bag, the officers pulled out the stolen articles! All attempts at justification were vain; the Alcalde was unbounded in his reprobation, and a soldier, who stood near him, roused André from the stupefaction into which this mysterious occurrence had thrown him, by a violent blow on the face. It was then that the gipsy vanished, and nothing was seen but the high-born spirit of Don Juan! His lofty nature could not brook the insult; he snatched his sword from its scabbard, and stretched the soldier, to all appearance, lifeless at his feet. The en-

raged Alcalde sent for a strong guard, while the people ran furiously to the spot, and seized the bold gipsy. Preciosa fainted away, and the unhappy lover quietly submitted to be seized by the populace, whom he could have dispersed, had not the love that overpowered all his faculties, prevented his making farther use of the sword which he held in his hand. André was immediately loaded with irons, and the Alcalde would have hanged him upon the spot, had he been invested with the power; but it was first necessary to send him to Mercia. All, therefore, that his fury could do was to expose him to the insults of the rabble, and during the whole night to torture him with every kind of degradation.

The following morning the Alcalde sent off André and the gipsies, under a strong escort, to Mercia. The rumour had already reached this place, and the whole city flocked out to see the prisoners. Preciosa attracted the admiration of all. The report of her charms reached the ears of the governor's lady, who felt so deep an interest in her fate, that she prevailed upon her husband not to suffer her to be imprisoned with the rest. Accordingly, Preciosa, as well as her reputed aunt, were, by the command of the governor, conducted to the house of the governor's lady, while André was thrown into a dungeon, with his hands and legs fettered.

Preciosa had no sooner entered the room where the lady expected her, than the latter embraced her with extraordinary tenderness, and rivetted her eyes so strongly upon her, that she could scarcely withdraw them. "What is the age of this young creature?" said she, addressing the aunt of Preciosa. "Madam," replied the old woman, "she will be fifteen in a month." "The very age," cried the lady, "of my poor Constantia." In the meanwhile, Preciosa, who was overcome at being received with such kindness, had taken the hand of the lady, and was bathing it with her tears. She now ventured to speak; and to impress the mind of her protectress with a conviction of the innocence of the gipsy who was in prison, she protested with great earnestness, that the jewels which had been found in his baggage, had been placed there by an artifice to ensnare him; and that as for the soldier, he had drawn his destruction upon his own head by his brutal conduct.

During this address the eyes of Preciosa were rivetted on those of the governor's lady, while she held her hand fast locked in hers. The lady, who had listened to the whole with an emotion inexplicable even to herself, could not withstand the appeal, and melted into tears. In the midst of this, the governor entered the room, and was not less struck with the beauty of Preciosa, doubly heightened by grief. He inquired the meaning of all these tears; and the answer Preciosa made him was to release his lady's hands, and embrace his knees. "Behold me at your feet," cried she, exhausted by grief, "to crave the pardon of my husband; whose misfortune, and natural greatness of soul, are his only crimes." During this touching appeal, the old gipsy woman stood lost in thought. At length, appearing to gain resolution, she approached the governor, and begged permission to withdraw for a few moments, adding, "With your leave, Sir, I will explain an important mystery, which will convert your grief into joy; although it may prove fatal to myself." Saying this, she rushed out of the apartment, leaving them confounded at her words. During her absence, Preciosa redoubled her supplications, and above all entreated respite. Her object in the last request was to gain time, that she might acquaint the father of Don Juan with all that had passed. She saw that it was the only means left for delivering him, though, with respect to herself, it was the most fatal alternative she could adopt, for it was nothing less than to renounce the hope so fondly cherished, of her one day becoming his wife.

The old gipsy was not long before she returned. She entered with a small casket under her arm, and entreated the governor and his lady to withdraw for a moment into another room, as she had something of importance to reveal. The governor, who had no other idea than that she had some theft to disclose, complied, and they retired into an adjoining apartment. No sooner were they alone, than the old woman threw herself upon her knees, and said; "If the tidings I am about to impart, merit not your pardon for the crime of which I confess myself guilty, then I am ready to suffer the severest punishment; but first let me ask you whether you know these jewels?" The governor declared he had no knowledge of them. "Then," said the old woman, placing a paper in his hand, "this will inform you to whom they belong." The governor hastily opened it, and read as follows:---

"The name of this little girl is Donna Constantia de Azevedo y de Menesses; her mother is Donna Guimar de Menesses, and her father Don Ferdinand de Azevedo; she disappeared on the day of the Ascension, in the year 1595, and had on these jewels, which have ever since been preserved in this casket."

The lady of the governor had no sooner heard the name of Constantia, than seizing the casket, she recognised the jewels; but so overpowering were the feelings of the moment, that she sunk into a swoon. On recovering, she thus addressed the old gipsy:—"Alas! where is the mistress of these jewels?" "You ask me where she is?" said the old woman; "where but in your own house? The young gipsy girl is their mistress;—she is your beloved Constantia. It was I who stole her from your house in Madrid, the very day and hour mentioned in that paper. Can you have clearer proofs than these?" "Yes," exclaimed Donna Guimar, rushing into the room where she had left Preciosa, "yes, there are proofs even stronger than these;" so saying, she bared the neck of Preciosa, and found there a natural mark, which had gradually increased as she had grown up. She then tenderly embraced her, and taking her in her arms, flew into the apartment where she had left her husband. Preciosa, meantime, was lost in astonishment at the overwhelming endearments lavished upon her by Donna Guimar and the governor. But when she became sufficiently composed to comprehend what had passed, no language can describe her emotions.

The governor wished, for the present, to keep the affair secret; he enjoined the old gipsy to do the same, assuring her that he granted her his pardon. He added, that there was but one thing that still rendered him unhappy, which was the reflection that his daughter should have been affianced to a thief and a murderer. "Ah! Sir," said Preciosa, interrupting him, "it is true that he has been the cause of a soldier's death, but so gross and brutal was his conduct, that he could scarcely expect any other fate. The name of murderer, Sir, applies only to the assassin, and not to the man who draws his sword in defence of his honour, as this cavalier has done."—"Cavalier!" exclaimed the governor, "what, is this prisoner then not a gipsy?" Here the old woman gave a brief account of the history of André; adding, that she had preserved the dress which he had laid aside on becoming a member of the gipsy band. She then proceeded to give them an account of the contract that had been entered into between Preciosa and Don Juan, on whom she was most lavish in her eulogiums.

The governor and his lady were not less surprised at this recital, than they had been at the adventure of their daughter, and ordered the old woman to go and fetch the dress of Don Juan. During her absence, the father and mother of Preciosa asked her a thousand questions, to all of which she replied with so much good sense, that she could not have done otherwise than command their affection, even had she not been their daughter. They pressed her earnestly to tell them, whether she really felt an affection for Don Juan. The question embarrassed her at first, but at length she acknowledged that her attachment for him was of the warmest and most sincere kind. That she felt it a duty to make some return for the extraordinary sacrifice which he had made; but that, nevertheless, this feeling should never exceed the bounds which their approbation should think fit to prescribe. "Let us talk no more of this, my dear Preciosa," replied the governor, "I am your father, and be assured that I shall neglect nothing to procure you an alliance worthy of your birth."

With these words he repaired alone to the prison in which Don Juan lay, and on reaching it, learned, with satisfaction, that the soldier, who had been supposed to be mortally wounded, was pronounced out of danger. On entering the cell in which the prisoner lay, he ordered a skylight to be opened, in order to have an opportunity of surveying his countenance, and assuming a severe aspect, thus addressed him: "You see before you the chief judge of the city; I am come to examine you on the subject of theft and murder; but first of all, I wish to ascertain whether it be true, that a young gipsy girl, who belongs to your tribe, and who is at present in my house, be your wife?" "Yes, Sir, I do love her with all a husband's tenderness," said Don Juan; "and I sum up all the happiness I expect upon earth in receiving her hand before I die. Let this be done, and I welcome with joy any fate that may await me, however severe."—"Well," replied the governor, scarcely able to restrain his feelings at this proof of genuine affection, "this very day, you shall

have your request." Accordingly, at an appointed hour, Donna Guimar, his confessor, Preciosa, and some domestics, met in an apartment of the prison. Don Juan was introduced, laden with chains, and pale from agitation of mind. Preciosa uttered a scream at the sight of him, and would have sunk in a swoon, had not her mother soothed her with the assurance that all was intended for her happiness. After a few more moments of profound silence, Don Guimar desired the priest to make the necessary arrangements for marriage between the gipsy man and the little gipsy girl. The priest said he could not undertake to do it, as the forms of the church had not yet been complied with. "The ceremony must then be postponed," said Don Guimar; "and this interruption will be the means of delaying the punishment of the criminal; because, as my honour is engaged that he shall marry this gipsy, I must see the requisite forms of the church complied with. And for you, Sir, continued he, addressing the prisoner, "I draw the most favourable omen from this delay. But tell me, should fortune prove favourable in this instance, and at the moment you are exchanging vows with Preciosa, your pardon be pronounced, in which character would you wish to estimate your happiness? Would it be as André, or as the Don Juan de Carcame?" "I find," said the latter, with surprise, "that Preciosa has disclosed who I am. Never mind: I will not falsify my own heart. With her, and with her only, I centre every wish of my heart, every hope and comfort on this side the grave."—"Don Juan," said the governor, "I can contain no longer. I pronounce you innocent. I have heard all; and have the happiness to acquaint you, that the soldier has recovered, and that there is no longer any fear for his life. Preciosa shall be yours; and in possessing her, allow me to say that you possess all that I myself hold dearest upon earth. Yes, in giving you the hand of Preciosa, I give you Donna Constantia de Menesses, my only daughter, who, if she be equal to you in love, is not beneath you in connexions."

We have little to add: the union of these two fond lovers took place within a few days, approved of by all parties. Their romantic story was soon circulated throughout Spain; poets, large and small, made it the subject of many a dull and delightful ballad; and indeed so popular was it, that "may they love like the gipsy Preciosa," was the wish piously offered up for newly-wedded young ladies.

STANZAS. TO —.

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way."—MOORE.

LIKE the lightning's flash through the dark sky gleaming;
Like the noon-day sun through the dark clouds beaming,
Thy 'witching smile in this chamber of sadness,
Turns ilka thing, love, into mirth and to gladness.

But when thou art gone, love, no pleasure can cheer me,—
No solace I find, no comfort is near me;
And heavily passes the dull hour along,
When absent thy smile, and thy heart-cheering song.

'Twas the tear that trembled in thy lovely blue eye,
In that moment of love and of ecstasy,
That fixed me thine—thy lover for ever,
And thou vow'd thy heart should change, love, never.

And well hast thou kept, love, that vow of our childhood,
Pledged in our youth by yon wide-spreading wild-wood;
And dear to this heart, love, still art thou ever,
For the vow that I made thee, shall break, love, never.

G. M. B.

STANZAS ON EXISTENCE.

Yes! I would string the harp to grief,
 With sorrow's voice would wake the strain;
 The notes of woe may bring relief,
 When other notes would sound in vain.

And why this endless waste of life,
 This ceaseless tide of rolling years?
 These warring thoughts, this anxious strife,
 Unmeaning joys, and causeless fears?

Did we, when life's sweet op'ning morn
 Its fairy charms diffused around,
 Then feel the touch of Mis'ry's thorn,
 That gives a cureless, hopeless wound?

How changed our infant thoughts would seem;
 Our promised hours, how cold and drear;
 How would, for fancy's fairest gleam,
 The darkness of the grave appear!

Yes! all have felt, and all must feel,
 The blightings of life's onward way:
 Sad, trembling hope, shall scarce reveal
 The promise of a brighter day.

Thus shines the sun: in beauty's bloom
 The groves, the meadows smile around.
 Now fade his rays---a sadd'ning gloom,
 A darker night, does all surround.

I, too, must join the mournful band
 That scan, with mem'ry's tearful eye,
 The scathed page*---no soothings bland,
 No *feigned* joys, will hope supply.

But ruin, o'er the waste of years,
 With retrospective look, appals;
 Her brand th' affrighted bosom sears;
 Thy cherish'd idol, Fancy, falls!

Yes! I will string the harp to grief;
 With sorrow's voice will wake the strain;
 The notes of woe shall bring relief,
 When other notes but sound in vain.

Did Passion's child, the wild Rousseau,
 Or Byron, in his hour of grief,
 Ne'er find in thought a balm for woe;
 No solaced anguish, or relief?

Inquirer, cease! unfading pleasures
 Bloom not in a world like this;
 Too frail, alas! all earthly treasures,
 But sure is Heaven's undying bliss.

Φ.

* ——— "for to me
 The herald still of misery;
 Memory makes her influence known
 By sighs and tears, and grief alone.
 I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
 The vulture's rav'ning beak, the raven's fun'ral song."

THE VILLAGE FEAST.

— Mark the gay throng!
On Pleasure's wings they fly, and happiness
Illumines every face.

It was a fine morning in June, 18—, when my friend, Harry Neville, and myself stopped at the little village of Sandford, in Yorkshire. We drove up to the inn, over the door of which the Sandford Arms were posted, whilst a label underneath denoted, that there was "Good entertainment for man and horse." The attentive ostler took care of our cattle, and a smiling landlady ushered us into "the Travellers' Room," where a table, covered with a cloth that might have rivalled the snow for whiteness, and spread with cups and saucers, toast, a fine ham, and a smoking coffee-urn, gave symptoms of a comfortable breakfast being in a course of preparation, to which we were quite disposed to do justice. Besides ourselves, two other travellers were in the room, who appeared about to partake of the social meal; and a frank invitation to join them was accepted as frankly—and to work we went, making strange havoc amongst the viands our good hostess had set before us—a ride of fifteen miles having marvelously sharpened our appetites. For the first ten minutes we were all too briskly employed to lose much time in conversation; but, having somewhat abated the craving after animal food, we began to seek for a mental diet; and Neville broke the ice, by asking the elder of our two companions, if he knew what was going on in the village; as, from the number of busy fair seen bustling about, and the joy and hilarity visible on most of their countenances, it seemed that something more than ordinary was about to take place.

"Oh, it is the village feast, I believe," replied the person addressed.

"Feast! what's that?" said Neville.

"Why, here, in Yorkshire, at stated times in the year, what are called 'feasts' are held in almost every parish. It is a day of general frolicking; all the lads and lasses have holidays; every body keeps open house; and rustic sports, dancing, &c. crown the day."

"Egad!" said I, "we are come in the very nick of time. Who could have anticipated, that, in the retired village of Sandford, we should have been likely to meet with such good entertainment, during our enforced stay? We'll go and have a cruise amongst the villagers, and see what good luck we may get into."

"You will be sure to meet with a hearty welcome, if you are inclined to partake of their homely fare," replied our informant—whose name, by the bye, was Dorville, "Frank Dorville, of Russet Cottage, in the parish of Stokesley, in the North Riding of the county of York," as he very ceremoniously, but good-humouredly, told us was his address;—"and if you are inclined for a stroll, I shall be very happy to escort you."

"*Allons donc!*" said Neville; and our other companion at the breakfast-table having wished us good morning, we sallied out, to see and to be seen, and to beat up for some amusement among the merry villagers.

The village of Sandford consisted of one street, about a quarter of a mile in length, and a number of straggling houses; which, though built without much regard to conformity, had a very picturesque appearance, from the extreme neatness, that seemed to be the prevailing characteristic of the place. The clean, white-washed cottages, the doors and windows

freshly painted, the fronts adorned with the woodbine and the jasmine, curling, in wild luxuriance, and forming graceful trellises, around the doors and windows, and perfuming the air with their fragrant smell; the comfortable little gardens, in which utility and pleasure appeared to be equally blended; the distant fields, rich with the "staff of life," and giving earnest of the coming harvest; the healthy-looking population, who were, on this occasion, arrayed in their broad best—all contributed to give an indescribable charm to the scene; and united in forming, as a whole, a prospect which can only be seen in England—where equal laws and equal rights—a benevolent king, and a wise administration—and a public-spirited, beneficent landed proprietary, have raised the character of the peasantry of our happy land in the scale of society far beyond that of the peasantry of any other country—and conferred on the national character every thing which can excite respect, or inspire admiration.

But to return. Nearly in the centre of the village was a spacious green, on which, from time out of mind, the village fair had been held, and the village sports had taken place. The front windows of the Sandford Arms commanded a complete view of this arena for the display of rustic activity, on which stalls and booths were now erected; and at one end a mountebank was playing his "fantastic tricks," to amuse and cheat the gaping crowd—not, at this period of the day, a very numerous one; the afternoon being the more especial season for jollity, when the whole village was expected to pour forth its population, and the horse-racing, the sack-jumping, the wrestling, the foot-races, and other amusements, were intended to take place.

Sandford Hall, from which the village took its name, the seat of the noble family of the Sandfords—a fine edifice of "the olden time," that crowned an eminence about a quarter of a mile distance—also commanded a view of the green; and we were much pleased to see the old and young members of this family entering with interest into the sports of the day; mingling with their tenants and dependants, and promoting every scheme for rational and social mirth. As we mixed with the little groups of rustics, we heard the praises of their landlord uttered by every mouth, old and young; and our attention was particularly drawn to a beautiful girl, but whose countenance was the seat of the deepest sorrow, by an exclamation from a well-dressed farmer, who was superintending the arrangements for the horse-races, which were to commence after dinner—"Ah! there's Miss Lizzy—she's been on her old errand; always trying to make others happy, though miserable herself." I looked in the direction in which the farmer appeared to be gazing, and saw a young lady just leaving a cottage, that stood a little to the left; she was arrayed in white, a small chip hat confined her hair from straying over her face and shoulders, though several luxurious ringlets forced their way from beneath; her features were of the Grecian cast, and her form might have rivalled the celebrated Venus de Medicis for symmetry and fair proportions; a pensive smile lighted up her countenance as she waved a farewell to an ancient dame who followed her to the door, and who, as she turned into her "lowly cot," applied the corner of her apron to her face, as if wiping away the falling tear.

"Do you know that lady?" I inquired of Dorville.

"Yes, well," was his response. "She is the eldest daughter of Lord Sandford, and is no less distinguished for her virtue than her beauty, which you can see is of no mean order. In early life she was betrothed

to a young and gallant officer, a relative of the family, who followed the standard of his country on the Peninsula; he shared in most of the glorious encounters which took place there, and afterward accompanied General Graham to the Netherlands. They loved with all the ardour of two young and ingenuous hearts; but in the fatal attack of Bergen-ap-Zoom, he fell, while gallantly leading on his company; he was trampled down in the dark, amongst the dying and the dead; and when discovered the next morning, it was only by his accoutrements that he could be recognised. Poor Elizabeth Sandford has never recovered the shock. But she wears the willow with meek resignation; and in active benevolence seeks to lose the remembrance of her woe."

Neville and myself were both deeply interested in this little tale; and it served, for a short time, to check that buoyancy of spirits which the cheerful scenes around us were naturally calculated to excite. We visited the cottage which Miss Sandford had just left; and found it inhabited by an aged dame, a pensioner on her bounty—to whom she had that morning been carrying a spice cake, and cheese, that she might have something to regale her friends with at the feast. The old lady was loud in her praise; as well as in that of the whole family, whom she represented as benevolent and condescending in the highest degree.

The morning was spent in these rambles, and in forming an acquaintance with several of the villagers. We found all of them had made preparation to receive their friends, and to entertain them with substantial fare. Some had roasted large pieces of beef; a fine ham graced the table of others; those of the better sort prepared fowls and tarts, and other delicacies; and the spice cakes, cheese, and all, were seen in almost every house. About noon, the visitors from the neighbourhood began to arrive, and in less than an hour Sandford had, perhaps, doubled its usual population. Then the noise and glee commenced; the loud shout—the hearty laugh—the cordial greeting—all bespoke hearts at ease, and free from care. All exhibited the bright parts of an English country life, and displayed her unsophisticated peasantry in their true and genuine colours. It was a scene on which we dwelt with delight; and which must have gladdened the heart of every philanthropist—of every real lover of his country.

We adjourned to the Sandford Arms to dinner, and that inn no longer presented the appearance of quiet comfort which was its characteristic in the morning. Fresh guests were continually arriving; the front rooms were all occupied, and a *table d'hôte* was spread for the noon-tide repast, to which a large and merry party sate down. We were much amused with the various remarks elicited during the meal from the company, which consisted principally of young farmers and their sisters or sweethearts; and many a pretty face that day graced the board of honest James Thomson, the landlord of the Sandford Arms. Dinner passed merrily enough, and a few glasses of wine were hastily swallowed after the cloth was drawn, when the tinkling of a bell, and the shouts of the populace on the green, gave notice that the sports were about to begin. All was now commotion; and the house was soon cleared of its guests, excepting Neville, Dorville, and myself, who were taking our wine at a window that commanded a view of the green, and an interesting group, consisting of a fine athletic young man, an elderly female, and two young ones—one of them, from the resemblance, was easily discovered to be the sister, the other we conjectured to be the intended wife, of this rustic Adonis, whom the three females were earnestly persuading not to engage in something that after-

noon—but we could not distinguish what it was they wished him to abstain from. We heard him say, however, as he left the room, “You know, Mary, I love thee as my life—but I won’t be called craven, and he’s challenged me.” When he was gone, the females apparently hesitated whether to follow him or not; and before they had made up their minds, Neville accosted them, with the offer of accommodations at our window, where they could see every thing which was going forward. This was thankfully accepted—and as soon as they had taken their places, I said to the elder of the three, “I hope, Ma’am, that fine young man is not about to engage in a fight this afternoon.”

“No, Sir,” she replied, “he’s not going to fight, but to wrestle; and the man who has challenged him is stronger than he; and has such a spite against him, that we would have fain kept him from coming, but we could not.”

By dint of a few more inquiries, we learnt that Robert Smith was a farmer at a small village about two miles from Sandford. His father was dead; and his mother and sister (two of our three companions) resided with him, and took care of his house. The other young lady was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, to whom Robert paid his addresses. He had a rival, Thomas Strong, the blacksmith and farrier of the village, whom Mary Young had rejected in his favour. This had excited a strong feeling of resentment in the breast of Strong, which he had sought to gratify in various ways; and one of the prizes on this occasion being offered to the most successful competitor in a wrestling match, he had challenged Smith to contest it with him. Smith’s sense of honour would not suffer him to refuse this challenge, though his antagonist was reckoned a match for any man in the county, and his friends anticipated an unfortunate result.

Neither the horse-racing, nor the jumping in sacks, nor any of the other amusements that were going forward, had any charms for Mrs. Smith, or her two companions. Mary Young, in particular, seemed totally insensible to every thing that passed, till the cries of “Make room for the wrestlers, make room for the wrestlers,” awakened her interest, and she directed an eager gaze to the spot from whence the candidates for the prize—a very elegant belt—were approaching. Amongst the foremost was descried the fine manly form of Robert Smith; and at a little distance a tall stalwart figure, of almost gigantic proportions, denoted his antagonist and rival. There were several other candidates, none of whom, however, appeared very capable of coping with either of these two young men. Observing the colour fast receding from the face of the interesting girl, who had evidently bestowed every affection of her heart upon young Smith, I insisted upon her taking a glass of wine, and pledging me to the success of her lover; she complied, and Neville and Dorville joined Mrs. Smith and her daughter in the same pledge. We also endeavoured to cheer their spirits by expressing our belief of Robert’s success; and by the time the arrangements were completed, the trio had attained a little more composure. Two rings were formed, in one of which Strong, and in the other Smith, challenged all comers. Several encounters took place, but none of particular interest: it was evident, both in science and in strength, they were superior to all their competitors, each of whom was content with one fall, none of them being anxious to try a second. But, at length, these minor trials of strength being concluded,—trials which only seemed calculated to give the two champions a breathing, and to ani-

mate their spirits without enfeebling their frame,—the preparations were made for the grand encounter between them. Then I marked the quick gradations of colour in the lovely Mary's countenance, whose agitation soon became so extreme, that she was obliged to retire from the window. Mrs. and Miss Smith accompanied her to the other end of the room, and Dorville, Neville, and myself remained to watch the event.

It was evident, that both the men were determined, if possible, to conquer. It was evident, too, that though Strong had the advantage in strength, yet Smith was more compactly made; his limbs seemed more firmly knit together; and he appeared to be a very fair match for his rival. Dorville observed all this in a moment, and turning round to the females, he exclaimed, "Courage, courage, I'll wager my head he throws him."

And now the strife began; the men had taken their gripes, and were eagerly watching for an opening which would afford either an advantage. Now they attempted to trip each other, and now, by main strength, to lift each other from the ground. The contest was arduous; all our feelings were deeply interested in the result; and when we found it was continued much longer than we had anticipated, our fears lest the strength of the Blacksmith should enable him to tire out his competitor gained ground. At length, the two men seemed determined to put an end to the affray; Strong caught Smith by the waist, and exerted all his strength to lift him from the ground, but in vain; the latter stood firm as a castle; in recovering himself from the effort, Strong made a false step, Smith eagerly seized it, and putting out his foot, tripped him up, and he extended his length on the sward. An astounding shout announced that the contest was ended; and we had scarcely time to congratulate the now enraptured trio, before the crowd who had seized the victor, and placed him on their shoulders, arrived under the window, where they seemed to be aware his mother, sister, and mistress were placed, and, with three times three cheers, hailed his victory. This was a moment such as can occur only at intervals, "like angels' visits, few and far between;" but, if occurring only once in a man's life, would be well worth living for. The unconstrained joy of the mother, the scarcely more chastened pleasure that was visible in the whole demeanour of the sister, the modest bashfulness of Mary,—who, whilst the fate of her lover was in suspense, gave full scope to her tenderness, and sought not to disguise her emotions—whilst she seemed now afraid to trust herself to look up, lest the spectators should read all her soul in her expressive countenance;—the elastic bound with which Smith entered the room, and the free and happy gaiety that now characterized him, so different from the thoughtful, pensive mood in which he quitted it about two hours before,—the eager congratulations of his friends,—and the bustling joyous animation of the crowd,—altogether was so animating, was so exciting, that Neville and Dorville united in declaring afterward, and I fully sympathized with them, that they had never felt altogether so happy, so elevated above this world and its sorrows, as at that period.

It was long before any thing like a calm was restored; for the peculiar circumstances under which the contest between Smith and Strong had commenced and ended, as they were at first known to many, soon became the general theme; the Sandford Arms was crowded with lads and lasses, eager to see the victor and his interesting mistress; the green was almost deserted; and even Mr. Merryman for some time was left to cut his capers, and perform his tricks of legerdemain, to a very slender audience.

But all things must have an end : so had this interesting scene. The mere crowd, whom curiosity had drawn together, soon dispersed, to seek for other sources of amusement, or to relate the adventures of the day to those who had not been able to witness them ; the immediate friends of the parties, after perhaps about an hour, alone remained in the room ; and a few minutes of exquisite enjoyment, I doubt not, were spent by the lovers, whom we noticed in earnest converse, detached from the rest of the party. It was soon, however, announced, that "the ball" was about to commence ; and, determined to end the day as we began it, my friends and myself repaired to the barn, which was tastefully fitted up for the purpose, and, maugre the heat of a June evening and night, we did not cease "tripping on the light fantastic toe," till the sun had long sent forth his beams upon this naughty world.

Several years have since elapsed, but the occurrences of Sandford feast will never be erased from my memory : and though I have since been present at, and shared in, the festivities on similar occasions, yet they have wanted the zest that gave so much interest to the events of the one I have briefly and imperfectly described ; and the pleasure of which was only equalled, perhaps, by that I experienced, when, passing through the same village a few months after, I led the fair bride down the first country-dance, to the merry and appropriate tune of "Haste to the wedding,"—it being the nuptial-day of Robert Smith and Mary Young.

W. C.

STANZAS.

I LOOK'D at morning on the landscape bright,
The sun was gleaming from his eastern groves,
While zephyrs play'd, and each warm ray of light
Oped, as it fell, the violet and the rose.

I look'd at noon, but Oh ! 'twas gone, 'twas gone,
And in its stead wild winds were roaring high,
The rain fell fast, and loneliness and gloom
Hung on the burden'd surface of the sky.

And thus, I cried, are our unhappy ways :
Each fond idea, beautiful and fair,
We nourish'd in the morning of our days,
Soon flits away, and leaves us to despair.

But evening cast her mantle on the world,
And ere the distance faded into night,
I saw again the glorious view unfurl'd,
In all the soften'd mellowness of light.

So we, when woes, that tear our middle course,
And make us weary of the world, shall cease---
When spent is each misfortune's direful force,
May sink in brightness, and may sleep in peace.

J. F.

LOVE.

SOME bards there are, who liken Love
To the fair star that glows above,
At nights and morns :
But love is far more like the *Moon* ;
A borrow'd light that fadeth soon
In a pair of horns.

J. H. H.

BREAKING-IN A SERVANT.

BY THE "HERMIT."

"TEL maitre tel valet," says an old French adage: "Like master, like man," is also quoted in England; but it holds not so strongly in comparison here, as it does abroad, because honest Mr. Bull is a dignified, thinking, reserved character, and does not make so free with his domestics as our neighbours on the continent. With us, if you see a master very free with his servants, you may rely upon it, that he is either a ruined man, or that he is in the power of one, or more, of his household; either from being in their debt, or in other general pecuniary difficulties; or he has vices to hide, scrapes to keep secret, misconduct to conceal, or some moral or physical defect, the disclosure of which would ruin him, or, at least, deeply injure him, in his family in particular, or in society in general: he therefore is over and above condescending and familiar, by which he loses all respect; and his secret will, nevertheless, be far from safe.

Except in these instances, English servants are respectful, orderly, and in their proper places; so much so indeed, that I remember the English groom of a certain French duke, very much annoyed by his master's ease and freedom with him, and on the duke's patting him on the back, observed, that he was afraid that he was not going to pay him his wages regularly—and the fellow judged rightly. It is true that we do see a very orderly man have his establishment in great form and propriety; a moral master have moral servants; and a highly polished nobleman or gentleman have extremely civil, submissive, and attentive valets, and other attendants; and this remark holds good, most particularly, in the inferior departments of his most Gracious Majesty's household; and in those of the rest of the Royal Family; but this only happens occasionally; for, on the contrary, how often do we find religious, benevolent, and generous masters and mistresses, served by the sauciest, most idle, profligate, and wasteful livery-men, and others, who abuse their bounty and betray their trust. Passing from these, the object of these few remarks is to notice the two extremes in the serving line, from the valet-de-chambre, groom of the chambers, butler, confectioner, and stud-groom, down to the footman, and attendants in the stable. These two extremes are, the insolent, coxcombical, high-dressed, town-bred fellows, who vapour about, and put decency and mediocrity in rank and property to the blush, in the halls and ante-chambers of the great, and at the entry of Kensington Gardens, and every other fashionable public place, where these locust "*fruges consumere nati*," are to be found in crowds, chattering away their employers' reputations, and circulating the scandal of the town, caught up whilst waiting at banquets, or passing through the drawing-rooms of the *beau-monde*:—and the opposite *genus* of country bumpkins, two-fisted foot-boys, left-handed, marble-playing grooms, and creatures out of their place, who, from the penury or ambition of those whom they serve, are offensive and ridiculous:—for instance, a tea-table stable-boy, who has such an odour about him, that dandies and die-away ladies, are obliged to have recourse to a smelling-bottle, or to *eau de Cologne*, to support his presence; and hulky footmen, bumping along upon a cheap pony, or colossal coach-horse, in gaiters, instead of boots; a twig procured, gratis, from a hedge, and their toes turned out, to follow Madam, or Cockney Monsieur, in the ride of the Park. Penury or ambition cause

these anomalies in *would-be* fashionable life, because either the master is a miser, and will not go to the price of an accomplished town servant; or makes one poor devil do the work of three; or ambition stimulates the head of the house to keep a being in livery, ill clad and paid; when the fortune of the employer can scarcely suffice to keep self. And we see this struggle of pride most frequent amongst professional males and aged spinsters; and most commonly in natives of the land of Thistles! Touching the education of servants, or the breaking them in (for they must often beso, to the temper, circumstances, and caprice of masters and mistresses), and which is the main object of this sketch—the task is easy in high life—the butler instructs the first footman, *he* breaks in his juniors in place; the coachman drills the postillions; the stud-groom dresses (and sharply sometimes) the other grooms, stable-boys, and helpers, cook masters scullion, and housekeeper tyrannizes over all the maids; whilst my Lord's man, and my Lady's waiting-woman, ape their betters, and are mighty independent, enterprising characters. But, in the minor circles, master and mistress must have that drudgery themselves, and a drudgery it is, although Miss Cassandra Budge told the writer of this article, that she had completely succeeded in breaking-in her foot-boy to her *own hand* (by what means, is best known to herself), and that he now was as active a servant as the first nobleman's in the land, and would do twice as much work. Notwithstanding, foot-boys never can be stylish, except as helpers; and their monkey tricks are often most ridiculous, such as playing the fool behind a mistress's back, nibbling a biscuit, when hunger prompts them, whilst following madam, shopping over half the town; or poking their fingers into notes, to get a peep at their contents. The following story will more clearly prove this assertion, and is offered in conclusion of these observations.

Lady S. tired of the waste and idleness of town servants, brought down to — Park, held a consultation with the clergyman's wife, and it was agreed between them, to look out for a well-principled, innocent youth of the neighbourhood, whose honesty might be depended upon, and who would be proud to be taken into the service of a titled lady, and would not be above being taught, in contradistinction to pert waiting-women, who tell you they are *agreeable to any thing*, and impudent varlets, who assure you that they know their work, and consider that they *almost* do you an honour by serving you, after coming out of the *employ* (as they call it) of a rake of noble name—and, “let no such man be trusted.” Well, the Reverend Mrs. Preach-hard found out a biped to follow her ladyship, and to listen attentively, and with docility, to her instructions, and promptly and distinctly to obey her orders. Now, unfortunately, a footman, in high life, has to learn certain things which it might be as well to unlearn in humble moral life; and one, amongst the number, is telling white lies, such as, “My Lady's not at home;” which might be better got over by, Her Ladyship is not visible, borrowed from the French, “*Madam la Comtesse n'est pas visible.*” But then, again, it would be difficult to get a bumpkin to understand what an invisible lady is. And country cousins, and other visitors, kind, loving, and troublesome, would be very apt to insist upon making their lodgement good; and once admitted, would favour their friends with a visitation of two hours, or more. To affect importance in thundering at doors, opening wide folding-doors, and in putting on a certain degree of pert flippancy in delivering a message, is an equally hard task to a decent, homespun article, in the shape of a foot-boy; and

our reader will see how the lad to *be broken-in*, acquitted himself in these particulars. His first appearance, after being the servant of servants below stairs, was to follow his mistress's carriage in a drive to the county-town, where she had a number of visits to return; and he was instructed to knock hard at the doors, to have his Lady's card ready to deliver, in the hope of not being let in; and to jump up briskly behind the carriage, when this ceremony was over. The leaping performance cost him a broken leg whilst under practice; but he considered himself a second harlequin at the business now, and shewed off his agility wonderfully in this particular point; as to knocking, he gave such a single knock at the first door which he came to, that it was like the report of a cannon. "Knock again!" cried Lady S——, blushing at his awkwardness; he did, one more thump, which shook the walls. "Again!" she cried, mortified at his stupidity; he did so once more, when the porter ran, all terror, to the gate, and on beholding Giles, with his mouth open, "Whose idiot are you?" he exclaimed; "Why, my Lady's;" the porter recovered himself, begged pardon, and received the card; and Giles received a sharp rebuke, and was called a downright ass, for which he piped his eye in the servants' hall, and said, "Mistress called him a donkey; but he was no more a donkey than any body else in the family." At the next door he was told to knock a sharp, hard, and continuous rap, which he executed with such vehemence, that the cry of fire issued from every apartment; and her Ladyship was so enraged, that she drove off without her lout, and left him to get home on foot. Nor was he much more successful in his in-door service, than in the department of the exterior. "Not at home," was put into his mouth, for all morning visitors; and he uttered it in a low and hesitating tone, with a face as red as scarlet, whenever the assertion was at variance with truth; but it was a pill which he was obliged to stomach, although it went much against it. The Curate's wife called next day—it was a hard struggle, but out he bolted it, as brazen as possible, "My Lady's not at home; that she ba'n't;" and with that Mrs. Preach-hard retreated, somewhat affronted. He ran quickly to boast of his address to her Ladyship, when she applied to him the epithet of an indiscriminating beast. The first word was unintelligible, she might as well have called him a windmill; but the last cut him to the quick; he looked down confused and petrified. "Run after her, blockhead, and tell her that I am at home to her." "Oh! ees, my Lady;" so off he scampers, and addresses the parson's wife with, "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, I told a lie; but it's not my fault—my Lady bid me do so to every body; but now she says that she is at home to you; so I'll tell no more lies about it." Mrs. P. settled her ruff, and called up a look as she passed the mirror in the breakfast-room; and was proceeding on to the blue-room, which leads out to the lawn, but Giles had left the door open behind him, and was making a leg to introduce the accepted visitor, when the banker's fair daughter, and a very talkative second cousin, tripped nimbly up the avenue, gained the marble hall, and followed up their success by a smart advance, which placed them some paces in the rear of the first lady. Giles was now quite overturned; but summoning up courage, he retrograded; and placing his leg across the door, he said, in a discreet tone; "Woho! stop a moment, ladies; I say, my Lady, who many more on 'em am I to let in?" For this he was turned away, and Lady S. had her whole morning sacrificed to unwelcome intruders. These are the drawbacks from the advantages arising from breaking-in servants, and from the economy of keeping live lumber, useless and unable to per-

form their office for a considerable time; and having to part with them when the trouble of teaching them has ceased; numskulls that have been all the winter learning to shut the door, and have just got their lesson perfect in the commencement of June, and obstinately persist in it during the dog days, or *vice versa*, to the great annoyance of the whole family. Nor can the subject of juvenile awkwardness and tricks be dismissed, without stating a circumstance in high life, not very dissimilar. The Queen's pages of honour, in France, required some drilling as to how to carry her train; and I remember the young Count de B—— laughing with a brother page, when grown up and in the army, and reminding of having eaten half-a-pound of cherries out of *la queue de la Reine*—a fine trick for the train.

Should the reader be anxious to know what has become of honest Giles, he or she will learn, with surprise, that he is now in the service of a Duchess, and is as accomplished a liar, &c. &c. as any man in town!

AN OBSERVER.

A SKETCH.

HER form is of most perfect symmetry,
As pure and spotless as the lovely sky
That canopies fair Italy:---and there's
A nameless buoyancy perceptible
In her light step, that bounds upon the air
With all the life of one untouch'd by sorrow.
Her face is not of perfect loveliness,
Although it is of Grecian character;
But yet there is a sweetness that pervades
The whole---a smile the most bewildering.
And in her fine dark eye there is a light
That plays like sunshine; it unmans the wretch
Who could, with sensuality, look on
So beautiful a flower, and wish to crush it!
And then there is a glance of playfulness,
And archful innocence, that steals upon
The heart, and wakens it to love. Her hair
Is dark, and hangs in rich and glossy curls
Upon a brow of modesty: it is
Most sweet to see her when, with her fair hand,
She parts those waving ringlets, that are soft
As the dove's plumage: oh! the action is
Of sylph-like excellence, and far excels
The sculptor's mastery;---and then to hear
Her voice---it is of sweetest melody!
It thrills through every nerve, and bends us down
To its fine matchless power; it does subdue,
And "steeps our senses in forgetfulness"
Of every thing that is within the world,
Save its soft cadences alone, and her,
The mistress of such witchery. But, ah!
There is a charm within the subject of
This feeble sketch, more dear to him that loves,
And truly lives for her alone, than all
The outward beauties I have mentioned here---
It is a matchless and a peerless mind.

Θηρα.

THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

THE greater number of our readers are, doubtless, well acquainted with the ruinous consequences of the South-Sea bubble. They are also, perhaps, aware, that at the period when this bubble, as it has been most aptly termed, was sapping the best interests of this country, a scheme, equally extensive in its operations, and followed by equally calamitous effects, was hurrying the French nation on to destruction. The particulars of the latter scheme, however, may not be so generally known as those of the former, and therefore we propose, briefly, to relate them.

At the death of Lewis the Fourteenth, the finances of France were in a most ruinous state—the result of a protracted and expensive war; and the Regent, whose habits fitted him more for the drawing-room than the council-chamber, had few hopes of being enabled to improve them. At this juncture, a Capt. John Law, a native of Edinburgh, who had fled from England in consequence of having killed a person in a duel, arrived at Paris. This Law had been travelling in Italy, Germany, Holland, and other places, making himself acquainted with the history of their trade and commerce. At Amsterdam he made particular inquiries into the regulation of the bank; and hence, perhaps, the many finance-schemes which he subsequently submitted to the ministers and princes of various countries. In order to relieve the tediousness of his travels, he gambled wherever he went; and is reported to have won sums to the amount of 100,000*l*.

On his arrival in Paris, Law became intimate with the Regent, to whom he had been formerly known; and over whose mind he now exercised considerable influence. He, at first, proposed to set up a national bank; but this scheme was rejected. He was allowed, however, to open a private bank, in conjunction with his brother, the notes of which should be received in payment of the taxes. This institution was calculated to be of much benefit to the kingdom; but the Regent observing the profits likely to accrue from it, took the business into his own hands, under the name of the Royal Bank.

In the mean time, Law commenced the execution of the great Mississippi scheme, so called from its object being the possession and trade of the whole of Louisiana, a province watered by that great river. The property of the company was divided into 200,000 *actions*, or shares, of 500 *livres* each. Reports were circulated of new mines having been discovered in Louisiana; and ingots of gold, said to have been found there, were taken to the mint. Towards the end of 1718, the company were granted the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies, China, and the South Seas; and 50,000 new shares were created, in consequence of their increased business. In 1719, 300,000 other shares were created, and the demand still increased so much, that, in November of the same year, 10,000 *livres* were given for a single share.

“ In the mean time a universal frenzy had seized the nation. Peers, judges, cardinals, bishops, ladies, ministers, shopkeepers, footmen—all turned gamblers, and speculated from morning till night, on the rise and fall of stock. A clerk of the bank, seeing the avidity of the speculators to buy paper, called out to the crowd pressing at the door, ‘ Never fear, gentlemen, all your money shall be taken.’ A physician going to visit a lady, exclaimed all the time he felt her pulse, ‘ It falls—it falls—oh, good God! it falls!’ The lady, alarmed, started, and ran to the bell; but the doctor, surprised in his turn, relieved her anxiety, by telling her he was only speaking of the stocks. Two men of letters, M. de la Mothe, and the Abbé Terrason, talking together of the madness that had infected the nation, congratulated themselves that they were superior to the common delusion; but it so happened, that

not long afterward, the two scholars met in the Rue Quincampoix, where they had both come to bargain for actions. As the shame was mutual, they rallied each other, and pursued their course. The Rue Quincampoix, where this traffic was carried on, became so continually thronged, that the houses situated in it were let at an extravagant rate. Houses for which eight hundred *livres* rent were usually paid, now yielded from six to sixteen thousand; and even a cobbler, who had a stall of planks placed against a garden, earned two hundred *livres* a-day, by letting chairs, and furnishing pens and paper. Nay, a hump-backed man was said to have made one hundred and fifty thousand *livres* in a few days, by letting out his back as a writing-desk to the brokers."

Many anecdotes are related respecting these scenes of *wholesale gambling*. The following are among the best we have met with. They are taken from an account of the scheme in Lord John Russell's excellent "*Memoirs*:"

"The immense rise in the price of actions was naturally attended with sudden revolutions of fortune; persons in the lowest stations of life were lifted by the expansion of the bubble, to the highest; and their behaviour, in their new position, gave occasion to many ridiculous occurrences. Mr. Law's coachman having made his fortune, asked his master's leave to quit his service; to which Mr. Law consented, with the condition, that he would provide another as good as himself. The man brought two of his former comrades, and desiring Mr. Law to choose, said that he himself would take the other to drive his own carriage. A Mdlle. Begond, being one night at the opera, observed a lady enter magnificently dressed; she looked at her a short time, and then whispered her mother, 'I am much mistaken, if this fine lady is not Mary, our cook.' The whisper spread through the theatre, till at length it reached the ears of the object of it; who, turning round to Mdlle. Begond, said, 'It is true, I am Mary, your cook; I won a large sum of money in the Rue Quincampoix. I like fine clothes, and fine jewels; and you see me dressed in them. I have paid for every thing I have on; can every one else say as much?' The most absurd blunders were made by these favourites of fortune. One of them, who had ordered a coach, being asked what arms he wished to have on the carriage, answered, 'Oh! the finest, by all means.' A footman had become rich enough to buy a handsome carriage; but when it came to the door, he got up behind, instead of in the inside. A lady, whose husband, a baker's son, had bought a vast quantity of fine plate, arranged it for supper in so strange a fashion, that the soup was served up in a bason for receiving church offering; and the chalices were made to serve the office of salt-sellers. The rise of the stock was so rapid, that great fortunes were made, as it were, by accident. A person who was taken ill, sent his servant to sell two hundred and fifty shares, at 8,000 *livres* each; but, in the mean time, the shares had risen to 10,000, and the servant gained 500,000 *livres*, which he put in his pocket. Many similar instances occurred of agents making a fortune at the expense of their employers."

On the 5th of January, 1720, Law was declared comptroller-general; and so brilliant had hitherto been the success which attended his scheme, that Lord Stair, our ambassador at the court of France, wrote to the English ministry in terms of very great apprehension on the subject. Law having gone so far as to say that he would break our bank whenever he had a mind.

The system at length began to decline: those who were acquainted with money transactions, perceiving that the price of the shares could not last, turned their stock into cash, and retired to other countries. "One Vermalet, having gained more than a million *livres*, conveyed them to Holland, in a cart of hay and straw, driven by himself." Specie soon became scarce, and Law was called upon to provide for the difficulty. Several edicts and restrictions were the consequence; and hence a general suspicion and distrust were excited. In February the Royal Bank was incorporated with the company, and paper, to a prodigious amount, was issued. But in April the distress of the finances was made manifest, by an order for the reduction of the *rentes* to two and a half per cent. instead of five. Edict followed upon edict; but every attempt to revive the lost credit was without effect; and on the 27th of May the bank was closed.

Partial payments were subsequently made; and many persons lost their lives in the crowds which surrounded the bank doors, in the hope of obtaining cash for their otherwise useless paper. At length (in October) appeared an edict, by which the notes were deprived of all value after the 1st of the following November. This was the death-blow of the whole system.

Law, finding himself becoming unpopular, took refuge in the Palais Royal; and, as the indignation of the public became more violent, resigned all his offices. In a few days he left France, travelled through various countries, and ultimately settled at Venice, where he died in 1729, nearly in a state of penury.

We trust that this brief outline of the history of a scheme which has many parallels at the present moment, will have its due weight with those who, misled by the specious and alluring tales of designing persons, are pursuing a course which must, inevitably, bring ruin upon themselves and their families. How many aching hearts are there in this country, even whilst we are putting these sentences to paper, in consequence of the visionary schemes which have been daily springing up around us? And how many thousands more will there be when these glittering bubbles shall burst, and the victims of a blind infatuation shall awake from the enchantment that surrounds them, to the contemplation of their blighted hopes and shattered fortunes.

SONG.

THE wreath of love---the wreath of love,
That Cupid's mother gave her boy,
When first its smiling leaves she wove,
She hoped to form alone of joy;
And gathered from her Ida's brow,
The buds herself had taught to glow.
And as in joyful mood she hung
Above the chaplet, musingly,
With magic voice her spell she sung,
Bidding it bloom eternally;
As o'er her unform'd work she threw
The blessing of Elysian dew.

The wreath of love---the wreath of love!
What bower can match the flowers that dress it?
Since Venus' self its chaplets wove,
Since Venus' song was sung to bless it.

But when all-envious Até knew
What spell the Cyprian Goddess wreath'd;
More wan her form of paleness grew,
Amid the scatter'd flowers she breath'd,
And threw her cypress boughs between
The blossoms of the Paphian Queen.
And Venus, when she bow'd again
Amid the garlands that she bore,
Took up the clinging leaves of Pain,
'Stead of her myrtle's fragrant store,
And o'er them sung, unknowingly,
"Oh! may ye bloom unfadingly!"

The wreath of love---the wreath of love,
Of sorrow, who can dispossess it?
Since Venus' self its chaplets wove,
Since Venus' song was sung to bless it.

C. B.

THE AUTHOR.

BY THE "HERMIT."

By this *an Author's* fate is truly known---
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

No being in the creation is more unfortunate than an author: yet he experiences less sympathy than the lowest and most depraved of the mendicant class—he is taxed with idleness, blamed for his talent, slighted by the prosperous and proud; pursued by tradesmen, oppressed by law, and sacrificed, during life, by all those through whose hands his works pass. "Why did he take up such a trade?" (for so tradesmen and the illiterate call it)—"How much better it would be to earn an honest, industrious livelihood!"—"What a pity that he should be so poor; he must certainly be neglectful and extravagant." All these are the illiberal remarks of those to whom he owes money, or who fear that he should ask them for relief.

Again: they will tell you that he must be depraved, profligate, or wasteful; for they know that his works are selling uncommonly well, and yet how shabbily he goes dressed: on which account people don't like him to come into their houses; or they will blame him for losing a patron, or for writing against the follies and misconduct of the great; and if he has committed matrimony (the greatest crime which he can commit), that he deserves all he has brought himself to; and they only pity his poor wife, who, at the same time, they take care not to assist.

Few men embrace the occupation of an author from choice; they have either met with ill success in some line in which they have been brought up, or brilliant inspiration stimulates them to try their fortune in the literary world, or in that of poetic fancy, from the praise and approbation which some juvenile essay may have met with; and which turns them aside from any other pursuit which they may have had in meditation. Thus launched on timid and uncertain wing, they soar to the Parnassian height, and spurn all baser avocations! The poet and the author's mede is praise—elevated and warmed by it, their creative minds form daily new objects of delight; their works are read, approved, grow popular, and acquire extensive circulation. Even the reviewers spare one leaf of the laurel—smile propitiously on their pages, and give them a favourable word. The bard or prose-writer's fate is now decided: he sees independence before him—he indulges in golden dreams of fortune and of fame; becomes unfit for the drudgery of life, for domestic nipping and making out, scraping and saving; and has ever in perspective, but never within his grasp, the means of living comfortably, and of paying his debts. Or if he be a prose-writer, whether florid, satirical, or deep read and metaphysical, he is encouraged, at first, by some patron, who afterward turns his back upon him. He is noticed to be deceived by some party; he is assisted with a little money by some publisher, who arrests him for it afterward, and throws him into prison—whence he *writes himself out*. He hears every where good accounts of his works, and speculates on their sale; but then comes in a long account for advertising, a paper-maker's snipe-like bill, the publisher's per centage, and the unsold volumes, as a drawback upon those that were eagerly bought at first; or, "Your first edition went off admirably, Sir," thus says the publisher, "but the second is almost entirely on hand; *it may* sell in time, but I rather think that its day is gone by." It does sell in time; in detail it answers; but that suits

not the poor author, his shelves are covered with summonses, copies of writs, and lawyers' letters. His wardrobe has travelled to the Lombardy Arms—it is *two to one* that he will never see the articles which composed it again. His lodging-woman is saucy to him—she insults him, and says, that “if he is a *gemman*, he should *hact* as *sitch*.” His butcher, baker, grocer, publican, and milk-woman, have all stopped supplying him, and his appetite is keener than ever; he must, therefore, take what he can get for his work; and when he has got it, he must pay it all away immediately, and leave himself penniless. Yes: but then having *once* paid so well, his credit will be good? not a bit—they all refuse him. “’Fegs they had a narrow escape last time;” and Ma’am Bounce, who lets him her two-pair-of-stairs’ room, tells him roundly, like a bouncing B. as she is, that he must *shift his rubbidge*, for had she *a-known* that he had nothing to depend upon but that *ere* writing of his, she would not have taken him in; for she could have let her lodgings, three weeks ago, to an attorney’s clerk. The very name of the attorney’s clerk drives the author out of doors; and in removing, one of his most valuable manuscripts is lost. This is but a part of the misfortunes which pursue the man of talents and of letters.

But why is he unfitted for any other profession? His education lifts him above trade; his refined ideas give him a taste for expense; he spurns what is low, vulgar, base, and degrading. His mind is boundless, his thoughts are free, his language is nervous, his satire is keen, his numbers are melodious; and can he contract such a mind into the petty management of a narrow purse? Can he fetter his imagination, and confine it to servile flattery and paltry cunning? Can he prostitute his pen to serve a party, or a man whom his honour and conscience teach him to despise, the one or the other? Can he reject the inspirations of his muse to turn to some mean pursuit? No: liberty is his pride; and, alas! no one is more likely to lose it. But the soul is not enslaved: in the obscurity of his dungeon, in the bitterness of suffering, his powerful arm will lash and confound his persecutors. One satire, one page, may consign them to immortality in infamy. Through the bars of his prison, where a penurious beam of light scarcely falls upon his paper, he will pour forth the harmonious strain of leftiness, or soft complaining, and melt to pity, or inspire with patriotic fire, thousands to whom he is unknown. But he must borrow on his volumes, and part with them far below their value, to get him light and fire, and to restore him to society again. Society! did I say? He has none: like a ship under quarantine, he is cut off from men, and avoided, lest the contagion of poverty should infect those with whom he might come in contact. He has a few acquaintances, and many admirers; but the degraded state of his wardrobe prevents him from visiting them. Man was not formed for solitude; love is directed by no Court Calendar, London Directory, nor cash-book, in his choice; his wings, spangled with the dews of heaven, waft him to where his fancy and his passion magnetically attract him. The poet and the author are more susceptible, perhaps, than any other character; their feelings are so sensitive, their disposition so warm, their sympathies so tender—thence they fall into Hymen’s net. Their dwelling becomes an Elysium; their life a dream of bliss; their home and cot an earthly paradise, until the grim hag, Poverty, lifts the latch, and scares them with her horrid face; or a sturdy tax-gatherer warns them to quit, and seizes their goods and chattels, books, charts, lute, and lady’s one silk-gown. A patron might have paid his debts, but he has lost him. Fie, for shame!

Of what? He could not brook the slights and swellings of arrogance; the *not at homes*; the consignment to the corner of the room; the verbal answer to a polite written communication; the unopened application; or the insulting relief conveyed by a fat, insolent footman; he recoiled at the vulgarity of riches; at the ignorance of the placeman; and at the heartlessness of one who became his agent, in order to make a fortune by his works; lastly, he was ill at his ease at my Lord's, where he was endured instead of welcomed, and where neglect and silence were his portion, whilst he detected my Lady's eye of scorn aimed at his thread-bare garment; and, on another occasion, beheld a grin on the butler's phiz, produced by perceiving a small fissure at his elbow.

Thus life runs on with those who write for bread; their works survive them, and gain them, what men *call*, immortality. A peer buries one superbly; a man of renown furnishes the splendid funeral of another; a society vote a mausoleum to a third; Westminster Abbey receives the remains of a fourth. The publisher will drop a tear over the urn of each; the bookseller will look pensive, and say, "Poor fellow!" Rich relations will wear mourning; they who profess the arts and sciences, will follow the departed to the grave; his loss is felt who made money for the publisher and bookseller, for the stationer and printer, for those who sold him in any shape; nay, even for his enemies, who lived upon his flesh, the attorney and broker, the sheriff's officer and his follower, the appraiser and undertaker; but having passed through so many, and such hard, hands, being sifted through so many sieves, how little must remain for self! *Flesh! flesh! how art thou fishified!* With Homer and Goldsmith, Butler, Savage, and Cervantes, their fate must be the author's epitaph:

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves,
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

SEA SONG.

Sigh for the Sailor
 Whom Ocean holds deeply:
 When the hoarse surges roar,
 Slumbers he sweetly.
 Sea Nymphs shall deck him
 With red-weed and coral;
 And his true-maid from far,
 Soon---soon, shall follow!

Each mournful anthem
 The sea-bird is singing,
 Each lovely wild-flower
 The Nereids are bringing---
 Salt caverns cover
 His name and his story.
 Reckless of infamy!
 Reckless of glory!

War thunders o'er him,
 But nothing he heeds it;
 Patriots may mourn him,
 But little he needs it.
 Sunk are his pulses
 To Death's heavy numbers;
 Sighless his tranquil breast,
 Dreamless his slumbers.

J. F.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

"Masters, I am to discourse wonders."

SWIFT, in his dissertation on the "*Bathos*," has given some admirable illustrations of that style of writing. In particular may be mentioned his extracts from the poets in their comparisons of the Deity. Proceeding in the same method of criticism, he would have ridiculed the use of one of our most familiar phrases—"the march of mind"—which he would have termed a likening of the human intellect to a *grenadier*. It is, therefore, with a fear of the good old Dean's departed spirit before our eyes, that we announce our intentions to speak, in this paper, of the *gigantic strides* which the mind has, of late years, taken. When we look around us, and behold the mighty efforts of our genius—when we gaze upon the multiplied monuments of our ambitious energies, and revert to the dormant intellect of those who have gone before us—to the passive simplicity and rude ignorance of former ages—we are bewildered with the contemplation of our own superiority, and the barbarous want of talent in our ancestors. This is an age of improvement—the blessings of philosophical research are pouring in upon us on every side. Every occupation has its professors—our very wigs, as somebody has said, are made upon *principles*, which used to be made upon *blocks*; and the outsides of men's heads frequently display as much science, as was formerly contained in the insides of them. The humblest professions, or, rather, we should say, those that were once considered the humblest professions, may now boast of men whose splendid talents have ensured for them a glorious immortality. The names of Ross, Stultz, and Hoboy, will descend to posterity with the accumulated admiration and gratitude of endless ages. There is certainly as wide a difference between a *barber* of former times, and the *peruquier* of the present—between a vulgar *tailor* of those days, and an enlightened *designer of man's apparel* of these, as between Cocker and Newton.

It is customary to characterize a people from their habits and propensities. Scotland has been termed a nation of gentlemen; Ireland a nation of beggars and brawlers; England a nation of gormandisers; but who does not see that the latter would have been more aptly termed a nation of geniuses? The intellect of this country which lay confined for so many centuries, has at length burst forth like the fire of a volcano. Look, for instance, at our poets—springing up around us like young mustard—those mighty master-spirits, whose effusions alone are sufficient to give vitality to the world. Then there is the "*Great Unknown*," or, which amounts to the same thing, the "*Little Known*;" and all the host of dealers in the pathetic and the tender. Every body is now an author. If a man cannot write a book, he knows how to *review* one. If he cannot compose an epic, he can write a sonnet for the "*New London*," or some country newspaper. If he knows nothing of Greek, Syriac, or Chaldee, he can get up an English grammar. If he be unequal to such a work as Blackstone's Commentaries, he can manage a pamphlet on the corn laws. If he cannot write a history of the world, he can master a history of the parish to which he belongs. If he be unaccustomed to antiquarian researches, he can still speculate upon the pump-trough in the market-place. If he cannot expatiate upon the ancients, he can write his own travels. If he knows nothing of medicine or surgery, he (or rather she) can throw out "*hints for the management of the sick chamber*."

If he cannot even read, why he can get up an ornamental horn-book.

But it is not perhaps the literary, so much as the philosophic, spirit of the times which elevates us to such a superiority over our ancestors. We are continually seeking after new agencies—producing new energies by the combination of old powers. The force of steam, the properties of gas, the means of travelling by the hot vapour of a boiling kettle, the lighting a parish with purified smoke, the art of killing our enemies with steam, instead of gunpowder, were things unknown to our quiet, unaspiring, unsophisticated forefathers. If it were possible for a few of our great grandsires to return to the earth, what would be their astonishment to behold ships going without sails, carts without horses, to see streams of fire running up from the earth like streams of water; to view some men going miles up into the air, and others going fearlessly down into the sea; to behold bridges of iron over our rivers, and tunnels under them, and even walls springing up from the depths of the ocean. This is, of a truth, the age of wonders.

To the same active spirit from which have sprung these wonderful discoveries and mighty undertakings, may be attributed the myriads of minor improvements which serve to increase “the big bulk” of the glory of the nation. But these things cease to excite our astonishment, when we consider that every thing is now done upon the purest principles of science or abstract calculation. The commonest avocation is subject to fixed laws—the very crossings of the streets are swept at right angles. So perfect are our systems, that the humblest of us can

——— “distinguish and divide
A hair ’twixt south and south-west side.”

A man can make you a pair of boots by the simple measurement of the circumference of your great toe. Then your hatter is more deeply versed in physiognomy than even Lavater—he can tell, from the length of your nose, whether your hat should be round or oval; from the breadth of your forehead, whether it should be shaped like a warming-pan or a sugar-loaf. Then as to your tailor, he is the most scientific man in the country—he cuts out your coat by the laws of geometry, and determines, by fluxions, the curve of your breeches; he can tell you, to a square-inch, the quantity of materials necessary for a garment—these are no longer days for the waste of acres of broad-cloth. It is but a week or two ago that I found my own tailor engaged in determining the following question: “Required the dimensions of a waistcoat to hold an alderman, London measure, that can be made of the least possible quantity of kerseymere of a given breadth.”

So much improvement has necessarily been followed by a consequent sense in the minds of men of their own superiority; and hence they have found it necessary to reject the vulgar names by which their professions were formerly designated, and to seek for others which accord better with the increased respectability of their occupations. Thus, the pot-house is now a hotel, the gin-shop a tavern, the linen-draper’s shop a warehouse, the milliner’s shop a magazine, the toy-shop a repository, the cobbler is a renovator of old shoes, the barber a peruquier, the butcher a purveyor of meat, the farrier a veterinary surgeon, the tradesman a merchant, the schoolmaster the principal of an establishment. Then we have professors in swarms—professors of music, professors of dancing, professors of

gymnastics, and even "our very chimneys are cured of smoking by professors."

In speaking of the marvellous occurrences of the times, we must not omit, stale as the subject has become, to mention the innumerable companies which have been established for the purpose of effecting objects, which certain wrong-headed people are so stubborn as to believe as impossible of attainment, as the stone which is to turn every thing into gold. There are certainly some of the companies less ambitious in their views—companies formed for the charitable purpose of relieving those who belong to various disagreeable occupations from the unpleasant duties which they have been accustomed to perform—and of releasing the poor tradesman from his fatigues, by releasing him, at the same time, of his business. We have *fire* companies and *water* companies—*rail* companies and a *Pacific* company—a *Turkey* company and a *poultry* company ("lots of geese," as the man in the 'Bee-hive' would say)—a *fish* company for catching *flats*, and a *flesh* company for disposing of *rounds*—a company for the growing of timber, and another for cutting it down—and, lastly, the ever-to-be-wondered-at Washing Company; we pray to the Fates that some people may not, by and bye, find themselves in the suds.

There is no passion which displays itself, in man, with greater intensity, than the love of distinction. It is a feeling which no other animal has in common with him. It is the main-spring of all his energies. Titles, wealth, fame, seem the purpose of his existence. To be distinguished above others of the class to which he belongs, is the primary object of all his actions. And this passion, we may safely assert, is more deeply rooted in our countrymen, than in the people of any other nation. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, is the motto of every Englishman. In other countries men confine their love of superiority to particular objects; with us the love is general. A Frenchman's ambition is directed to military glory—the Italian is nothing unless a *dilettante*—the Dutchman's consequence arises from the length of his warehouse—the Spaniard's, from the length of his name. Now in England, a man is in no way fastidious as to the means by which he acquires distinction. If he cannot excel in one department, he may in another—but, let the department be what it may, *excel* he must. He has the same pride of spirit which Cæsar felt, when he declared to his generals, that he would rather be the *first* man in the village in which they then were, than the *second* man in Rome. He considers the class to which he is attached an aggregate *number* formed by *one unit* and a vast number of *ciphers*; and hence he infers, that to be other than the unit is to be lost in an infinitude of nothings. He may not possess the soul of a poet, but then he has served seven years at an honest trade; and he considers that he may one day be Lord Mayor—he may not have won a battle at Waterloo, but he won one at Moulsey-Hurst—he did not, 'tis true, invent the steam-engine, but then it was he who invented the patent frying-pan—he may not be as learned as Trismegistus, yet every body knows he wrote a German Grammar—if he did not discover fluxions, he either invented a new plan for writing down the multiplication-table, or he published a book on algebra—if he failed as a Demosthenes, he succeeded in grinding coffee—he did not give to the world the benefits of vaccination, but he discovered an oil for the growth of whiskers—he did not paint Paul Potter's Bull, but then it was he who painted the Red Cow on Saffron Hill: in a word, whatever he does may boast, in some shape or other, of pre-eminence. It is to this circumstance that we are indebted for the

many improvements of the present age. Every man is continually striving to outstrip his neighbour. If Mr. Jones, the linen-draper, has the inside of his shop lined with glass, why Mr. Chubb, the ironmonger, has the outside of his shop lined with brass---*brass*, by the way, appears to be getting pretty generally into fashion. If Mr. Jones's new villa, on the Brighton road, is built like a castle---why Mr. Chubb immediately sells his box on Hampstead Heath, gets a castle too, and--mounts wooden guns upon the top of it.

We have frequently lamented that an author should, in any way, be under the dominion of those two abstract nouns, *time* and *space*; and never did we feel the misfortune more acutely than at the present moment. We find we have undertaken a subject that would fill at least half a dozen quartos---of course we speak of such as those published by Mr. Colburn---and yet we are compelled, by the agency to which we are subjected, to leave off in "the middle of our tale." At least, we think it is the middle---we are by no means positive. Ours is a very comet-like orbit. Nay, if we must confess the truth, we verily believe we sometimes begin at the end of our story. If any body expects us to write by system, we can only express our pity for his or her misfortune in entertaining such a ridiculous expectation. What have we to do with system? Are we to go on, with the time-keeping steps of a well-drilled soldier, or with the mechanical precision of a footman, following his mistress? Good, amiable reader, thou knowest nothing at all about us. We hate the word *system* as much as old Jack Falstaff hated the word *security*; it is as bitter in our mouth as "ratsbane." We roam along in the world of our ideas, as a child would among wild-flowers; wherever there is one that pleases us, we pluck it, without the slightest regard to the assimilation of its hues to the one we seized before it. To this rambling disposition it is, that our articles owe that want of "Heaven's first law," for which the productions of some of our more precise brethren are distinguished---it is to this disposition that we hurry on without regard to our final purpose, or the object of our title---title, did we say? what are titles to us?---are we to be bound to a title like Ixion to his wheel? or, to use a less classical image, like a modern vagabond to the tread-mill? Reader! if thou ever find us in such a situation, thou wilt be justified in reckoning that among the number of the *wonders* of the age!

J. H. H.

THINK OF ME.

THINK of me,---Oh, think of me!
In joyous mirth's festivity:
Or when the thoughts more tender be,
In solitude,---Oh, think of me!

When music's softest, thrilling sound,
Shall gently touch each feeling round;
When softer notes of harmony
Shall wake the soul,---then think of me!

When flowers bloom, or when they fade,
And wintry blasts shall skim the glade,
And rudely strip each blossom'd tree
Of all its leaves,---then think of me!

WILLIAM.

LECTURES ON POETRY.

No. III.

ON THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

Nothing, in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the *running judgments upon poetry and poets*.—BEN JONSON'S DISCOVERIES.

To know little, is to have much prejudice. Ignorance is error, but knowledge is truth. Ignorance leads to vice, knowledge conducts to virtue. He who knows every thing, is always right, always happy: in proportion as knowledge or ignorance prevails in the minds of men, so will they be happy or miserable. Knowledge is the child of inclination, leisure, and situation. He who knows himself, knows much; but he who adds to self-knowledge the knowledge of his neighbour, is still wiser. To understand one nation, is much; but this is only the first term of a progression, whose last almost reaches infinity. It has often been remarked, that there never was, and never will be, an "Alexander" in art and science. The provinces of knowledge are numerous, but scanty: governed like our forefathers, by petty princes. To judge of one book, we must have seen many books: the critics have read all books, and are consequently always right. If an author presume to use a word not in Johnson, the critics know it immediately, and treat him accordingly. If a man of genius, relying on himself, venture to produce a poem on "a new plan," like nothing in Chaucer or Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Young, or Thomson, he will soon *hear* of it. The critics are likewise always consistent; they condemn the writer who imitates Milton or Pope, and him who beats a new path. They not only take care of a man's style, but of his matter likewise. Their motto being—

"Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose;
This is true criticism, and you may kiss
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod;
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by —."

It was said in No. II. that every man must write according to the education he has had, for he cannot write concerning that of which he is ignorant. Let us consider two human beings in the following circumstances, the one never out of town, the other never in it. There is a vast difference between the citizen and the countryman. The citizen awakes to the "clatter of street-pacing steeds," the countryman to

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed."

The citizen is inspired by the Lord Mayor, the Serpentine River, the lake in the Park, or the dome of St. Paul's, as it towers in misty majesty before him as he walks up Fleet Street; or as it "swells into grim size," seen through the foggy smoke, or, more properly, smoky fog, as he crosses Blackfriar's Bridge. The countryman is inspired by the Windermere, Rydale, and Ulswater lakes, and the "big bulks and assemblage" of Skiddow and Helvellyn, as he beholds them through "the mists and exhalations that arise from hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray, till the sun paint their fleecy skirts with gold."

Now, if these two men, not believing in the maxim of Horace, should

take it into their heads to become poets, what would they write? What they could,—would be the best answer to this question. Wordsworth has answered one-half of it, but the other half has not been yet answered. There is room, no doubt, for a cockney poet, not to be merely called a cockney poet, but to be one in reality. A cockney poet, I should define to be, a poet, whether born in London or not, who should write about the cockneys and their city; that should shew them in all their ages and capacities, under every feeling of passion, with their river, bridges, churches, theatres, houses, streets, squares, shops, counters, merchandise, offices, clerks, porters, debts, and credits. And I maintain that these are as poetical (they ought to have therefore a poet), as fields, trees, hedges, birds' nests, cuckoos, and nightingales. A good cockney poet, remember he should be in *earnest*, would add to the literature of the country, to the pleasures of its inhabitants, at least to a large class of them, and to the capabilities of its language.

Wordsworth was "born and reared" in a mountainous country,—Cumberland; and has visited and resided in two other mountainous countries, Wales, and Switzerland—need we therefore wonder that, with these advantages, he produces such powerful effects upon those who have resided in districts similar to those he describes? Some of his pieces, no doubt, will interest mankind generally, but these are few. A man must divest himself of that contempt which is pretty generally entertained by mankind for rustic life, low domestic scenes, and, above all, the affections of animals. I do not know any writer who has noticed this last circumstance, but it appears to me, that the feelings and habits of animals are the most powerful materials of his poetry; let me enumerate a few instances:—The Idle Shepherd Boys; the Last of the Flock; the Pet Lamb; the Sailor's Mother; Fidelity; Hartleop Well; the White Doe; Peter Bell; the Waggoner, and numerous others, are some partly, and others wholly, indebted to the affections of the brute creation for their wonderful pathos. Wordsworth is strong by being weak, he exhibits always such things as excite pity: helpless infancy, or old age, or poverty, or death, or absence, is the perpetual theme of his song; he takes those objects that demand help; he never produces any effect by strength, or health, or riches, or grandeur, or success—he attacks us in our weakest points, our sympathy with misfortune, and is sure to triumph. The grand point to be aimed at by a poet, is the human heart. Wordsworth aims directly at this citadel, makes a lodgement, and obtains a capitulation. Helplessness is the strong part of his poetry, and when he adopts this, as respects animals, the result is more powerful than in man. There is something in the conduct and appearance of the brute creation, that, to a philosophical mind, is incalculably wonderful. The philosopher sees an animal with a certain number of properties common to himself; he speaks to it—it hears and answers him; it has a bright eye, a quick ear, a swift foot, an acute taste and smell, a discerning touch; this animal, in fact, can see, hear, taste, smell, and run better than the philosopher. He looks at the animal again, and sees it express its gratitude, hatred, revenge, pain, pleasure, indifference: he looks again, it eats, drinks, sleeps, and protects its young! and all these better than a philosopher! who says, Why should not the animal that surpasses me in all these particulars, surpass me in others—why should he not also reason better than I—why should he not be a greater philosopher than I am? I can give no reason why he is *not*. He is wiser than I am, because he is

more grateful for favours, more attached to his friend in adversity, more healthful, more strong, more beautiful, more swift, more temperate; less apprehensive of want, pain, and death; less deceptive, less proud, less cruel, than I am. This is the creature that Wordsworth has chosen for his muse.

It might not be out of place here, as the brute creation forms so conspicuous a portion of Wordsworth's poetical matter, to inquire how far this mode of writing is useful to society; whether or not, as it regards men, the propensity to sympathize with the habits and affections of the animal creation, is not productive of more pain than pleasure? and whether this propensity is ultimately advantageous to animals themselves? Perhaps, like all propensities and passions, it has limits above or below a certain point, which, if transgressed, produces evil consequences. It seems to be the lot of all animated beings, that a certain portion of pain is necessary to their existence, to their happiness. All are born, all die, all hunger and thirst, eat and drink: there is in nature a universal compensation or reciprocity, subject, however, to a thousand adventitious circumstances, over some of which they have, and over others they have no control. The great secret of all labour is the greatest portion of enjoyment, both in this world and in the next. Man may cultivate his sympathies with the pains and pleasures of the brute creation, so as in some circumstances to render him quite miserable, in seeing sorrows which he cannot assuage, and tyranny which he cannot punish. However, by cultivating a knowledge of their habits to a certain extent, he increases the number, and widens the sphere, of his own enjoyments; in fact, since the brute creation, those at least in a domesticated state, experience much happiness in consequence, it is but reasonable that they should return something to their protectors; for it is my opinion, that the sum of happiness to *them* is considerably augmented by their being taken under the protection of man. The reader will perhaps excuse this, and remember that the subject is important and extensive—it would require a volume to do it justice.

Much has been said about Wordsworth's style, or versification; its being natural, and the language actually spoken by men. All styles are artificial spoken by men: it is absurd to say one style is natural, and another artificial; all styles are as artificial as building houses, or ships, or demonstrating Algebraical theorems. Thought itself (subject to language) is artificial: nobody speaks in rhyme. To trace all the changes that have taken place in literature, would be as difficult as to register and describe the various modes of dress that have at different periods been adopted and rejected by a nation. The Chinese, they say, never change the fashion; they must be a dull nation; a nation that is desirous to improve hates to be stationary; and men of letters, as they ought, are no less under the dominion of fashion than men of the world.

The *dos*, *dids*, *haths*, and *doths*, were, in and before Dryden's time, people of courtly exterior, and well received in the "upper circles." They were, however, banished the royal presence at the death of Queen Anne. Now again, after a century or so of exile, we have them holding up their heads with the best of us all. No one claims any pretensions to *modern* poetry, that does not prove his intimate connexion with these long-neglected, but well-bred *dos*, *dids*, *doths*, *beameths*, *seemeths*. Nay, even the Stanza itself has had its ups and downs. Dryden pronounced the Spenserian to be the most contemptible, and Beattie the most dignified,

stanza in English versification. Such are the decisions of false criticism.

Wordsworth's prefaces are very inconclusive. Wordsworth's province is with the feelings, not with argument; *e.g.* he labours hard to shew that every great man (poet) is beholden to nobody but himself for his greatness. I will venture to assert the contrary: every man is great in proportion as he outstrips his fellows who have preceded him: he is a man on the shoulders of others. I have heard people say that Newton *invented* gravity and the planets: Newton merely made use of what had been discovered by others—Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Copernicus, and Galileo. No man can be great without others.

Of all the poets, Wordsworth most resembles Cowper: read Cowper's *Task*, the sixth book especially. I am surprised—matter and manner—let the reader form what conclusion he thinks just. Let this be as it may, Cowper has, in the following very excellent lines, given us a true picture of Wordsworth:

The man to solitude accustom'd long
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all:
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

NEEDLESS ALARM.

Wordsworth has a better knack of forgetting other poets when he is writing, than most have. Leigh Hunt, in this respect, is very good. This gives a poet originality of *expression*, which is a great advantage. Hunt has this even superior, I think, to Wordsworth, which is saying a great deal.

"Not that he has not several merits more."

In coupling these original writers together, may I be permitted to observe, that I think them as unfortunate in criticism as they are happy in poetry. What little I can understand of them is false; but I could read their poetry, and the charming essays, not critical, of Hunt for ever.

There are writers who cannot develope an idea, without falling into the words of other men—too good a memory is a bad thing: what is once deeply seated in the mind, is always there, whether of our own or others—a man cannot "turn his back on himself."

Wordsworth is certainly a great poet, but his admirers must, of necessity, be few. A philosophical poet can expect no great applause from an age, trifling, ignorant, and consequently unfeeling, as the *present* indisputably is, notwithstanding all the oratorical flourishes to shew the contrary from education-committees, Mr. Brougham, and university-projecting poets. Yet Wordsworth will

"fit audience find, though few."

Few people can live in the country, and still fewer in a mountainous one. "Towered cities, and the busy hum of men," are inimical to the muse of philosophical solitude.

"They cry, the moral they can't find."

How should they? If they did find they would not know it. Wordsworth must therefore be "content with the slow progress of his name, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANOVA. NO. III.

LINES ON THE
MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF GIOVANNI VOLPATO.

For what is friendship but a name ?---GOLDSMITH.

FAIR Friendship ! what though erring fame
Hath deem'd thee but a shade—a name :
What though the too-confiding maid
May curse thy power, by man betray'd ;
Or to thy health the cynic quaff
The mantling bowl, and inly laugh—
Oh ! think not it is Friendship's smile
Alone that tempts but to beguile :
Go, rather rail at Cupid's power,
In Cnidos' vales, or Paphos' bower,
Since half the pangs young maidens prove,
Spring not from Friendship, but from Love.

True Friendship, says the hermit sage,
Alike is seen in youth or age ;
And when arrives the hour of death,
Friendship is found to braid the wreath,
And softly, 'mid night's hallow'd gloom,
Sigh as she waves it round the tomb.

Such Friendship 'twas that bade thee trust
Thy chisel on Volpato's bust !
'Twas such, Canova, urged thee on
To do what thou so well hast done :
And far and wide o'er earth extend
The glory of thine artist friend.

See ! lightly flung a wreath of flowers,
Cull'd from fair Fiction's brightest bowers,
Around the column serves to grace
The features of that marble face,
Which once in life itself was found
To add a grace to all around.

Yes, Friendship, weep ! with downcast eye
Pour the warm tear ; and should the sigh,
Half stifled, from thy bosom break,
Strive not that stifled sigh to check,
Since angels e'en might sigh and weep,
Where Faith and mutual Friendship sleep.

THE LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WITH SPECIMENS.

πολλων και ουεχων Αστερων συμφωτιζοκενεν αλληλους
 συναωγασμον.---PLUTARCH.

The united effulgence of a galaxy of stars.

THERE seems a natural disposition in the mind of man to look back upon the past, or contemplate the future, with an anxiety that absorbs all enjoyments of the present. For the truth of this proposition we need not go farther than the comparison literary men invariably undergo in the criticisms of their contemporaries. It would appear that the human mind, so far from making any visible progress towards perfection, in unison with (its own) inventions and discoveries, is, on the contrary, but retrograding; and that the nearer we proceed to the goal of futurity, the greater becomes our distance from that pitch of moral and intellectual refinement, which may be called the Alpha and Omega of all our earthly aspirings. It must be admitted, that in making a comparison between the degrees of human ability displayed in the nineteenth century, and that of the ages by which it is preceded, we oppose the aggregate talent of eighteen centuries, to that of as many, or only a few more, years. We do not pretend to affirm that we have, in this age, a Themistocles, a Homer, a Cicero, a Virgil; but we are daring enough to pronounce, that the present era ranks beyond any other in the richness, variety, and splendour of the talent to which it has given birth. It may have been the pride of ages that have gone before us, to have been the hemisphere of some particular constellation that illumined the earth with its splendour, with no rival to threaten it with an eclipse; but if the present century cannot boast of a comet, it glories in a galaxy of stars more gorgeous and numerous than that of any division of time which has gone before it. Why should we listen to such cavillers as exclaim—

Finis et ætas

Tota regio : særa volumus decus addere morti---

when we can boast of such names as Byron, Scott, Moore, Shelley, Maturin, Coleridge, and Hogge? It is our purpose to glance over the distinguishing characteristics of the geniuses of these illustrious individuals, taking within our scope many "lesser lights," who, if they have not yet shone in the hemisphere of fame as planets of the first rank, have, nevertheless, added brilliancy to our contemporary galaxy.

LORD BYRON

is, in our opinion, not only the first poet of the age he lived in, but in many qualities the first poet this country ever produced; and in making this assertion, we are not unmindful that such spirits as Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, have hallowed the world with their ethereal presence. If sublimity of conception dare alone snatch the laurel of immortality, Byron must forego his claim to that bright distinction. But if intensity of feeling, grasp of thought, and power of description, are of equal pretensions, he holds, in our mind, as ample a right to the crown of excellence, as either of those whose heads it already distinguishes. It was

the attribute of Milton to soar into the bosom of the heavens, and there to quaff divine draughts of inspiration—to contemplate mankind in their pristine grandeur, and on his own pinions to lift the mind into the clouds, and look down upon the world which gave him birth—look down upon it with the superiority of an unearthly being! It was for Shakspeare to dwell on the harmonies and sublimities of nature; to catch, as it were, the golden chain of reason that seemed flung downward by the Ruler of the Universe, to bind to him denizens of the earth. It was for him to throw aside the veil which hid from the unhallowed view of mortals the innermost, and most awe-inspiring charms of the Great Spirit which owned him as her favourite child! But it was left for Byron to explore the deeper mysteries of our formation, to open the most secret core of our hearts, and to tear from its hiding-place every nerve, and thrill it with the spirit-stirring touch of his lyre: to wind up the strings of our affections into the highest pitch of passionate harmony, or to make the soul startle back with the fearfulness of her own darings: to ignite with his never-dying touch the secret minings of passion: to make the soul swim in the luxuriance of its own emotions with the soft melody of love—swell with the enthusiastic glow of patriotism, or burn with the fiery touch of passionate intensity.

Lord Byron has unquestionably formed a new era in the poetical history of our country. He does not merely delight us with the delicacies of his fancy, or the overpowering weight of his imagination, but he makes us forget that he is possessed of either of those great qualities, and directs his power towards the excitement of our feelings, and expanding the heart, as if for the reception of his own lofty inspirations. His own thoughts seem to breathe within us, and his own passions burn in our blood: we are, for the moment, the mere creatures of his purpose, mere slaves to his will, whom he can lift up to the third heaven of poetical rapture one minute, and sink by the next into the lowest abyss of earthly despondency!

But he is gone! the elements of his soul have fled to the skies, of whose essence they were formed, where the spirits of Homer, of Virgil, of Shakspeare, have gone before him! His faults and his failings are fading from our memory, while his virtues still remain as green as ever in our souls: even they who, from envy or malice, once injured his fame, now throw garlands round his tomb. The lyre that once trembled to his wizard touch—that waked the soul to love, to liberty, to fame, is shattered and unstrung! The heart that once rose high with the consciousness of immortality, now is mingling with the dust from whence it was borrowed—we feel

Εὐδεις!— ἀλλ' εἰ σενο λελοσμενον εομεν Αχιλλεν!
Οὐ μεν σε ζωνοντος ακηδεες εδε θανοντος.*

And if in future ages the tongues of posterity shall ask, who was he that, like the eagle, when first he feels the strength of his pinions, soars away from his comrades, and on the summit of some frowning promontory, directs his soul-searching gaze on the world beneath him—who, born to be the admiration and wonder of the world, fled from its gaze, and in the wild recesses of uncultivated regions, poured forth the musings of his soul—who flung a never-fading charm around the witcheries of life, called into life or aroused feelings that were before unknown or dormant: who, from the

* Thou sleep'st the sleep of death---Achilles!
But are we unmindful of thee? ah! no: in life, in death,
Thou art still our veneration and regard.

energies of his mind, created a mimic world, peopled it with the children of his fancy, and gifted them with the attributes of beings immortal; who, when he wafted his magical wand over the existing world, turned the currents of its opinions, gave a new impetus to the imagination, and consequently held sovereign dominion over the actions and will of mankind—who tore from his breast the heart that beat within it, and half in bitterness, and half in triumph, exclaimed, See what a thing of flowers and weeds, what a minglement of the airs of heaven with the blasts of hell—the muse of history shall reply, while our children will glow at the sound—The man was Byron!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The name of Shelley and Genius have become synonymous. If there was ever a spirit “who shook off a mortal coil,” it was that of the author of *Queen Mab*. Of this magnificent poem, we are most tenacious of giving our opinion, so unbounded is our admiration, so highly excited is our fancy, when we recur to it. A new world seems to be opened to the mind, new feelings throb within us: we are alternately attracted by its beauty, and lost in its extent: we roam like an insect through a flower-garden, sipping at one sweet, and then at another—but never resting on any, so varied, so enticing are the objects that on every side surround us. Would that we could say, that our feelings were undivided. Painful must be our task, then, in pouring forth a eulogy to the memory of this highly-gifted author, that we should find occasion to express unqualified censure. The philosophical, or, to speak more plainly, the irreligious principles throughout, are of the most unworthy and unamiable description. It is not for us, as mortals, to judge of his errors—he must render an account of the talents which were placed in trust to him, at a tribunal where the voice of the world’s admiration availeth him not, but where the frailty of human nature, the inequality of genius, when compared with judgment, will meet with its true allowances. It is for us to regard him as a poet—not as a man. Endowed with a powerful imagination, a quick and most extraordinary sensibility, Mr. Shelley, early in life, possessed all the endowments of a poet: his first productions were, however, crude and raw: gifted with taste, he weighed them in the balance of his own mind, and saw their deficiency. For some years afterward, he applied himself with all the energy of his wonderful mind to the study of the ancients, from whose ever-flowing fountains he enriched the springs of his own thoughts. The improvement was manifest: his style became full to overflowing of classical associations, and rich with allegorical fancies, and as celebrated for its grasp and depth of thought, as for the luxuriance of its ornament. His “*Adonais*,” an elegy on the death of Keats, is a tribute as worthy of the heart it proceeded from, as it is to the memory to which it is addressed. Mournfully affecting, it boasts of all the author’s affluence of diction, and intensity of feeling. His “*Hellas*” is another gem in the diadem of his fame; it is Nature in the loveliest garb of art, wild and romantic, unearthly, and yet of the most absorbing interest. His “*Prometheus unbound*” will also remain evidence of the splendour of the era it originated in, when the many who are now enjoying the fame that was denied the author, have passed from the world, and with them every trace and recollection it was once inhabited by them.

The reason that may be assigned for Mr. Shelley’s want of popularity, is

his obscurity, a fault, which whether proceeding from a natural imperfection of the author's, or the reader's mind, we will not determine. It may be in a great measure traced to the profundity and subtleness of his philosophical reveries that are diffused throughout his poetry. Were it not for this most unfortunate minglement of qualities, which, though springing from the same source, are widely apart from each other, we would venture to affirm, that, next to Lord Byron, Shelley would have become the most celebrated poet of his time. Lord Byron identified himself more with the passions and feelings of earth—Shelley sought to lift the mind above its surface: which has been most successful, the world has both known and felt. In paying this tribute to the departed spirit of this highly-gifted individual, we will, in corroboration of our remarks, extract the following beautiful poem, which we suspect is not so well known as it deserves.

THE MAGIC CAR.

THE night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark-blue vault;
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peep'd the first faint smile of morn:
The Magic Car moved on---
From the celestial hoofs.
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew:
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
Was traced a line of lightning---
Now it flew above a rock,
- The almost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lower'd o'er the silver earth.

Far from the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay,
The mirror of its stillness shew'd
The pale and waning stars:
The chariot's fiery track,
And the gray light of morn,
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn,
Seem'd it that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors,
The Magic Car moved on.
As they approach'd their goal,
The coursers seem'd to gather speed:
The sea no longer was distinguish'd---earth
Appear'd a vast and shadowy sphere;
The Sun's unclouded orb
Roll'd through the black concave;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like Ocean's feathery surge,
Before a vessel's prow.

The Magic Car moved on,
Earth's distant orb appear'd,
The smallest light that tinkles in the heaven,

Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems roll'd,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.

Spirit of Nature ! here,
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Here is thy fitting temple.

Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the parting breeze,
Is less instinct with thee :

Yet not the meanest worm

That lurks in graves, and fattens on the dead,
Less shares thy eternal breath.

Spirit of Nature ! thou,
Imperishable as this scene !
Here is thy fitting temple.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Had Byron never existed, or delighted the world with the energies of his genius—had Shelley passed from life to death without creating any immortal medium, the halo that is thrown around, or rather conceals, the name of the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, would have been sufficient to snatch this splendid era from the ever-yawning gulf of obscurity. The Scotch Novels are, in themselves, gorgeous monuments of the march that intellect has made in the progress of time. No period of the world could be more favourable for a literary revolution than that graced by the birth of the first-born of these masterly productions of nature and art. The taste of the public was disgusted with the name of Fiction, by the offspring of the ever-teeming womb of the Radcliffe school: the repulsive distortions and mawkish sensibility with which it abounded, had brought with them their own remedy. The spirits of romance and imagination seemed for a while to drop into a torpid slumber, to be awakened by the nervous call of the Northern magician. No author has succeeded so well in throwing an air of romance over the dull realities of life, and in giving an air of identity to the creations of his fancy. His imagination, though she owns no shackles, is for ever subservient to his judgment, and the dreams of enchantment into which he occasionally throws the senses, are never disturbed by any revolting image which destroys the illusion, and sends the mind back upon herself—the invariable consequence of those who deliver up the reins of their understandings to the impulses of their imagination. Another distinguishing characteristic of this great man is, that he always prefers the portraiture of the kind and more genial affections of our nature to the darker and more mysterious workings of the soul; which, although he has the power of displaying, he never unnecessarily portrays. Like Shakspeare, he is a Prometheus, a monarch of an invisible world; inhabited by beings of his own fashioning; which, though modelled from the great mirror of nature, are such as the world never saw. The truth at once strikes us, if we contemplate the lofty and soul-elevating grandeur of Fergus Mac Ivor, the more than mortal devotion of his sister, or the terrible majesty of his Meg Merrilies. Can we forget thee even, Dominie Sampson? No, we look upon thee as one of the friends of our boyhood: how is it possible that thou art to be regarded as one that the world *never did, nor ever will see*? Yet as such thou art, no more than the creation of a human mind! Thou, being of the kindest and gentlest sym-

thies of our nature, who art ever as present to our mind as the forms of our best and dearest relatives, how painful it is to reflect, that thou art nothing more than an ideal speculation!

Independent of this masterly knowledge of the human heart and character, the unknown author has given the most complete evidence of his regarding nature with the eye and observation of a genuine poet—he has shewn her not only in her most captivating dress, but has brought her before our eyes in her rudest and most forbidding aspect, and each picture with a faithfulness that never fails of assuring us with its identity to the great original. We are not only kept independent of the business and avocations of life while under the influence of his spell, but rise from his works with an antipathy of being obliged once more to form part of a world, from whose passions and feelings he has kept us so elevated. May he live as free from, as he is careless of, the insidious attacks of his foes, in the absorbing admiration of the best and most worthy of mankind, with the majority of which, though unseen and unknown, he is linked in the tenderest ties of friendship. Well do we know, when he is gone,

Quando ullum invenient parem.

MR. MOORE

Now stands indisputably at the head of our living poets. We look upon him as the favourite of nature, who has given him the power of enlisting all that is most beautiful in her dominions into his service. Nor has he been regardless of the gift, or selfish in its dispensation—his mind is an ever-flowing cornucopia of roses, stars, and nightingales—but, like other heirs of boundless wealth, in his dread of being suspected a miser, he has become a notorious spendthrift. When drawing on the bank of his imagination for a sovereign, he cannot refuse the hundreds that are presented to him. As an eminent contemporary has observed, “he labours under a plethora of wit and imagination.” As a child at a feast piles on his plate more sweets than he can possibly enjoy, so the muse of our voluptuous friend, instead of exciting our appetite, satiates us with the bounty of her hospitality. His *Lalla Rookh* reminds us of a nosegay of the most fragrant and delicious flowers; so captivating is each scent, so enticing is each hue, that no sooner are our senses engaged by the one, than they are usurped by its rival. Thus it is with his imagery; each gem, or each flower, so far from acting as a foil to its fellow, unites itself in fatiguing you with its richness, and dazzling you with its splendour. In the words of Quinctilian, “*abundat dulcibus vitiis* :” or, rather, his imperfections arise from the exuberance of his beauties, as flowers run into weeds if the soil is too highly cultivated. Mr. Moore, high as he is in the estimation of the world, would have been still higher, had he been less deserving of the guerdon. He is one of those aspiring mortals, who

“Leap o’er the house, t’ unlock the little gate ;”

or, to speak less figuratively, had he taken less pains, he would have succeeded more eminently. He has only dazzled where he might have enchanted: he has merely scratched the skin, where he might have probed the heart’s innermost core. Like Juliet, he “would kill us with too much kindness :” we cannot gaze on the sun of his beauties, lest our eyes should ache at its splendour: he has yet to learn how to temper their beams. Mr. Moore has become the idol of drawing-rooms, where he might have been the veneration of the world. His *Lalla Rookh* is a dream of enchant-

ment, where the senses revel in the magnificence of imagery, and the richness of their clothing. Still there is a vein of pure and noble feeling, running through and fertilizing the soil, though nearly choked up by the flowers that spring on its banks. His "Irish Melodies" are the only efforts that he has made with a *prospective* view; and, though not pretending to the gift of divination, are, in our judgment, sufficient to carry down his name in the stream of immortality—they breathe the very soul of poetry, of tenderness, of passion—they harmonize equally with the joyous as the bruised spirit—and whether in the soft voluptuousness of love, the tranquillizing power of melancholy, or the soul-elevating song of patriotism, he is in all and each successful.

Although we have eulogised the Melodies as the site on which he must build his hopes of future fame, yet still we are far from thinking Lalla Rookh does not boast as real pretensions. What can be more beautiful than the following?

A Spirit there is whose fragrant sigh
Is burning through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh---
Where lips are meeting, the spirit is there!
His breath is the soul of flowers---like these:
And his floating eyes---oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the water around them tremble.
Hail to thee! hail to thee, kindly power!
Spirit of love! Spirit of bliss!
The holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

These are, indeed,

Melliti verborum globuli,

but they speak more to the fancy than to the soul. The following exquisite verses, however, need but be quoted to prove that he is capable of expressing, where the subject requires, the most passionate of feeling.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder;
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.

* * * * *

Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few that loved thee once are fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.

The midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like lights on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.

Go, go, though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever,
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou 'st lost for ever :

For her, who, in thy fortunes' fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.

Farewell to thee, Moore ! may thy hours be like thy verse, composed of all that is soft and captivating in our nature : may the harmony with which thou hast thrilled all bosoms return to the ark it proceeded from—thine own : may the current of thy years be as smooth and as unruffled as thy song—there would be no charity in praying for thy life to be as long. While poetry, while love, while music, have charms, the name of Moore will ever be fresh in the hearts of posterity ; and when the hour that consigns him to the earth he has embellished arrives—

—— Nunc non, e manibus illis
 Nunc, non e tumulo fortunataque favilla,
 Nascuntur violæ ?*

THE LATE MR. MATURIN

is a name that has added considerably to the reputation of the nineteenth century. We have been accused of entertaining too high an estimation of this gentleman's abilities : we plead not guilty to the charge. Maturin possessed a mind that ought to have gained him the acknowledgment of the world as one of its first creatures. There is, in the specimens he has left us, a grasp of imagination, a maturity of intellect, and power of exciting and displaying the passions, that place him beyond the reach of comparison. That he never was a favourite with the reading public may be easily accounted for—he wrote more for the purpose of giving birth to the repulsive creations of his own mind, than for affording delight to others ; his aim was to astonish, not to enchant.

Gaudet monstribus, mentisque tumultu.

No sympathy could exist between the mind of his reader and the creation of his imagination---there was nothing to connect it with earth, therefore no earthly feeling was exercised in its contemplation. Yet when he looked into nature, and drew inspiration from her copious rills, with what a terrible reality he coloured his portraits of human life. Rich and beautiful as many of his productions were, there was much in them to excite our pity, not to say disgust. When he does condescend to look into the existing world for subjects, he shuns the sunny side, and invariably paces the darker paths of existence. His delight is the madhouse---the mansion of death---or the churchyard : he gloats over a picture of mortality, and feasts his eye on the darkest depravity of the heart : he seats himself, like a gnome, on a mouldering tomb-stone—throws about him, with a scornful smile, skulls and bones, and all that men treat with veneration and awe ; rides on the lightning, and mutters his wrath with the thunder : the mistress of his mind knows no limits, she soars into the furthestmost heaven one moment, and is precipitated in the measureless gulf, “ where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth,” ere we can reckon another ; and all

* Say, from his ashes will not violets bloom,
 And shed their fragrant breath around his tomb !

with a magnificence of language, a Salvator-like power of description, and, what is most wonderful, a luxuriance of poetical imagery. Melmoth is unquestionably the glory, as it is the shame, of his name. The whole work characterizes "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." The heroine of the "Tale of the Indians" is the most beautiful and poetical creation our memory affords. He forms an earthly paradise, whose sole inhabitant is this beautiful Immalec; he invests her with every charm that his fancy can suggest, to render her like the creation of some heaven-warded thought that, in its inspiration, took a shape only to be embodied in her resemblance. She reminds us of the imaginative queen of Arcady, dignified in her simplicity, yet all things bending down before her. "The sun and the shade, the flowers and foliage, the water she drank from wondering at the beautiful being who seemed to drink whenever she did---and the loxia who perched on her shoulder and hand, as she walked, and answered her sweet voice with imitative chirpings---all these were her friends, and she *knew none but these.*" The picture of the island, and its beautiful inhabitant is in the finest spirit of romance and poetry: it creates a feeling, and leaves an impression on the mind, that is neither to be subdued nor to be forgotten. To dissolve this exquisite tale of enchantment---to force back the emotions that he has awakened to the source he has called them from---he sends a being holding commerce with forbidden spirits, who leads the all but divine girl from step to step in guilt, and finally endeavours to consign her soul to destruction---a climax that makes us revolt as much at the real depicor as at the fictitious objects.

As a specimen of the affluence of his language, and his power of excitement, we will extract the last moments of Immalec. Melmoth, her friend and her seducer, has, a short time previous to her death, offered her endless life, on proposals she rejects; and, ere she dies, she thus speaks to her confessor.—She is supposed to be in the cells of the Inquisition:—

"My father, I have had many dreams,' shaking her head at the suggestions of the priest, 'many—many wanderings; but this was no dream.—I have dreamed of the garden-land, where I beheld him first—I have dreamed of the nights when he stood on my casement, and trembled in sleep at the sound of my mother's steps—and I have had holy and hopeful visions, in which celestial forms appeared to me, and promised his conversion:—but this was no dream. I saw him last night---Father, he was here the whole of the night—he promised—he adjured me to accept of liberation, of safety, of life, and of felicity. He told me, that by whatever means he effected his entrance, he could also effect my escape. He offered to live with me in that Indian Isle—that paradise of the ocean—far from human resort or human persecution. He offered to love me alone, and for ever—and then I listened to him. Oh, my father, I am very young, and life and love sounded sweetly in my ears, when I looked at my dungeon, and thought of dying on this floor of stone. But when he whispered the terrible condition on which the fulfilment of his promise depended,—when he told me that —'

"Her voice failed with her failing strength, and she could utter no more. 'Daughter,' said the priest, 'daughter, I adjure you, by the image represented on this cross I hold to your dying lips—by thy hopes of that salvation which depends on the truth you utter to me, your priest and your friend—the conditions proposed by your tempter.' 'Promise me absolution for repeating the word, for I should wish my last breath might not be exhaled in uttering what I must.'—'*Te absolvo,*' &c. said the priest, and

bent his ears to catch the sounds.—The moment they were uttered, he started as if from the sting of a serpent, and seating himself at the extremity of the cell, rocked in dumb horror. ‘My father, you promised me absolution,’ said the penitent. ‘*Jam tibi dedi, moribunda,*’ answered the priest, in the confusion of thoughts using the language appropriated to the service of religion. ‘Moribunda, indeed!’ said the penitent, falling back on her pallet. ‘Father, let me feel a human hand in mine as I part!’ ‘Call upon God, daughter,’ said the priest, applying the crucifix to her cold lips. ‘I loved his religion,’ said the penitent, kissing it devoutly: ‘I loved it before I knew it, and God must have been my teacher, for I had no other: Oh!’ she exclaimed, with that deep conviction that must thrill every dying heart, and whose echo (would God) might pierce every living one, ‘Oh, that I had loved none but God—how profound would have been my peace—how glorious my departure—*now—his* image pursues me even to the brink of the grave, into which I plunge to escape it.’

‘My daughter,’ said the priest, whilst the tears rolled fast down his cheeks, ‘my daughter, you are passing to bliss—the conflict was fierce and short, but the victory is sure—harps are tuned to a new song, even a song of welcome, and wreaths of palm are weaving for you in Paradise!’

‘Paradise!’ uttered *Immalec*, with her last breath, ‘*will he be there?*’

Thus have we endeavoured to point out the constellations that sparkle in our literary hemisphere: there are many fixed stars and “lesser lights” which are yet to be viewed; and we shall, on an early occasion, endeavour to do them that justice they so richly deserve.

SONG FROM THE FRENCH.

ALL I sigh for, all I love
Is only thee, is only thee;
Ev’ry joy my soul can prove
It finds in thee, it finds in thee:
If a ray my sad life cheers,
’Tis caught from thee, ’tis caught from thee,
For there’s none can dry my tears,
Like thee, love, thee, like thee, love, thee.

If in any I e’er confide,
It is in thee, it is in thee;
If my love’s wing e’er is tied,
’Twill be by thee, ’twill be by thee:
When I yield my heart to mirth,
’Tis but with thee, ’tis but with thee.
Do I wish long years on earth?
It is for thee, it is for thee.

Does there breathe another fair,
I love like thee, I love like thee?
I live less on heaven’s air,
Than hopes of thee, than hopes of thee.
Oh! I feel my very life
Is drawn from thee, is drawn from thee;
For ’twere all but gloom and strife,
Bereft of thee, bereft of thee.

G. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CANOVA. NO. IV.

THE OFFERING OF THE TROJAN MATRONS.

LONG time the gathering storm had spread,
 Of fate, o'er Troy's devoted head ;
 Long time misfortune's darkling gloom
 Foretold too well her captive doom ;
 And oft had stern Achilles' might,
 When like a giant in his car
 He stood, the bulwark of the fight,
 Unaided, stemm'd the tide of war.

But not alone for one brief year
 O'er Ilion hiss'd the hostile spear ;
 'Twas not enough that mortal blood
 Alone should tinge Scamander's flood ;
 'Twas not enough that mortal rage
 Should bid contending bands engage,
 But e'en the conclave of the sky,
 All arm'd in Heaven's own panoply,
 With hate and jealous anger flush'd,
 To aid each favourite leader rush'd ;
 And Heaven and Earth, and Sea and Air,
 In dire contention battled there.

Twice five long years the scales of Fate
 Hung poised o'er Ilion's fane and tower ;
 Though Venus' love and Juno's hate,
 A while opposed its destined power :
 But not e'en Venus' self could brave
 The force of Time's eternal wave,
 Which, fearful thought ! (like Death's dark blow
 Delay'd) is ever sure, though slow.
 Yet still she strove t' arrest the fall
 Of shatter'd tower and crumbling wall :
 Still ceaseless toil'd, still ceaseless strove
 To arm for Troy the bolts of Jove,
 Till her last hope, her Hector slain,
 In marble slumber press'd the plain :
 While she,* false fair ! the fatal cause
 Of all, obey'd but Love's soft laws.
 But, see ! what sad procession there,
 In mournful silence moves along,
 With upraised hand, as if in prayer
 And deep distress---a matron throng !
 And say, who first, with sorrowing mien ?
 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! Troy's hapless Queen !
 Opposed by fate, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
 And taunted by a victor foe,
 Where can she heave the anguish'd sigh ?
 To whose protector temple fly ?
 What Goddess' power, what God's invoke
 T' avert Misfortune's threat'ning stroke ?
 Will no celestial spirit fair,
 And favouring grant her pleading prayer ?
 Oh, where is Venus ? far away
 She treads the blue expanse above ;
 Or seated by the God of Day,
 Enraptured lists the lyre of Love.
 And Pallas, where is she ? her fane
 It is to which the matron train,
 Amid the moonless night's dark gloom,
 In sad, half-hopeless, silence come.

* Helen.

Seated upon a throne, not high,
 Nor graced with orient gems, nor gold,
 With calm but unpropitious eye,
 Fair Wisdom's goddess-form behold !
 Upon her right hand stands reveal'd
 Her favourite bird---her Gorgon shield
 Upon her left---all dreadful frowns,
 As oft 'twas wont when adverse powers
 Attack'd in vain Athenæ's towers---
 While her broad brow a helmit crowns.
 Unmoved the Goddess sits---below,
 On marble, white as Heaven's own snow,
 Ere yet debased by aught of earth,
 Is traced the story of her birth,
 How to adorn the realms above,
 She sprung, all-arm'd, from out the head of Jove.
 See ! there before her awful shrine,
 Of form and features half divine,
 With torch of flame and chaste attire,
 The guardians of th' eternal fire,
 Two vestals kneel---oh ! how each eye
 Bespeaks a calm humility ;
 No look of pride, no smile is there,
 Troy's safety all their hope, their care.
 In vain---withdrawn Minerva's aid,
 Their hope, their care, alike forbade :
 Misfortune lower'd, and Fate's dark cloud
 Spread far and wide its deadly shroud :
 Bold Hector fell---the plough pass'd o'er
 Her walls---and Ilion rose no more.

VENUS VICTORIOUS.

QUEEN of the soul-bewitching smile,
 Of Ida's mount and Cyprus' isle,
 Bright Beauty's Goddess, hail !
 Or whether of celestial birth,
 Or ocean-born, thou lov'st o'er earth,
 In dove-drawn car, to sail.
 Thee, fairest of the Goddess train !
 What time upon the Phrygian plain
 Three rival forms were found ;
 Thee fairest, when in envious pride
 The panting robe was drawn aside,
 Enraptured Paris own'd.
 What triumph, as he gave the prize
 Of beauty, lit thy sparkling eyes,
 And o'er each feature broke ;
 Yet not of pride, the triumph thine---
 Nor transport, blushes all-divine
 The valued conquest spoke.
 See ! on a Grecian couch reclined,
 (How mild her brow, how calm her mind)
 The victor Goddess rests :
 No hopes, no fears, her bosom swell,
 Of power, of hatred, such as dwell
 In less celestial breasts.
 Light silken folds around her spread,
 Half hide her charms---her lovely head
 One snowy arm supports :
 The other with the apple graced
 (Of discord) shews as sweet a waist
 As poets' fancy courts.

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

THE LAST DAYS OF LONDON.

"ONCE upon a time" *there was* a place called London; it was the capital of England, and was considered "the pride of the country it belonged to, and the envy of surrounding nations." It had a Cathedral large enough to hold the armies of Xerxes (provided they had been well packed); a Monument which was so high, that the good people used to mount it in order to see whether the moon was made of green cheese: and an Abbey that contained the dust of some of the greatest men that ever put pen to paper, or relished a beef-steak, and who died (so great was their wisdom) because they could not live any longer. Among other wonders, it had a Tower, in which were kept secure from mischief turbulent radicals and roaring lions, twenty beef-eaters, and a military equipment for one hundred and fifty thousand men; not to say any thing of a ditch around it, which was large and muddy enough to breed frogs sufficient for choking all the Frenchmen that ever might feel inclined to storm the city it guarded so motherly; it had besides a Palace, in which lived the best of all possible kings, who wore the best of all possible coats, and loved the best of all possible subjects; as well as a printing press that produced the most excellent of all excellent periodicals;* that employed the most excellent of all excellent contributors;† who entertained the most liberal of all liberal subscribers.‡ Besides all these wonders, it had surgeons who drew teeth and opened veins, and bled their patients; and lawyers who drew statements, opened cases, and bled their clients. Chancellors who delivered judgments; a Lord Mayor who ordered all the dogs to be muzzled in warm weather; and a patriot who roasted corn, and made blacking, for the good of his country, and sold them for the good of himself. And then, they had another blacking manufacturer, who employed weekly twenty prose writers, thirty poets,§ and fifty hogs-heads of treacle. Bears were regularly fattened and slaughtered to make gentlemen's whiskers grow thick; and two places called Universities were instituted, in order to teach young men how to set the rest of the world sound asleep, at least once in every seven days.

Well, this wonderful place containing by estimation — thousands of souls or thereabouts, and, as it is supposed, as many bodies called women, who acquired the last appellation in consequence of having no claims to the first, began to get tiresome to its inhabitants. The first that shewed symptoms of discontent, were that part of the metropolis, above whom the sun lingers over the longest, who were principally distinguished above the others by reason of their being not only entirely opposite in a longitudinal direction, but also in tastes, manners, and pursuits: for instance, those in the West regularly breakfasted when those in the East were taking their supper; the ladies of the former were putting their hair into paper, when those of the latter were taking theirs out. The one took a couple of years, and sometimes double that time, to make up their minds about paying their debts, while the others having nothing to make up but their ledgers, never gave themselves any such consideration. It was, therefore, from the *West* that the

* The Literary Magnet. † Myself, of course. ‡ You among them.

§ This *must* be a mistake; for there is not on record one poet or prose writer, or prosing poet, or poetic proser, whose boots would ever warrant a suspicion of his being connected with any manufacturer of blacking.---*Printer's Devil.*

sun of discontent first arose, and the inhabitants of that region shewed its influence by abandoning their town residences, and taking lodgings by the sea-side; where, drinking salt water, picking up pebbles, riding donkeys, and scandalizing their absent friends, formed the principal part of their amusement. Thus, obscure places known by the name of Brighton, Cheltenham, and Leamington, began to overflow with mineral springs, salt water, and what is called good company. Those in the East, thinking London was grown too great for them, abandoned their shops and warehouses, and patronized Margate, Ramsgate, and Hastings. In process of time, a total revolution of affairs took place, two elegant theatres, called Covent-garden and Drury-lane, were taken possession of without resistance by a legion of jockeys, who converted them into horse bazaars and livery stables, and the Muse of Poetry was consequently turned out to make room for the *mews* of Mr. Ducrow. A gay assembly, entitled Almack's, where princes of the royal blood used to dance with premier duchesses, was turned into a slop warehouse; and the Opera House was only considered a fit receptacle for country graziers, who turned the pit into a Hay-market, in preference to the situation it formerly occupied. The subscription houses were turned into poulterers' shops, where geese were plucked instead of pigeons, and Turk-eyes monopolized the spot where formerly the Greeks held sovereign sway. The courts of law were seized by a set of Jews, who instead of disposing of new suits, left old suits to be disposed of. Newgate, the House of Correction, and the Tread-mill, became nurseries for thieves and vagabonds. The Times newspapers, together with the Morning Chronicle, followed the British Press over the Atlantic to America, and have, like one of the barbarous tribes of that quarter of the globe, who killed all their enemies, except one to tell the news of his comrades' defeat, left the Literary Magnet to weep over the remains of departed glory. All London became sellers instead of buyers; all were for taking money instead of spending it, so that in the course of time trade exhausted itself and its followers. The old celebrated Augustan fell to ruins—the radicals declared it was for want of reform, and the loyalists declared it was through sedition. Of what became of its trade and its wealth, and to what quarter of the globe its inhabitants fled, the reader has but to refer to the bottom of the first page of the wrapper, where he will meet with every satisfactory intelligence.

SONNET.

THE valley winds are in their noontide sleep,
 And give no sign of life but in the sighs
 Breath'd forth at intervals along the fields;
 And as adown the moss-clad slope they creep,
 Shedding round life, and ever-varying dyes,
 Beneath an oak, whose foliage from me shields
 The scorching rays of the too-powerful sun,
 I sit and contemplate the fairy view,
 Which conjures up but thoughts of happiness.
 Yon silent mill, its lusty labours done,
 With its sails furl'd, adds a sweet quiet to
 The thousand dreams of this sweet wilderness
 Of birds, and songs, and dreams—all Nature can,
 She here hath done to lull the woes of man.

S. A.

THE LUXURY OF LOW LIVING.

A FRIEND of mine has expressed his intention of putting on paper a recommendation of vulgarity; and it is not at all improbable that the very same number of the Magnet, in which the following lucubrations will appear, will be enriched with the said ethico-paradoxical piece of persuasion. But the sort of *low-life*, which it is my purpose to extol, is little connected with vulgarity. It is not Corinthian, neither is it Pythagorean, though I own that I myself am not a corpse-eater. It is a manner of existing, which I trust to shew is calculated for extracting from human existence all the blessedness it can yield; and this, too, without making any exorbitant demand upon one particular sense, or mental faculty; and indeed without imposing any task of self-reform or self-denial, which the very weakest of all weak mortals may not easily perform, if he will but take the trouble of becoming acquainted with the fit mode of setting about it. There is, perhaps, no little vanity in an individual's asserting himself to possess the power of producing, on the mind of his readers, an impression so deep as that must be which will eradicate the most latent seeds of vice and its attendant misery,—seeds, moreover, which (as though by the winds) have been regularly, though imperceptibly, sown for ages, perhaps ever since the expulsion of our first parent from his Paradise; but I am bold (as they say at St. Stephen's) to affirm that, considering the public avidity for useful knowledge (by which our present century is distinguished), considering the little weight which in this enlightened era is attached to prejudice, when unsupported by reason, and to custom, however long established, when this also is without any such high support, I feel a thorough conviction that, so sure as the few precepts I am about to deliver are founded on the basis of real experience, so sure will they engage the attention and influence the conduct of my gentle and rational readers. I know very well, there is a vulgar notion that moral treatises are necessarily devoid of all magnetic attractions; but, let me ask those lovers of idle amusement who alone can agree in so thinking, whether, after a long night over the bottle, when their aching heads appear to be splitting into as many compoundedly-fractured pieces as the glasses broke yesternight, whether they would not rather take a sobering Seidlitz powder, than a bottle of the brightest Burgundy? And who is there that has not some maladies to be administered unto? Who has not some faults to be amended? My patient readers, I will make my medicine as palatable as it can be, but you positively must and shall take it.

"Crime," says another, whose name I will not mention, till my devotions to it can render it higher honour,—"*crime*," says he, "*is madness*." A most pithy proposition, and most logically perfect. *Crime—subject*; *is—copula*; *madness—predicate*. Then follows another hypothesis, deduced from it quite systematically, "*Madness is disease*." So that, if these two positions be undisputed, nothing farther is needed for restoring this fallen world to its original height of happiness and perfection, than the discovery of a panacea, a universal elixir. Laugh not, ye wiseacres, ye whose brows "do crean and mantle like a standing pool," ye who "therefore are accounted wise—for saying nothing!" Laugh not that I say a great deal,—that I dare to cry *Ευρηκα!* "*Voilà la pervenche!*" I have found the long sought stone! I have squared the circle of physic, and, *argal*, of physics and metaphysics! I have discovered the perpetual motion of blest emo-

tions ! I throw open the invention to all who will use it ! and I ask no premium but the delight of seeing mankind in the full enjoyment of its own blissful and heavenly faculties. “*Descend my Muse !*” and give place to that of one who *loved* poetry, though he wrote none.

“ Oh ! most innocent and holy TEMPERANCE, the sole refreshment of nature, the nursing mother of human life, the true physic of soul as well as of body ! how ought men to praise thee, and thank thee for thy princely gifts ! since thou bestowest on them the means of preserving that blessing, I mean, life and health, than which it has not pleased God we should enjoy a greater on this side of the grave ; life and existence being a thing so naturally coveted, and willingly preserved, by every living creature.” This is the simple and affecting exclamation of a man, who, after having been at forty at the very threshold of death, found himself at a hundred, still, as he had been for sixty years past, fresh in health of mind and body, and all this through the benignant aid of that blessed virtue, Temperance, whom he has thus gratefully apostrophized. “ And is *this* all the secret ?” I hear some malcontents cry. “ Are we to have the old story of old Lewis Cornaro told us over again as new ? a story which that old-fashioned fellow the Spectator had the bad taste to tell our fat forefathers in Queen Anne’s time !” Yes, indeed, the very same : and believe me, my fretful friends, the moral of the tale remains to be drawn by you, or at least to be acted upon ; and, therefore, if I can by any means prevail on you to practise what has been preached for a century in vain, I shall have no compunction at assuming to myself the credit of an invention, useful in the highest of all degrees, the art of reducing truth to something more than a metaphysical axiom,---to give it a substantial being in human action, and to bestow on that which was before an “ airy nothing, a local habitation,” not a mere “ name.”

Unhappily for us, we seldom perceive the ascendancy which habit has gained over us, until we attempt to shake it off ; and that is in general not before its tyranny has become so insupportable to us, that we find an emancipation from it not only expedient, but absolutely indispensable to our happiness. But the same long indulgence which has pampered the vicious habit into an insolence of control too much for us to bear longer with patience, has also endued it with a force against which all our long-delayed resistance is unavailing. We have fostered the serpent until its deadly sting is in our bosoms. And this, or an evil of the same dire effect, is the consequence of those petty greedinesses which we may detect in ourselves at nearly every meal we sit down to. “ Every sensual pleasure,” it has been said, “ lops off a little branch of our short life ;” and it will not be hard to shew that of all sensual pleasures, that which earliest, oftenest, and longest attacks us, and which is most detrimental to our well-being, is intemperance. *It kills*, says the proverb, *more than the sword ;—plures occidit gula quam gladius* ; and although, like every other species of vice, it need but be seen to be hated, yet its insinuations are so artful, its approaches are so gradual, and the masks it can put on so irre recognizable, that it is in the midst of our citadel before we have manned the outworks. It has a quality, which, even far more than its wickedness, is likely to bring it into disuse—it inspires its very slaves with a contempt of it ; or, to be less metaphorical, it exposes them to the contempt of others, and most men would rather be hated than be despised. Hear Johnson’s remarks on this point of the subject. “ There is no pleasure which men of every age and sect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the

palate; an entertainment so far removed from intellectual happiness, that scarcely the most shameless of the sensual herd have dared to defend it; yet even to this, the lowest of our delights,—to this, though neither quick nor lasting, is health, with all its activity and sprightliness, daily sacrificed: and, for this are half the miseries endured which urge impatience to call on death.” And the self-condemned, yet venerable moralist had written previously with still greater energy, “nor is it easy to enter a house in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and part remitting disease by abstinence, or soliciting it by luxury.” Let those who now read this, enter their own houses, and then question the truth of it if they can. But how does the foe enter? We appoint certain hours for food, for the putting-off of death---as Jeremy Taylor nobly expresses it: we, perhaps, never, or at most but seldom, depart from those stated hours, and we eat till we think we have had enough! Intemperance enters by as many gates as death. It is introduced by fasting, by hemorrhage, by disease, whether of body or mind (for the restlessness of either seeks relief in any diversion or new employment that presents itself); good-fellowship may beget it, though but seldom---for, among those whose society is most estimable, little regard is seen for animal gratifications; but idleness, or vacancy of mind, is above all things incentive to excesses in diet, as indeed to declension from virtue of every kind. Yet here let me observe, that the object of my present animadversion is gluttony more especially than drunkenness. My reason for not making this latter odious crime the more immediate subject of these remarks is, that it has been much more frequently and more ably reprobated than its gross and sluggish counterpart; besides, too, there is reason to believe, that intebriety is much less prevalent in this country than formerly; while, on the other hand, it is to be feared, that our English character is acquiring more and more of the *gourmand*. The reason of this change may be found in the increase of cunning which vice derives from the progress of civilization. A drunken man must stare, and swagger, and stammer, or, if he talks, talk loosely and with small meaning. If he is able to speak, his conversation is most disgusting; if he is not, his situation is still worse; and thus, in both cases, there is very small hope for him of concealment. But the glutton may stuff till his chair breaks under him, or, at any rate, till his full gorge does “stretch his *Saxon* coat almost to bursting;” and, all this while, no sparkle of the eye, no hurry or confusedness of the tongue, betrays that he is, what is justly called, making a beast of himself. Yet the stupefaction is just as complete, as though it were occasioned by fermented liquor. But what a state is this for a being endowed, like man, with perpetual means of creating in himself and others the most exquisite of pleasure---that which the soul enjoys without consciousness of its *liaison* with the corporeal frame! Can it be that we relinquish that elevating susceptibility of immaterial enjoyment which forms our grand advantage over the brute---that high

“ Perception of the beautiful,
That fine extension of the faculties,
Platonic, universal, wonderful,
Drawn from the stars, and filter’d through the skies,
Without which life” were indeed *very* “dull”—

can it be that we relinquish a capacity for pleasure of this heavenly description---relinquish it for the vile alternative of sucking in for an hour or two between our palate and tongue, what keeps our whole animal frame,

and its dependencies, for whole years, in a state of constant irritation and putrefaction, and for the moment, in a senseless apathy, assimilating ourselves to that most bestial of all the beasts we so despise, and with whom we are so loath to be classed--the gluttonous and sickly sloth! And how slight a shade better are we than this disgrace of the creation, when we come home at five to our smoking dinner, devour it before the covers are off, with our greedy eyes, and then with our greedier mouths, till our eyes are useless. "I am never fit for business after dinner," says John Bull. Those who wish to pick his pocket say he is never fit for any thing before dinner. They are both right. An Englishman is so grossly immoderate in his one great repast, that all exertion after it, till sleep has enabled the perspiration and other organs in some measure to relieve the frame of its disproportioned load, is irksome in the extreme, and even painful. But an Englishman with an empty stomach is as full of brains as a whale, or an elephant---too full to let his purse be disencumbered of its bright burden, by the mercurial kindness of governors or projectors. One of the most extraordinary instances of gluttony, one of the most methodized cases of that madness, is exhibited, if we may trust report, in the character of the late masterly painter Fuseli. *On dit* of him, that when he wished to invent a scene of especial horror, he would feed to repletion---in fact, stuff himself stupid, so that, in the absence of reason, his fancy might conjure up every possible shape of monstrosity; and that the sort of waking nightmare to be expected from such violence to the digestion, might give to the scene thus created a sufficient air of terror and disgust. This is obviously downright filthiness. But with respect to any sharpening of the perception whatever, it appears that the experiment is injudicious,---to say nothing of its being morally reprehensible. Of sensual feelings, by far the greater number is of those which are painful; so that to stifle reason, which is our chief source of pleasure, and to give increased sensibility to the more earthly part of us, which is oftener the medium of anguish than of delight, is to crush a friend and strengthen a foe.

It is time to reach the kernel of this long discourse. There are many, perhaps, who do really believe themselves quite innocent of all excess such as here has been mentioned. I am willing to coincide with their belief; but lest it should prove erroneous, I will give them a few tests that will prevent them from imposing on themselves. Is their complexion clear? Are their eyes lively, and never blood-shot? Are their spirits and their bodily strength unvarying, certain, uniform, and unintermittent? And, if I may be so bold, do they never eat a morsel without appetite? Do they never take artificial means to produce a desire of food, nor ever pamper the baby Taste after its parent Hunger has bid it forbear and eat no more? Now unless they can answer all these simple interrogatives with an honest and unreserving affirmative, I tell them that they are abusing themselves, and insulting Him who made them, by perverting the faculties he gave from their intended, and only fit, purpose. Man eats to live, not lives to eat. I know that the work of intemperance may go on for a while without injury to the offender; but "it is the last load that breaks the camel's back," and sooner or later the truth will out. Keep the five interrogatories I have proposed, keep them constantly in remembrance. Never talk of constitutional disorders producing any of the symptoms I have "posted." No disorder can grow, unless the body it occurs in grows too: that body has no other source of growth (that is, of sustenance; for though we no longer increase in size, yet our bulk is unceasingly diminished and re-

supplied) than the food which is received into it; and when the animal structure is only supported, and there is no surplus of nutriment to feed the disease, why, assuredly the disease will be left behind dead, while the perfect and disburdened organs move regularly on towards the far end of their labours. A life of temperance is as eligible to the young as to the old, to the ignorant as to the wise, to the wicked as to the good. Indeed, had I something more of space here, it would be easy for me to establish the impossibility of vice existing with habits that secure the possession of health. But I must draw to a close. Go on, then, ye contemners of all propriety, of all virtue! Proceed in your lawless career! but, take the advice of a friend, and be temperate at the festive board; that you may sit there the longer, and relish its dainties with a keener zest. I do not tell you that moderation in one respect will beget it in another, or that from ceasing to hurt yourselves, you will acquire a dislike to injuring others; do what I advise, and do it for the reason I have given; and I am at rest as to the consequences. To people of better intentions, I will only add one argument to strengthen them against the encroachments of intemperance: It must at some time be repelled, and the longer an effort is delayed, the more violent must it be. This principle applies to every single meal; for it will be found, that the first unneeded mouthful is more easily dispensed with than the second. Φ

STANZAS. TO ———

Oh! had I a muse like thine,
With a wing so light and so splendid,
So every thing but divine---
When, when, should its flight be ended?

Not with the death of time,
Not with the limits of space:
Over all would I soar sublime,
And meet heaven face to face.

Say, would I bask beneath
The twilight of woman's eye?
Hang on her transient breath,
And give for each breathing a sigh?

Ne'er should my fancy's plume
Be damp'd in the goblet's wave,
Giving mirth but a day's flower's bloom,
One sun for its cradle and grave.

Never should Faction's breath
Ere sully my harp's pure string;
Nor the warring of conquest or death
In its mild vibrations ring:

But wherever sad heart had a wound,
Which the balm of song might heal---
There should my skill be tuned,
And its sting from the serpent steal---

From the serpent sorrow that winds
Round man in his brightest hours;
Till, alas! the victim finds
That the least safe bed is of flowers.

And wherever a virtue lay,
By passions a while o'erthrown,
My music should roll away
That virtue's burial stone;

And bid the entomb'd arise:---
But, stop, my bold thoughts! your flow;
What right have ye up in the skies,
When your spring is a breast below?

G. N.

PROPOSALS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF VULGARITY.

BY CLEMENT CLEARSIGHT, GENT.

LADY ARABELLA MODISH'S *Conversazione* is amongst the lions of the fashionable world. On Sunday evening a galaxy of all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis (as the Morning Post says), regularly assemble to discuss all matters of the most vital importance, from curls *à la Grecque*, to the fashions of the last drawing-room. On a late evening of the fashionables' attendance, the stream of the discourse took a wider turn, and actually engulfed itself into the ocean of men and things. The emigration of some run-away drysalter from Billiter Square to Connaught Terrace, was the cause of the revolution of topics. As usual, the arrogance, the presumption, of the cits was denounced against, and sentence of excommunication was pronounced on the unfortunate Lady Cookesley for getting rich, and endeavouring to vie with her betters; by all present moving to be *not* at home when she was out visiting, and *at home* when the delinquent gave her first route. As the company present were invariably selected from the highest branches of rank and fashion, it need not be said that they had too much regard for their reputation to entertain the remotest idea of exercising any intellectual faculty, of which, by some mistake of nature, they might be possessed; the conversation was therefore most elegantly insipid, and, to the credit of the hostess, of the most well-bred dullness. However, upon the evening which so particularly engages our attention, the fact of a wholesale-grocer being cast in an action of crim. con., and an alderman's wife being dunned for upwards of three years for her dress-maker's account, excited considerable consternation amongst the elegant party, at the approaching level, of what was once as distinct as "Hyperion to a Satyr," or Primrose Hill to Mount Vesuvius. Doctor's Commons was daily being troubled to settle the grievances of Bishopsgate malcontents: the Lord Chancellor was guardian to more *wards* in the city of London, than the Lord Mayor governs. Even *cutting* had become unfashionable, since it was found that the wives of the bankers and aldermen, who had emigrated to the west, dropped the acquaintance of those in the east, with whom they had formerly resided in terms of the closest intimacy---an assumption of the privileges of high life never to be forgiven!

"Shade of the immortal Chesterfield! protect us from the corruption of these Goths and Vandals; we shall not have an amusement or a characteristic left!" was echoed throughout the room. At this alarming intelligence, seventeen ladies shrieked aloud, four officers of the King's Own fainted, and were obliged to have their stays loosened; and the whiskers of all the gentlemen present fell off, in consequence of the cold perspiration having dissolved the gum which secured them. When the general consternation had partly subsided, tranquillity was restored by the members of the *conversazione* entering into the following resolutions, as the only means of preserving the distinction between Grosvenor Square and Crutched Friars.

I. That the members of the society for the Propagation of Vulgarity have determined, in order to counteract the evil designs of certain individuals east of Temple Bar, to *act* and *think* as they like, the opposition of

which doctrine has been heretofore the *corner-stone* of fashionable distinction.

II. That any member of this society be at his free will and disposal, to be seen *in or out* of town during the months of July, August, September, and October.

III. That any member be at liberty to pay his or her debts, though they have not been contracted seven years.

IV. That each and every member have free and especial permission to notice any relative, friend, or acquaintance, in a place of fashionable resort, even though the said relation or friend be three weeks behind the fashion, or wear white cravats before dinner.

V. That no one constituting a part of this society, need leave town on a Sunday, *unless circumstances oblige them to prefer that day.*

VI. That every member wishing to rise before three in the afternoon, or retire to rest before five in the morning, is perfectly at liberty for so doing.

VII. That no lady or gentleman have any necessity to ruin themselves, or any of their tradesmen, to keep up their reputation as members of high life.

VIII. Should any thing extraordinary occur in or out of the fashionable world, any one of this honourable association has, at his or her free disposal, liberty to express his or her surprise or astonishment.

IX. That it is not necessary that every individual superior to any member of this society, in point of genius, talent, or reputation, be voted a *bore*!

X. That the members of this refined community have it in their power, at any dinner party, to satisfy their appetite.

XI. That no gentleman connected with this society be cut for being seen to be with, or speak to, his wife in public.

XII. That the society have come to the determination of making it no longer necessary for any gentleman, member of the World of Fashion, to get drunk every night, be cast in a crim. con., or breach of promise, or shoot his best friend in a duel.

XIII. Lastly, it is proposed that every member be allowed to spell with propriety, and even to speak common English, if they entertain a wish of being understood.—Although these resolutions threaten to destroy the leading characteristics of high life, yet, under the existing alarm, they were unanimously adopted. The dashing hostess having promised to become Lady Patroness, the conversazione, and the ices, being dissolved, the blinds being drawn down, and the carriages drawn up, parting compliments, and *Lafitte* were swallowed, and success drunk to the

“SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF VULGARITY.”

THE TYRANNY OF THE HEART.

A HEART tinctured by intellectual refinement is the most amiable object in humanity. Its griefs are keener, and its pangs more severe, than those of the common herd of mankind, and liable to be wounded in its deepest core by the pang which would not graze the surface of one uninfluenced by this divine sentiment. It views with disgust what the other would contemplate with delight. What is disappointment to the one, would be reality to the other. A heart thus formed is the buffet of the world, and incurs on its owner innumerable sorrows, which not one in a thousand can properly estimate. It exercises over its possessor a rigid tyranny, keeping his thoughts, his feelings, and his sentiments, under its despotic sway. But if its sorrows are heavier than those of the heart of apathy, its pleasures are in tenfold proportion. Its very pangs are their chief promoters. In the words of Scripture, "There is a joy in grief;" a secret and holy thrill invariably accompanies the exercise of this heavenly feeling—a balm spread over and healing the wound of its own making. The pleasures a man of sensibility and refined feeling receives beyond those of an insensible being are incalculable. Each may be said to exist in distinct worlds. The face of nature to one administers charms and delights, which the other cannot feel or appreciate. His eye and his heart are always open to admiration of the loftiest of her works, and can find beauties in her humblest, which the other would in vain attempt to discover. A man of fine feelings cannot see the joy or the happiness of his fellow-creatures without taking share in it; his heart is constantly alive to the sympathies of friendship, and the ecstasies of love—feels a bliss that soars beyond earth, and ranks him above the bulk of mankind. To promote the welfare, alleviate the sorrows, pity the distress, of another, has a preference in him to the impulses of his own feelings; and in performing those offices he finds more real enjoyment, than the most selfish of men can fancy in the midst of their dearest-bought gratifications. Should not intellectual refinement, therefore, be cherished as the source of our dearest pleasure, rather than be avoided as the promoter of the sorrows of existence? Is it possible that the unfeeling apathy, the brute insensibility, of one, who witnesses the distresses of his brethren without a pang can be envied? How many, who call themselves happy at this moment, who have withered every tender feeling that once inhabited their breasts, in accumulating wealth, or in calculations of sordid interest, or following the dictates of restless ambition! mortals who have run through the course of existence, without once stopping to taste its flowers, lest they might occasionally meet with bitters, when in expectation of sweets! Such a being lives in a world, for whose enjoyments he is continually panting, yet never possesses. He pursues a treacherous *ignis fatuus*, which he invariably thinks is within his grasp, when it is the farthest from him. Those ties which bind men to one another, have in him no force. He passes through a monotonous existence with discontent, and at last dies unpitied and unlamented: while the man of feeling

With heart never changing and brow never cold,

is continually roving through an Eden of his own creating. His heart is the home for the choicest sentiments of our nature, and in its confines they blossom and expand, as in their native soil, shedding a sweetness of

perfume, and a richness of feeling, no other sensation can bestow. They are the only delights that spread a ray over the winter of increasing years, which keep the soul in communion with the rest of mankind, when helplessness has succeeded vigour, and the infirmities of age usurp the pleasures of youth.

Affectation is as remote from sensibility, as it is from sincerity. The former is used as the cloak to disguise the darker and more selfish passion: the latter is the pure and legitimate source from whence the best feelings of our nature spring. Nothing is more frequent, and yet more disgusting, than an affectation of acute feelings. How many there are in the world whose cheeks are wet, and whose hearts are harrowed up by a dramatic representation, who feel no sympathy for the tragedy that is daily occurring on the great stage of life! He who possesses a feeling heart, would never object to witnessing a scene of distress, on the plea that such might wound it too acutely, but would joyfully assent, for in relieving want, and alleviating sorrow, its chief pleasures are formed—he would be depriving it of its most exquisite sensations. But the soul of sensibility needs nothing to display its angelic powers. It has only one fault, only one, by which society is injured—it is a general, though fallible, rule of mankind, to judge of the mind of other men by their own. Above all, the sensitive man is apt to indulge in this erroneous calculation; he feels mortifications that were never suggested, insults that were only meant to be taken as such by his captious breast, and neglects that the bestower never intended. He is too apt to judge of the actions and thoughts of his friends, through his own exquisite medium—his sensitive soul sees imperfections with a microscopic eye. The notions which his bosom entertains of love and friendship, are so highly coloured, that the reality falls far short of the ideal standard. To him the cares of the world, and the petty sorrows with which it daily visits those who dwell within it, are not borne with manly fortitude and an unrepining spirit. He is too apt to consider himself one more heavily afflicted than the rest of his fellow-creatures, to be

—— the mark

Where wrong aims with her poison'd arrows.

Such a character as this was the poet Cowper; the morbid melancholy of whose temper has experienced the ridicule, and the commiseration, of the world. The derangement of his mind was not the effects, as it has been erroneously imagined, of religious enthusiasm—it was nothing more than intellectual refinement in the highest degree. Prone from nature to meet with misfortune, his heart was the least capable of bearing it. In early life he had the misfortune to be bereaved of his maternal guide, which tinged his soul with a melancholy feeling, by which it was ever after distinguished. With a soul the worst adapted for the buffeting of a public school, it was his misfortune to receive his education at one. Tremblingly alive to every neglect and insult, his soul recoiled with disgust on the tyranny that was exercised over him by the elder pupils. Irritable from nature, from the many shocks had it received, his mind became now imbrued with a savage despondency. The pursuit of a harsh and disagreeable profession, in every way uncongenial to his intellectual mind, by no means reduced the morbid tendency. The circumstance of his seeing an advertisement in a newspaper, which he madly believed was pointed at him, fatally contributed to destroy the germ of happiness, that the dictates

of his celestial nature, in all the glow of his soul, had formerly created ; and the order he received to attend before the House of Lords to be examined respecting his fitness for the office his friends had procured him, completed the climax of his imaginary horrors. It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing in nature more terrifying than the horrors his vivid imagination created at this apparently common-place occasion. A common mind, conscious of its powers, would feel exultation at such a distinguished display. To him it appeared the climax of human suffering, and he accordingly arrived at the determination, which, in a man whose piety was unquestionable, appears most astonishing, and for which alienation of reason is the only plea that can be offered—suicide. That the morbidness of his temper approached to this dreadful calamity, and effectually counteracted the dictates of reason, there can be no doubt, although the disease was far from being insanity, in the fullest sense of the word. That he attempted death in various ways is well known, and the account he gives himself of his endeavour to put an end to his existence by hanging, is the most appalling description of mental sufferings we ever encountered.* That he was happily unsuccessful, was the mere effect of chance ; it was the means, however, of preventing him again repeating the unnatural act. A proper direction to his future studies, and the society of some amiable individuals, gradually soothed his troubled spirit, and this amiable man soon became one of the ornaments of the age.

Those who labour under an excess of this celestial quality, are too unfit to mingle in the world—and therefore seek solitude, as the only sphere that can agree with the gloom of their souls, thereby increasing, instead of diminishing, the disease (for when it has arrived at this pitch, it is nothing short of one). As a remedy, we would advise, both physically and morally, a freer intercourse with society, which will conduce to a regular flow of spirits, and remove that acidity of disposition, so foreign to amiability, and which is too frequently brought on by close application to books, and neglect of the pleasures of social life.

Intellectual refinement may be therefore considered as the parent of all our pleasures, though unquestionably the promoter of many of our sorrows. That the former prevail, the most captious will admit ; and that the woes are frequently nothing more than a refinement of its joys. Sensibility is the distinguishing barrier that separates human beings from brutes ; the man who possesses it may be said to live and breathe in ethereal air, while he who has it not, experiences all the dull monotony of life, without its choicest enjoyments.

* See his Memoirs. By Himself.

FOREIGN AND ENGLISH EDUCATION.

I AM a thorough-bred John Bull, and regard with a most jealous eye every innovation of the customs and manners of Old England. Since the conclusion of the war, I have viewed with pain and discontent the prevailing habit of sending children abroad for the purpose of education. I have seen, Mr. Merton, the genuine oak saplings of Britain run into Lombardy poplars; and tremble at the consequence likely to be expected from the increasing partiality manifested in the higher circles for every thing that bears the stamp of French manufacture, whether it regards *petit maitres*, or the stripe of a *robe de chambre*. It was only a few evenings ago, that I was present at a grand discussion on this subject. There were five gentlemen present, besides myself, and a number of ladies, so that I was enabled to form a tolerably correct idea of the feeling generally entertained on this particular point. As most of the party had visited the principal courts of Europe, the conversation on each side was animated and well supported. I could not miss so excellent an opportunity of expressing the opinion I have always entertained on this subject, and by so doing got, at first, set down for a Goth or a Vandal of the last century, and had nearly brought on myself the ill-will of all present, until, as if by inspiration, one of the company, who had hitherto remained silent, rose in my defence, and spoke so eloquently, that the ladies began to waver, the gentlemen of course followed, and I became more positive than ever; so that before we parted, we each drew up in our minds a string of resolutions, acknowledging that it is downright folly to send children to France for education, and that foreign education is destructive of the morals and best interests of British subjects.

When I first started my objections, I was called illiberal, old-fashioned, quizzical, and I know not what: the ladies were at me on all sides; they reminded me of the charms of Paris—of the lively, intelligent, little winning ways of the females of that capital; of the military *tournure* of the men; of their pleasing address—of their compliments—of their *particular* civility to married ladies; and not last of all—of their *moustaches*. As it is a maxim with me that every one has a right to select for favourites every object that pleases him, I did not object to any of their fancies, but had nearly lost all the ground I had so bravely won, by wondering what the deuce there could be to admire in a man that wanted shaving! A piece of presumption for which I thought I should never be forgiven. This singular *penchant* reminds me of a sight I saw the very first day of my *début* in Paris, in the gardens of the Tuilleries. I saw an elderly French officer rub the contents of these favourite ornaments into his snuff-box—a lesson of economy worthy to be imitated by our modern exquisites.

Many of my acquaintances have been weak enough to allow themselves to become victims of the mania for Foreign Education. Some have taken their children to Belgium, others to Paris, others to various parts of France, and others to Italy. Cheapness of living, and of masters, is, they say, their reason for going there.—Granted, you may probably live cheaper in Paris than you can in London; but you may live in many beautiful and highly respectable parts of England for above a third less than you can in Paris. Wine and amusements are decidedly cheaper in France,—and the more to be lamented; since the easy rate at which the eyes and mouth can be gratified creates a taste for what is ruinously dear

at home, and renders the votaries of pleasure unfit to live in England; so true is it, that thousands of English families have become perpetual residents on the continent, to the utter ruin of their English dependants; and of their paternal estates which are left at the mercy of agents, who make such returns as they think proper:--but this is economy; and because less money is wanted abroad, it is less looked after at home.

In this country the education of young gentlemen is generally confided to the clergy; who, being well-educated men, and having pursued their studies at the University, must needs have a certain degree of information, and be well qualified for the arduous task. Besides, from the general goodness of their moral character, and the absolute necessity under which they are of giving a good and virtuous example, they are unquestionably, of all others, the best calculated to rear their pupils in the practice of religion and of honesty. The clergy are mostly married, and the youth committed to their care have the benefit of the company of virtuous women, from whom they acquire a taste for select society, and a strong predilection for what no other nation knows the real value of--HOME. Under the roof of a Protestant clergyman the purity of the best ages is visible; religion is the groundwork of the fabric, and piety the peaceful monitor of the family. Away from the dangerous sphere of temptation, a virtuous life becomes habitual; and accustomed to serious and profitable study, the mind is kept from falling into inactivity, which is the mother of all vices. As all the pursuits of the clergy are directed by the duties of their holy profession, their walks have mostly charity for their object; and the religious offices which they have to perform cannot fail to make upon the minds of their pupils an impression, which must cling to them to the latest hour of existence. Such advantages are unknown on the continent. French schools are kept by a very inferior class of men to ours, for this reason,---that the masters are not looked up to, and very seldom get into society: the best of them are nearly on a footing with our commercial academists.

It was ever the policy of the late government of France, to bring up their youth in the love of military exploits, and such pursuits were directed as made them unfit for any other profession. With an arrogant opinion of the value of their countrymen, they naturally imbibed an irresistible contempt for foreign nations, and particularly for England. That feeling will not subside as long as the present generation exists; and consequent care will of course be taken to raise the French character into the youthful English breast, and to give them a predilection for the pursuits and pastimes in which they delight, and which they esteem so superior to any thing we can possibly produce. In instilling these dangerous inclinations into the minds of the English pupils committed to their care, they know they lower their opinion of their own country, and create such a preference for all that is French, that they make themselves masters of their feelings, and turn them over to their parents decided Frenchmen in every thing but their names and ancestry; and unfit for the superintendence of their future dependants, and the management of their future families.

Unlike the pious and amiable wives of our clergy, and the truly virtuous majority of our English females, French women have a natural *penchant* for the frivolous; and as they cannot be expected to have imbibed other habits than those of their families and friends, they are invariably *coquettes*, and as universally fond of any male society rather than that of their husbands; for French women marry for freedom; and

Frenchmen seldom care much for them when once honoured with their names. The society which is seen by keepers of seminaries in Paris is by no means select; it is expected that the pupils who are admitted to the drawing-room will at all times appear as Frenchmen; and no pains are spared to *disfigure* the youths who are doomed to pass the ordeal.

It cannot be supposed that the French are very anxious to strengthen in the minds of their pupils their attachment to the Protestant religion, or that they take great pains to get them instructed in religious subjects, or in the practice of religious principles; on the contrary, they take every possible opportunity of shaking their faith, and endeavour to convert them to their own *more convenient* and more objectionable worship, as has been proved on several occasions; particularly in the memorable affair of the daughters of Mr. Loveday, and in the conversion of two Englishmen in Paris a short time ago. The fuss, the grand clerical buffoonery, the hypocritical professions, and the admiration of the French on such transformations, prove beyond a doubt the importance they attach to the conquests, and ought to serve as timely warning to the persons who send their sons to French schools.

French women have a native levity, which they call *naïveté*, and which, when played off with an intention to please, seldom fails to produce a favourable impression. The *badinage* of continental conversation is a keen poison to the veins of an Englishman:—it runs like magic through his heart's blood, and there leaves a fatal venom, which he does not discover until he returns to his native fire-side; when he finds his countrywomen dull and inanimate, misses the flirtings of the Parisian *belles*, sighs for their pert looks, and vows his children shall be educated in France, that they may not be so stupid as their English neighbours.

Ask any young gentleman, on his return from Paris, what amused him most, he will tell you, "*The Palais Royal*," which is no more nor less than the hot-bed of iniquity, where every crime that ever disgraced the name of man or woman is practised *with impunity*—where the very air you breathe is polluted with abominable prostitution—where beings lost to every feeling of shame are encouraged and courted—where blasphemy is received as pleasantry—where human nature is seen in all its worst deformities: and yet, it is in this very place that our countrymen lead their wives and daughters; and here you see young Englishmen, not out of their teens, gazing with ecstasy at the painted forms of the daughters of perdition! And these are the scenes which, if the present rage continue, are to be introduced into London! The midnight walks of which the French are so fond, and to which the English are such constant votaries, are equally dangerous—they are filled with frailty; and the eye becomes so accustomed to look after these delusive objects, that it fancies all scenes irksome where the goddess of debauchery does not preside. What think you of this for a school for husbands? and what think you will be the fate of the virtuous females who become the wives of men educated in the fashionable school of refined vices?

In a political point of view, foreign education is equally fatal to the best interests of English subjects. The pleasures and pursuits of which they become so fond, are not to be procured in the country; and they will consequently either live mostly in London, or some fashionable watering-place; or they will soon get tired of England, and return to the continent under pretence of economy, and the country will lose the benefit of their labours. The immoralities of which they become the votaries on the con-

continent, will of course stick by them at home; and where virtue ceases to preside real honour will never dwell, therefore no dependance can be placed upon them; and they will always be inclined to favour France, even at the expense of their native land; and to promote the interests of the religion which their frail neighbours practise, and which does not interfere with their criminal pursuits.

In a national point of view, the introduction of foreign education is equally baneful and destructive. The pomp and parade of foreign courts will create a desire for similar extravagances at home. Their habitual neglect of the duties of the Sabbath will prevent their giving a proper example to the lower classes, and will eventually go towards undermining the best interests of the church and the honour of the state. The morals which they bring home will ere long be adopted by their more immediate friends, and loosen the national character. The better sense of the uncontaminated classes will of course make them feel an unconquerable contempt for their *foreign* absentees, and they will cease to look up to them for representation.

I would ask, are those educated in a foreign soil, and only acquainted with the disposition and character of the inhabitants, on the return to the land of their forefathers, fit to govern the tenants and peasantry of their paternal estate? I affirm they are not, and these are my reasons:—The lower orders of the French are grossly ignorant, and accustomed to be treated like slaves; whilst people of the same class in this country have a full knowledge of their liberties, and are in all respects more educated and enlightened: the one, passive observers of the affairs of the state; and the others, active and co-operating members of the community, having a right to vote and to take a share in such occurrences as are likely to affect their interests, or to have the least influence on their welfare. To vainly boast of national grandeur, when the subject (who forms the great mass of the people) is enslaved, and subservient to the will of an absolute monarch, or of a servile ministry, is to boast of national disgrace; and of the ignorance of a multitude, who are content to do as they are bid, without daring so much as to raise an opposing voice to the acts of those who are careless of the liberties of the subject, and accustomed to look upon as traitors such as have spirit to shake the lawless fetters by which they are bound.

Why need the nations of the continent resort to the new system of National Education? Vain,—unmanly trifling with the liberties of a nation! Do they mean to enlighten the people by giving them an insight into matters of state,—by giving them the power to avail themselves of that education to improve their situation, and become free acting members of society? No; the system of education which is prevalent on the continent is calculated to unman the best of men,—to lower them below the level of what men should be, and to instil into their minds a carelessness about the welfare of their country, which must, at some time or other, occasion its downfall.

Be not mistaken—I am not advocating the cause of republicanism or rebellion;—I seek not to draw the subject from the sovereign, or to lessen the influence of ministers of state; but I maintain, that freedom of action is necessary for the complete development of the faculties of man; and that no king can know the real worth and sentiment of the subject, but when he has liberty of speech, freedom of action; and is not awed by the system of *espionage* which is universal on the continent, and which, thank

God, we know not in this dear country of ours. Liberty is the heart and soul of an Englishman:—he has a right to be heard, and will speak when he likes. He rails at men in office, freely censures the public acts of the king, and would instantly rise against unlawful oppression; but, where is there a man so loyal?—Find me a man so ready to shed his heart's blood for his royal family;—shew me the nation that will come forward to a man in defence of king and country, as a genuine Englishman will, and I will tell you what nation has a right to be imitated, and which should be the last to copy from its neighbours. Is there one single thing that can be necessary to the happiness of an Englishman that he has not at home?—Not one! Nature, in her bounty, seems to have blessed him above all men: he is free,—he is respected,—he is feared by sea and by land; he is honourable, just, honest, charitable brave, and loyal; and what would he have more? His countrywomen are matchless for their chastity and beauty; his children are vigorous, and blooming with health; his country yields to none in cultivation, scenery, and fertility; his house is his castle, and his liberties an invincible tower of strength; and yet it is this favoured of all men—this free and enviable being, that risks the loss of all that his ancestors bled for, by taking his children to France, and, by giving them foreign masters, allows them, like so many vipers, to instil their stings into the youthful breasts of their pupils, and to bury their venom so deeply in their minds, as to destroy the vital spark, which, if cherished at home, would have grown into the holy flame which should animate the heart of every son of Britain. Happy—thrice happy man, who sees the danger which fashion puts in his way! Happy the son,—the father,—the husband,—and the subject, who escapes the threatened danger;—his days will be days of peace;—his life will be a life of honour and integrity; his heart will cling to his wife,—his child,—his parents,—his home,—his country; he will feel for its welfare; he will be the glory of this land, and the father of his tenants.---Why need I waste time in saying what he would be?---HE WILL BE AN ENGLISHMAN---SUCH AS AN ENGLISHMAN SHOULD BE!!! Heaven grant that many may still remain of the good old stock, and that they may take the warning before it be too late.

SONNET.

WHEN, after hours of lonely listlessness,
 Or mournful meditation, the gay voices
 Of those we love, and linger after, bless
 Our sweetly-startled ears, oh! how rejoices
 Each quick'ning pulse and thrilling vein, as though
 Th' ungenial frost of solitude till then
 Had check'd the heart's tide in its mirthsome flow,
 But now let loose each dancing wave again
 To revel on like a spring stream, and catch
 Life, light, and warmth, from every thing around it;
 Nor to pass aught unheedingly, but snatch
 A kiss from each flower of the banks that bound it!
 So flies the soul, like a young flock unpenn'd,
 All joy, all fondness, to the welcome friend.

SONG FOR MAY-DAY.

It is May! it is May!
 And all earth is gay,
 For at last old Winter is quite away:
 He linger'd a while in his cloak of snow,
 To see the delicate primrose blow;
 He saw it, and made no longer stay---
 And now it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
 And we bless the day
 When we first delightedly so can say.
 April had beams amidst her showers,
 Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers;
 And her frown would blight, and her smile betray--
 But now it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
 And the slenderest spray
 Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray;
 And the birds sing fearlessly out on high,
 For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky:
 And the villagers join their roundelay---
 For, oh! it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
 And the flowers obey
 The beams which alone are more bright than they:
 Up they spring at the touch of the sun,
 And op'ning their sweet eyes, one by one,
 In a language of beauty they seem all to say---
 And of perfumes---'Tis May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
 And delights that lay
 Chill'd and enchain'd beneath Winter's sway,
 Break forth again o'er the kindling soul,
 And soften and soothe it, and bless it whole:
 Oh! thoughts more tender than words convey,
 Sigh out---It is May! it is May!

SONNET.

I FEEL a dearth of objects for the eye
 Of my imagination to behold,
 Compare, arrange, transform, and beautify.
 My thoughts, long penn'd in a dull city's fold,
 Have lost their mem'ry, and almost their love,
 Of what they once could proudly prize above
 All the gilt prison-walls of social life,
 Scenes of pure nature, of green earth, and wave
 Blue as heaven's arch, whose base it seems to lave:
 Trees, brooks, and grottos, and the radiant strife
 Of sun and shower, whose conflict is more rife
 With hues of beauty, than the most cloudless calm.
 Sweet sights like these make the song flow like balm,
 And win for the blest bard th' unsought, yet welcome, palm.

THE MAN OF SPIRIT.

To be a man of spirit, in the fashionable acceptation of the term, is to be possessed of the acmé of perfection. We therefore very naturally ask, What is necessary to acquire so eminent a distinction? Is it honour, generosity of feeling, superiority of intellect, delicacy of sentiment, or a love of justice? those virtues and qualities which spread a brilliancy over the dull path of life, and lift the soul above the petty sorrows and bitterness of the world? such being, after all that has been said by metaphysicians and philosophers, the only natural laws, the connecting ties that keep men together in the union of social life. No, these qualities are by no means necessary; in fact, they would be inconsistent with the character of a "man of spirit." A man that was known to be actuated by such sentiments, and endowed with such qualities, would be immediately accused of *wanting* spirit, that rock upon which the hope of many a family hath split. It is, therefore, not that spirit of humanity which ought to glow in the bosom of every man who wishes to be respected and endeared by his fellow-creatures—that spirit from whose germ spring a thousand good qualities, and which has been creative of all the good that ever exalted or immortalized man: no, 'tis a quality of the mind, both dastardly and unworthy, the possession of which seems to be the highest ambition of the generality of the young men of the present day.

To be a man of spirit, education would not only be completely unnecessary, but also out of character; for what can be more indicative of a want of spirit, than a habit of poring over books, or spoiling the eyes with Greek characters and mathematical problems? However, a show of it is not to be despised (by *him*), and he accordingly accumulates a variety of phrases which have some relation to the French and Italian languages, though, to obtain the character of a linguist, his first endeavour is to get acquainted with the slang of the stable: the boxing-ring follows; then the last of these treasures of acquisition—the garble of the turf. As soon as he is released from the trammels of the University, where he distinguishes himself only by being expelled, or by the many narrow escapes he has had of this point of notoriety, his first care is to see *life*. With these intentions, he exhibits his prowess by knocking down a feeble watchman, and scampering away from his pursuers. To upset an old woman's apple-stall—knock, and run away, at doors during night—steal the number plates off hackney-coaches,—though they may seem childish and insipid amusements to some common-place minds, to *him* are bold and spirited achievements. Having indulged himself in these intellectual pursuits till they want a farther zest, he proclaims to all around he is going on his travels; Paris is, of course, the centre of attraction—and the unmeaning frivolities and disgusting licentiousness of that dissipated metropolis, fix a heart already polluted, a taste prematurely depraved.

He has hitherto stopped short of crime, but morality or reflection at Paris would be symptoms of English *mauvais honte*, and as much out of place as boots and buck-skins in a drawing-room. Perhaps, a few lurking sparks of independence still remain in his breast, and he can but ill reconcile himself to the emptiness and insipidity he meets every where around him; but a contempt of the enjoyments of social life, sacrifices every generous feeling, and he becomes an Englishman only by name, and a Frenchman by every vice that disgraced his nation. It is proverbial in Paris,

that there are none so really abandoned and depraved as the English are *there*; such are universally despised by the light-hearted Gauls, and their acquaintance is only coveted, as the miners value the dirt, for the sake of the gold that is concealed within it. There are some people unfashionable enough to believe, that spirit, like honour, is a beautiful sentiment of the mind, that propels its owner towards the achievement of noble actions, and prevents him from the commission of any thing mean or disgraceful. A man who possesses a spirit, one would hardly think, would be under an obligation to another. But yet we have known men of spirit condescend to wear the clothes of their tailor, and call them their own, forgetting they never *have*, nor do they ever *intend*, to pay for them. There are some who have condescended to cringe and fawn, and perhaps ruin a shop-keeper, and borrow money without ever having the intention of returning it: and at last, after all condescension, to accept of an asylum supported at the public expense. Some may be simple enough to suppose, that to obtain the distinction of a "man of spirit," (that being the height of the ambition of so many,) is attended with many difficulties. There is no man, according to the present arrangement of things, who has it not in his power to become one of these heroes. Rank does not signify, for the nobleman who glories in spending double his income, and the private soldier, who prides himself that "his pay won't find him in drink," are included under the same denomination. He has but one simple course to pursue, and that is, in the first instance, to discard from his breast every honourable and manly feeling. The removal of these unfashionable appendages will leave a foundation worthy of the structure. He should then acquire a knowledge of the language of beggars and thieves in their respectable avocations, denominated *flash*. In manners to be the gentleman, would be contemptible, or, in his own elegant term, a *spooney*—the knowing jerk of the *coachman*—the sly address of the *pick-pocket*—should be acquisitions, in his eyes, far superior to the accomplishments of England and France united,---to be the terror of watchmen, and the never-failing subject of police reporters, the height of his glory.* But something more is to be done—he must bear the reputation of being a *gay man*. If he has art enough in his composition to take advantage of the weakness or confidence of the opposite sex, he does not hesitate either on seduction or adultery. But if, as is generally the case, he is despised by them as an insignificant and contemptible creature, on whom neither affection nor faith can be placed, slander and detraction perform what dissimulation and selfishness cannot. A woman's character, in his hands, is like one living in an infectious clime; it may escape *pollution*, but no one will have any communication with it in future. It is also necessary that a "man of spirit" should run in debt, which is an enviable distinction; to defraud his creditors, and screen himself from the bailiffs that are in pursuit of him, is incumbent on him, till the Insolvent Act, a voyage to America or the Isle of Man, frees society from its curse, and his country from one of her greatest pests!

* Within the last six months, it is an authenticated fact, that one morning, a nobleman, a baronet, and a member of parliament, were brought from the watch-house, before a magistrate, for a riot, such as ringing of bells, singing and shouting in the streets, &c. &c.

INDEX

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

- ACTIVE PEOPLE, 113
 Album, My Aunt's, 65, 123
 Author, the, by the Hermit, 149
 Apothecary, Confessions of, or Murder will Out, 97
 Ballad, a, 79
 Bachelor's Fireside, a Rhapsody, 80
 Breaking in a Servant, by the Hermit, 142
 Bridal Song and Chorus, in Der Freischutz, 20
 Canova, Illustrations of:
 Lines on the Bust of Beatrice, 90
 Lines on the Bust of Alfieri, 106
 of Himself, 107
 Monument of Giovanni Volpato, 160
 The Offerings of the Trojan Matrons, 171
 Venus Victorious, 172
 Captive Lark, the, 9
 City, Life in the, 62
 Coincidences, 56
 Contrast, the, by the Hermit, 83
 Correspondence of C. Council Esq. to Mrs. H. Jones, 21
 Critic, Lines to a, 12
 Cupid, Inscription on the Pedestal of, 82
 Dartmoor Prisoner, 38
 Der Freischutz, (subject of the plate,) 16
 The Tale, 17
 Bridal Song and Chorus, 20
 Education of the People, 108
 Mr. Brougham's Pamphlet, 108
 The Systems of Bell and Lancaster, 109
 The Mechanics' Institute, 110
 Dr. Birkbeck, 111
 Education, Foreign and English, 185
 Engraving, illustration of, 64
 Exile the, addressed to Mina, 112
 Exile's Lament, 41
 Existence, stanzas on, 135
 Fragment, translation of a, by Simonides, 122
 Grecian Chief to his Soldiers, 72
 Ghosts, the Vision of, an after-dinner Romance, 126
 Happiness, Rural, 30
 Hope, 96
 Illustration of Engraving, 64
 Kiss, the Last, 29
 Lament, the Exile's, 41
 Lines on the Launch of the Russell, 32
 Literature of the Nineteenth Century, 161
 Lord Byron, 161
 Percy Bysshe Shelley, 163
 The Magic Car, 164
 The Author of Waverley, 165
 Mr. Moore, 166
 The late Mr. Maturin, 168
 London, the last days of, or News! News! News! 173
 Love, 141
 Luxury of Low Living, 175
 M'Adamizing, by the Hermit, 4
 Magazine, the London, 91
 Man Above, the, 72
 Man of Spirit, 191
 Magic Car, 164
 Matrimony, the Miseries of, 120
 May-day, Song for, 190

INDEX.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Mira, lines to, 86
 Monopolists and Projectors, 33, 73
 My Aunt's Album, 65, 123
 Murder will Out, or Confessions of Village Apothecary, 97
 Mississippi Scheme, 146</p> <p>News! News! News! or the Last Days of London, 173</p> <p>Ocean, Sublimity of, 25</p> <p>Paris in the Spring, by the Hermit, 117
 People, Education of the, 108
 Phenomenon, 44
 Pleasure, 37
 Poetry, Lectures on, 67, 156
 Preciosa, a Romance, 129
 Proposals for the Propagation of Vulgarly, 180</p> <p>Ragatta, the Venetian, 45
 Reviewer, a, 42
 ROUND TABLE, THE, 31, 62, 96</p> <p>Scandal Class, by the Hermit, 6
 Scheme, the Mississippi, 146
 Sexagenarian, Confessions of a, 13, 57, 87</p> | <p>Ship Launch, the, 10
 Sister's Adieu, the, 12
 Sisters, the three, by the Hermit, 53
 Sketch, a, 145
 Something New, 1
 Songs, 15, 41, 148, 151
 Song from the French, 170
 Sonnets, 174, 189, 190
 Spirit of the Flower, the, 116
 —— the Man of, 191
 Stanzas on Existence, 135
 —— to —— 134, 179
 —— on the Death of a beautiful Lady, 52
 Stanzas, 86, 141</p> <p>The Sea for Me, 30
 To-Morrow, 3
 Tragedy, Receipt for Brewing one, 63
 Tyranny of the Heart, 182</p> <p>Village Feast, the, a tale, 136
 Vulgarly, Proposals for the Propagation of, 180</p> <p>Why are Tears, 37
 Wonders, the age of, 152
 Wordsworth, on the Genius and Poetry of, 26</p> |
|--|---|

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. THE INCANTATION SCENE IN DER FREISCHUTZ.
2. THE BRIDAL CHORUS, IN THE SAME.
3. ILLUSTRATION TO LORD BYRON'S WORKS.
4. A LANDSCAPE VIEW OF BRIGHTON.
5. ILLUSTRATION TO MR. CAMPBELL'S WORKS.
6. CITY OF ST. PETERSBURGH.
7. COLONEL TRENCH'S NEW QUAY.
8. PIECE OF MUSIC, BY C. M. WEBER.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

NEW BOOKS, WITH CRITICAL NOTICES.

Theodric.—A domestic Tale, and other Poems, by Thomas Campbell. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

THE name of Campbell has been so long associated with the poetry of our country, and the productions of his genius are so well known, that it is unnecessary, in this place, to enter upon any elaborate disquisition on the nature and extent of his talents. In the prosecution of that part of our plan, in which we intend to remark upon the writings and genius of celebrated living poets, we shall again introduce the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" to the notice of our readers; an intention which supercedes the necessity of any prolonged observations in speaking of the work before us.

The poem we have just named, and "Gertrude of Wyoming," had long placed Mr. Campbell beyond the reach of the vengeance of vindictive criticism. They, in fact, had placed him in the foremost ranks of living bards; and his "Lo-chiel's Warning," and "Hohenlinden," those offsprings of the divinest enthusiasm, were, and will continue to be, looked upon as unsurpassed by any poet living or dead. His minor poems (minor only in length) breathed a purity of feeling, and exhibited an elegance of expression, which stamped them as master-productions. With these effusions before them, our countrymen had long had an elevated opinion of Mr. Campbell's powers: and when the death of the lamented Byron announced to them that the master-spirit of the age had rushed to its native skies, the mind naturally turned to Campbell as the being who should fill that niche in the audience-chamber of the mansion of fame, which had been occupied by so glorious a predecessor. The announcement of *Theodric*, under such circumstances, was calculated to rouse the expectation of thousands—and it did rouse it. We, among others, looked forward to the day of publication with the most intense anxiety; and it is now our painful duty to state that we have read the work, and are disappointed in those hopes which had been so strongly excited. Perhaps the high character which we had assigned to it in our imagination, has done much towards lessening it in our estimation. It is observable in the actions of the human mind, that if things fall beneath our expectation, they, at the same time, sink beneath their true value; and on this principle it may be that we consider *Theodric* has added but little to the high reputation, as a poet, which its author already possessed.

Theodric is a domestic tale, and, as such, does not admit of those fine bursts of enthusiasm, for which many of Campbell's earlier poems are distinguished. It is in the battle array, where

"The field of the dead rushes red on the sight,"

where the thousands

"Are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death:"

it is in mourning over the vanquished, when "the thunders are hushed," and

"The red eye of battle is shut in despair,"

that the genius of Campbell rushes forth from its secret recesses. It is in scenes like these that we behold the divine emanations of his mind, and the victorious warrings of his spirit. He must be upon hills where the breeze is as free as his own soul, or upon the giant steep, where are collected

"The gathered winters of a thousand years;"

or on the blood-stained deep,

"Where each gun,

From its adamant lips,

Spreads a death-shade round the ships,

Like the hurricane eclipse

Of the sun——"

ere we can behold the mightiness of his spirit. It is then that we witness the *poet* rising out of the circumstances which affect the *man*. It is then that the child of song rises, like a phoenix, from a form which appears divested of its former attributes. A domestic tale is not calculated to call forth the wilder passions; and hence, Theodric is not a poem in which Campbell's powers can be powerfully developed.

The poem commences thus :

" 'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heav'n's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd.
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights brouzed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green.
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heav'n's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A gothic church was near ; the spot around
Was beautiful, ev'n though sepulchral ground ;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone---
A maiden's grave---and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there."

This is exceedingly beautiful. The earlier part of the passage is a scene worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The concluding verses are simple and affecting.

" Yes," said my comrade, " young she died, and fair !
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :
Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song :
Yet woo'd, and worship'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd."

The last line announces the tenor of the tale. Julia, for such was the name of this noble creature, was the victim of an affection for one whose faith was plighted to another. She was the daughter of an old Helvetian, who dwelt

" Where yonder castle shines
O'er clust'ring trees and terrace-mantling vines.
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide."

* * * * *

She, midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom---music---fancy---song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;
And scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
 And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
 Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
 And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
 'Twas when, alas! our empire's evil star
 Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
 When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish cross'd
 Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
 The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
 Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
 One corps had ever made a valiant stand,---
 The corps in which he served,---THEODRIC's band."

This Theodric is the hero of the tale. Udolph, Julia's brother, serves under his banner; and in his letters to his friends he describes, in glowing terms, his leader's worth,

"With such hyperboles of youthful style
 As made his parents dry their tears and smile:
 But differently far his words impress'd
 A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast;---
 She caught th' illusion, blest THEODRIC's name,
 And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
 Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
 One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
 Whose love could make her proud; and time and chance
 To passion raised that day-dream of romance."

This, we beg leave to think, is rather unnatural. That a young girl might feel a great respect for one who had been described as acting kindly to her brother, is not at all extraordinary; but, taking into consideration that he was her brother's commander, that he was, consequently, far removed from her in years, and that she had never seen the being who was thus described; it does appear a little singular, that she should possess for him so strong an affection. It was necessary, however, that *she should be* in love with him, and the poet has made her in love accordingly.

Udolph at length is wounded; but

"In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
 Resumed his barb and banner in the field."

Peace is ultimately restored; and Udolph prepares to return to his home.

"How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows!
 How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreckhorn,
 Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
 Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
 Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
 And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
 Blindfold his native hills he could have known!"

His coming down yon lake,---his boat in view
 Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,---
 The arms spread out for him---the tears that burst,---
 ('Twas JULIA's, 'twas his sister's met him first:)
 Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
 And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd."

Udolph brings with him the picture of his chief; whilst the chief himself sets out for England, and spends his time very comfortably in beholding "her works of art," "her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers;" for we are told

"These he had visited, with wonder's smile."

This line, and it is not the only such we can point out in the poem, is quite unworthy of the writer. We should not have deemed it necessary to remark upon the want of energy in any single line or passage; but there really are several instances, as our readers will perceive as we go on, in which Mr. Campbell appears to have been exceedingly deficient in that spirit and vigour for which his productions have

ere we can behold the mightiness of his spirit. It is then that we witness the *poet* rising out of the circumstances which affect the *man*. It is then that the child of song rises, like a phoenix, from a form which appears divested of its former attributes. A domestic tale is not calculated to call forth the wilder passions; and hence, Theodric is not a poem in which Campbell's powers can be powerfully developed.

The poem commences thus :

" 'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.
Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form,
That high in Heav'n's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd.
Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd and roar'd,
From heights brouzed by the bounding bouquetin ;
Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green.
'Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air !
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd,
She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heav'n's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A gothic church was near ; the spot around
Was beautiful, ev'n though sepulchral ground ;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
Amidst them one of spotless marble shone---
A maiden's grave---and 'twas inscribed thereon,
That young and loved she died whose dust was there."

This is exceedingly beautiful. The earlier part of the passage is a scene worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The concluding verses are simple and affecting.

" Yes," said my comrade, " young she died, and fair !
Grace form'd her, and the soul of gladness play'd
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :
Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song :
Yet woo'd, and worship'd as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burn'd
And died of love that could not be return'd."

The last line announces the tenor of the tale. Julia, for such was the name of this noble creature, was the victim of an affection for one whose faith was plighted to another. She was the daughter of an old Helvetian, who dwelt

" Where yonder castle shines
O'er clust'ring trees and terrace-mantling vines.
As gay as ever, the laburnum's pride
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide."

* * * * *

She, midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom---music---fancy---song,
Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,
Dreamt of heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;
And scorning wealth, look'd cold ev'n on the claim
Of manly worth, that lack'd the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,
 And much her likeness both in mind and mould,
 Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine,
 And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.
 'Twas when, alas! our empire's evil star
 Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war;
 When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish cross'd
 Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
 The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;
 Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
 One corps had ever made a valiant stand,---
 The corps in which he served,---THEODRIC's band."

This Theodric is the hero of the tale. Udolph, Julia's brother, serves under his banner; and in his letters to his friends he describes, in glowing terms, his leader's worth,

"With such hyperboles of youthful style
 As made his parents dry their tears and smile:
 But differently far his words impress'd
 A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast;---
 She caught th' illusion, blest THEODRIC's name,
 And wildly magnified his worth and fame;
 Rejoicing life's reality contain'd
 One, heretofore, her fancy had but feign'd,
 Whose love could make her proud; and time and chance
 To passion raised that day-dream of romance."

This, we beg leave to think, is rather unnatural. That a young girl might feel a great respect for one who had been described as acting kindly to her brother, is not at all extraordinary; but, taking into consideration that he was her brother's commander, that he was, consequently, far removed from her in years, and that she had never seen the being who was thus described; it does appear a little singular, that she should possess for him so strong an affection. It was necessary, however, that *she should be* in love with him, and the poet has made her in love accordingly.

Udolph at length is wounded; but

"In time, the stripling, vigorous and heal'd,
 Resumed his barb and banner in the field."

Peace is ultimately restored; and Udolph prepares to return to his home.

"How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's snows!
 How dear seem'd ev'n the waste and wild Shreckhorn,
 Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
 Upon a downward world of pastoral charms;
 Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
 And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
 Blindfold his native hills he could have known!"

His coming down yon lake,---his boat in view
 Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,---
 The arms spread out for him---the tears that burst,---
 ('Twas JULIA's, 'twas his sister's met him first:)
 Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
 And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd."

Udolph brings with him the picture of his chief; whilst the chief himself sets out for England, and spends his time very comfortably in beholding "her works of art," "her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers;" for we are told

"These he had visited, with wonder's smile."

This line, and it is not the only such we can point out in the poem, is quite unworthy of the writer. We should not have deemed it necessary to remark upon the want of energy in any single line or passage; but there really are several instances, as our readers will perceive as we go on, in which Mr. Campbell appears to have been exceedingly deficient in that spirit and vigour for which his productions have

been characterised; but, as we before stated, the nature of the poem does not admit of a development of the author's more striking energies.

Theodric, during his sojourn in England, witnesses an illumination. Among the throng of carriages which pass him, there is one in which

"He remark'd a lovelier mien
Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen:
The throng detain'd her till he rein'd his steed,
And, ere the beauty pass'd, had time to read
The motto and the arms her carriage bore."

These fighting men make sad havoc among female hearts in time of peace; and Theodric appears to have possessed a full share of soldier-like execution.

"He sought---he won her---and resolved to make
His future home in England for her sake."

We are left in the dark, as to the means of his introduction to her; but he was introduced it seems, and we suppose we must be content with a knowledge of the fact.

"Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
To CÆSAR'S court commanded his return,
A season's space,---and on his Alpine way,
He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:
The boy was half beside himself,---the sire,
All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire,
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
And tears bedew'd and brighten'd JULIA'S cheek."

With this happy and hospitable family, he promised to reside a month; and the gladdened Julia shone forth in all the majesty of her loveliness.

"Fair JULIA seem'd her brother's soften'd sprite---
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,---
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
But did his thoughts to love one moment range?
No! he who had loved CONSTANCE could not change!
Besides, till grief betray'd her undesign'd,
Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
That eyes so young on years like his should beam
Unwoo'd devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
Which only Music's Heav'n-born art can bring,
To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance,
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.
But when he saw his caution gave her pain,
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
Faith, honour, friendship, bound him to unmask
Truths which her timid fondness fear'd to ask."

The effect which this dreadful explanation had on the feelings of Julia is beautifully described. It is the exquisite perfection of grief; it is the opening of the soul's flood-gates; it is Campbell himself stepping once more before us.

"And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,
Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone.
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made
That mock'd all skill her hand had e'er displayed:
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
She look'd the very Muse of magic sound,

Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
 Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
 Her closing strain composed and calm she play'd,
 And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
 But grief seem'd ling'ring in its lengthen'd swell,
 And like so many tears the trickling touches fell."

The morn arrives for Theodric's departure, and Julia

"Ling'ring at her window, long survey'd
 His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
 His journey's object. Much was he relieved
 When UDOLPH's letters told that JULIA's mind
 Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resign'd.
 He took the Rhenish rout to England, high
 Elate with hopes,---fulfill'd their ecstasy,
 And interchanged with CONSTANCE's own breath
 The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith."

Theodric continues, for a time, to enjoy his full share of domestic felicity; but at length the quiet scene is changed, and his proud spirit longs again to mingle in the battle.

"For war laid waste his native land once more,
 And German honour bled at ev'ry pore.
 Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
 One broken band, or perish in the wrack!
 Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move or melt
 His purpose: like herself she spoke and felt:---
 'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
 'Except its loss!--but with you let me go
 'To arm you for, to embrace you from the fight;
 'Harm will not reach me---hazards will delight!
 He knew those hazards better; one campaign
 In England he conjured her to remain,
 And she express'd assent, although her heart
 In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
 Are wreck'd by errors most unlike themselves!
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance."

At this part of the story our interest was rather strongly excited; we expected some powerfully interesting scenes arising out of Constance's resolution; but all that we learn is, that prior to Theodric's departure she left him on a visit to her friends, that some letter was mislaid, and that she came back to him again. In the mean time, Udolph arrives in England, and brings with him tidings of the near approach of the death-hour of his sister.

"And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,
 Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies."

Constance, instead of feeling those pangs of jealousy, which such a desire might have excited, urged her Theodric to fly to the heart-broken Julia.

"Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
 She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded JULIA's case;
 Implored he would her dying wish attend,
 'And go,' she said, 'to-morrow with your friend;
 I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
 And then we'll cross the deep and part no more."

* * * * *

"With UDOLPH then he reach'd the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow
 Scowl'd on the scenes it lights so lovely now!
 The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
 Shook fragments from the rifted precipice;

And whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord join'd,
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirl'd like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din---
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finish'd half,
Still knew him---smiled on him with feeble laugh---
And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh !
But lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !
'Twas tidings---by his English messenger
Of CONSTANCE---brief and terrible they were.
She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt."

* * * * *

" Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launch'd at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,
Till reaching home, terrific omen ! there
The straw-laid street preluded his despair---
The servant's look---the table that reveal'd
His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still seal'd,
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
That he had now to suffer---not to fear.
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel---
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel :
Her death's cause---he might make his peace with Heaven,
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven."

There is some mystery in all this which we cannot divine. Theodric sets off to Julia with Constance's consent, leaving the latter in perfect health ; and he is scarcely a moment in the house, which he has travelled hundreds of miles to reach, when a messenger follows upon his heels, stating that Constance is either dying, or dead ; he posts home, finds that she is no more, and then accuses himself of being "her death's cause." How ! where ? when ? are the questions which naturally suggest themselves. It is true, Theodric, on his return, meets with a sister of Constance who thus addresses him :

" 'Twas blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate,
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate ;
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would withdraw
Our House's charm against the world's neglect--
The only gem that drew it some respect.
Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
To change her purpose---grew incensed, and broke
With execrations from her kneeling child.
Start not ! your angel from her knee rose mild,
Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
Yet bade ev'n you th' unnatural one forgive.
Till then her ailment had been slight, or none ;
But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on.
Foreseeing their event, she dictated
And sign'd these words for you."

This, however, does not solve the mystery. It seems difficult to conceive, why Constance's mother should be in such a passion at an act which was not to have taken place until Theodric returned once more to England. And that Constance should take it into her head to die in consequence of the scolding which she received, appears equally surprising. Theodric read the fatal letter, which contained

" Words that will solace him while life endures :
For though his spirit from affliction's surge
Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,

Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
 Rang sweetness, ev'n beneath the crush of fate,---
 That mind in whose regard all things were placed
 In views that soften'd them, or lights that graced,---
 That soul's example could not but dispense
 A portion of its own bless'd influence :
 Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway
 Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away :
 And though he mourn'd her long, 'twas with such woe,
 As if her spirit watch'd him still below."

Thus ends the poem.

The great fault in this production is the want of purpose. Theodric's visit to Julia might have been made powerfully interesting, whereas it is entirely devoid of every thing which approaches to that character.---It seems only to serve that Constance might die in the mean time; and why she should do so we are at a loss to divine. Then the expedition in which Theodric was to have joined, appears to be quite forgotten; and poor Udolph, and the remains of the affectionate Julia, are alike consigned to oblivion. Instead of being combined in one great end, the accidents in this tale appear to be isolated, and devoid, as we said before, of purpose.

Mr. Campbell *ought to be* the greatest living English poet. His earlier works are such as entitle the public to look up to him as such. A dozen Theodrics, however, will not effect this object---*one* poem such as he *can* produce will place him at the head of all his rivals.

The minor poems in this volume have already appeared in a different form. We select from among them the following elegant stanzas :

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free !
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse ;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

The English Spy. Sherwood and Co.

THIS, in its way, is a very interesting work: the plates, which are designed and etched by Cruikshank, are admirable: this artist is unrivalled since the days of Hogarth, for the character and likeness which he imparts to small figures: few of the best portraits of the Duke of York convey a more accurate idea of that illustrious person, than a whole length in one of these prints, of about an inch and a half long; and there is a portrait of the King, in the same plate, of almost equal excellence.

The letter-press of the work is very amusing: it consists of sketches of life at Eton, at Oxford, at Brighton, at Tattersall's, at the Opera House, in the Royal Saloon, Piccadilly, in a Gambling House, or Hell, and numerous other places: it is, evidently, the work of a person acquainted with fashionable life, in all its fascinating and demoralizing varieties: and to those, who, in their closets, would like to know what is going on in the world, we cannot recommend a better, or more pleasing, informant.

The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century; or, Compendium of Astrology, Geomancy, and Occult Philosophy. Sixth Edition, Sixty Engravings. London: William Charlton Wright.

DOES the reader not believe in "Astrology, Geomancy, and Occult Philosophy?" has he no faith in charms and talismans? does he not rely upon prognostications and predictions? let him have nothing to do with the work before us: if, however, he have faith in any, or all, of these matters; if he be desirous to become acquainted with "the celestial science of Astrology," to trace events to their causes in the signs "which prevail in the heavens," to see how much of his own fate is subject to the influence of "the Dragon's Tail," or the Great Bear's paw, to make telescopes of the stars wherewith to look into futurity; if he believe in ghosts, visions, and dreams; if he have talent for deciphering hieroglyphics; above all, if he wish to be made acquainted with the splendid acquirements, extensive information, and depth in the black arts of Her Royal Highness, Princess Olive, of Cumberland, who has contributed largely to this extraordinary work, let him put seven shillings into his pocket, go to some bookseller's shop, and inquire for the *Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century*. In this singular production, those who are acquainted with trines, sextiles, quartiles, and conjunctions, will find much to amuse and edify them: he who believes in the influence of comets, will find much to strengthen him in the articles of his creed: in a word, this is a book published for the exclusive benefit of the idle, the ignorant, and the superstitious.

The world has learnt to laugh at the silly stuff which accompanies the Almanack hieroglyphics; it believes not in false prophets: how then must it crack its sides at such predictions as these?

"A lady of rank and fortune meets disgrace; another, death. While, on the other hand, both riches and honour are showered upon the worthless and undeserving. In a family of rank, a casualty causes deep and unfeigned sorrow. Sudden news arrives: conjecture errs. The fiery Mars again begins to rear his standard: but the milder influence of Jupiter quells the rising storm. A malicious attempt, or a slanderous libel, will soon occupy the public attention. But justice is blindfolded.

In foreign parts appear storm and hurricane. The fierce tornado and sweeping blast destroy both lives and property. The slave is factious, his owner unbending; murder, if not prevented by milder policy, soon follows.

At home, the harvest flourishes; the industrious farmer once more rejoices in the bounteous gifts of Ceres. Money is plentiful, but yet confined to few. A project of magnitude is discussed.

Time throws his veil over the rest, till the ensuing lunation. Enough has already been spoken to prove the validity of the science."

With the exception of the one passage we have put in italics, there is not a single circumstance in this whole list of predictions, which may not be said to occur every day; and yet, (will after ages believe such a thing to have occurred in the nineteenth century?) these are put forth with the most inflexible gravity,—ay! and will be read with gravity, by thousands.

At page 14 we are told that the signs portend that many persons will shortly be afflicted with—the *cholera morbus*! At page 28, we have an Astrological Interpretation of the signs which brought the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands into this country. *Cancer* and *Pisces* are mentioned in this statement; which we consider exceedingly proper, seeing that these Royal personages came to England *by sea*. At page 40, we meet with a record of the celestial omens which prefigured the death of Lord Byron: and at page 89, we are presented with "an *astrological* view of—the case of Captain O'Callaghan!"

The *case of Captain O'Callaghan*! This view is also exceedingly in character, as it represents a man looking through the bars of a prison. We have not leisure to read the whole of the omens which affected the case of Captain O'Callaghan; but, we observe, in a casual glance, that Saturn, Gemini, Capricorn, the Moon, and Georgium Sidus, had a great deal to do with the matter: taking into consideration that the gallant Captain was acting in defence of a party of ladies, we wonder that Virgo was left out of the question.

With this, and much more matter, of equal importance to the world, we meet with many curious particulars, and the volume contains a number of curious Hieroglyphics and Talismans. The work is worth the price affixed to it, as a *curiosity*; on any other grounds, it is just worth the value of the paper on which it is printed—making a fair deduction for this act of spoliation.

Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, from the year 1808, to the year 1814; by the late R. C. Dallas, Esq. London: Charles Knight.

THE sister of Mr. Dallas is the *present* Lord Byron's mother, and, consequently, the aunt of the subject of these "Recollections." But, notwithstanding this family connexion, Mr. D. had no communication with the noble poet till after his "Hours of Idleness" had introduced him to public notice, when he took occasion to write his Lordship a complimentary letter, reminding him of the connexion which subsisted between their families as an apology for what might otherwise seem an uncalled-for intrusion. The result was an intimacy, which subsisted, with some slight interruptions, from 1808 to 1814.

In the interval, Mr. D. received many letters from his Lordship, and when we recollect, that during this period were published *Childe Harold*, as well as several others of those extraordinary poems which have placed this wonder of a man, and miracle of a lord, in the first rank of the sons of genius, and that Mr. Dallas superintended their publication, we can readily conceive that the letters must be curious and interesting in a very high degree.

But besides these letters, Lord Byron presented to Mr. Dallas all those which he had written to his mother during his travels. The following, as Mr. D. informs us, was the deed of gift:

"Take them, they are yours, do what you please with them: some day or other they will be curiosities."

Mr. Dallas had prepared for publication, a work, on the genius and character of Byron; which, however, he did not intend to appear till after his Lordship's decease; and it would seem, too, that his Lordship was aware of what Mr. D. had done. On the unexpected death of his Lordship, Mr. Dallas extended his views, and proposed to annex to his work a selection from the large collection of his Lordship's letters, of which he had become possessed.

This intention of Mr. D.'s alarmed, most unaccountably, but greatly alarmed several of his Lordship's friends. Among others, Mr. Hobhouse appears to have partaken of the tremor; and Lady Leigh, half-sister to his Lordship, considered the measure "quite unpardonable." Mr. Hobhouse wrote a letter of remonstrance to Mr. Dallas, as much in the imperative mood as was consistent with the appearance of decent civility; and afterwards, when, jointly with Mr. Hanson, he found himself invested with the character of his Lordship's executor, he applied to the Lord Chancellor for an injunction to restrain Mr. Dallas from publishing the letters which had been addressed, by Lord Byron, either to his mother or to Mr. Dallas.

To procure this injunction, the two executors swore, with considerable firmness, to their *belief* in the nature of these alarming documents, but Mr. Dallas and others, who had read them, testified, as distinctly, that this belief of the executors was a mere idle fancy. The array of affidavits is chiefly of importance, however, as it led to the Chancellor's exposition of the law on the subject, which he delivered in the following formula: "If A send a letter to B, B has the property of that letter, for the purpose of reading and keeping it; but no property in it to publish it." And, on a subsequent day, the obvious consequence of the decision, with respect to the letters addressed to Mr. Dallas himself, was extended to those also which had been addressed by Lord Byron to his mother, and given to Mr. Dallas.

The volume, therefore, appears in English, without these desirable adjuncts; but, if we understand Mr. D. rightly, they are to be found in an edition which was published at the same time in Paris; the arrangements for publishing it in French having been too far advanced, before Lord Eldon's decision was given, to admit of alteration.

We have mentioned the occasion on which Mr. D. first introduced himself to his Lordship's notice, and the intimacy which resulted. Before he met with his Lordship, however, two letters on each side passed. Mr. Dallas says,

"By the return of the post which took this (his second) letter to him I received a reply, professing to give a more particular account of his studies, opinions, and feelings, written in a playful style; and containing rather flippant observations made for the sake of antithesis than serious remarks intended to convey information. The letter may be considered as characteristic of his prose style in general: possessing the germ of his satire, without the bitterness of its maturity; the pruriency of his wit, uncorrected by the hand of experience. Though written in so light and unserious a tone as prevents the possibility of charging him gravely with the opinions he expresses, still the bent of his mind was perceptible in it; a bent which led him to profess that such were the sentiments of the wicked George Lord Byron.

"I considered these expressions of feeling, though evidently grounded on some occurrences in the still earlier part of his life, rather as *jeux d'esprit*, than as a true portrait. I called on him on the 24th of January, and was delighted with the interview. In a few days, the 27th, I dined with him: I saw nothing to warrant the character he had given of himself; on the contrary, when a young fellow-collegian, who dined with him, introduced a topic, on which I did not hesitate to avow my orthodoxy, he very gracefully diverted the conversation from the channel of ridicule which it had begun to take, and partly combated on my side; though, as I was afterward convinced, his opinion did not differ from his companion's, who was also a polite gentleman, and did not make me feel the contempt which he probably felt for the blindness of my understanding. After this I saw him frequently, always with new pleasure, but occasionally mixed with pain, as intimacy removed the polite apprehension of offending, and shewed me his engrained opinions of religion."

The readers of English Bards, &c. will, if they have never heard it elsewhere, have learnt the name of Lord Carlisle. Mr. Dallas gives, in the following passage, a clue to the severity with which Lord Byron has there treated his noble relative:

"He talked of the Earl of Carlisle with more than indignation: I had heard him before speak bitterly of that nobleman, whose applause he had coveted for his juvenile poetry, and from whom he had received a frigid answer and little attention. But his anger, that morning, proceeded from a different cause. Overcoming, or rather stifling, the resentment of the poet, he had written to remind the Earl that he should be of age at the commencement of the next sessions of Parliament, in expectation of being introduced by him, and, by being presented as his near relation, saved some trouble and awkwardness: a cold reply informed him, technically, of the mode of proceeding; but nothing more. Extremely nettled, he determined to lash his relation with all the gall he could throw into his satire. He declaimed against the ties of consanguinity, and abjured the society of his sister; from which he entirely withdrew himself, until after the publication of *Childe Harold*, when at length he yielded to my persuasions, and made advances towards a friendly intercourse."

Lord Byron took his seat in the House of Lords without introduction. Mr. Dallas, who called upon him accidentally, and accompanied him to the House, says,

"I saw he felt the situation, and I fully partook his indignation. If the neglect he had met with be imputed to an untoward disposition, a character which he gave himself, and which I understood was also given him by others, it is natural to ask, how he came by that disposition, for he got it not from nature? Had he not been early left to himself, or rather to dangerous guides and companions, would he have contracted that disposition? Or, even had nature been cross, might it not have been rectified? During his long minority, ought not his heart and his intellect to have been trained to the situation he was to fill? Ought he not to have been saved from money-lenders and men of business? And ought not a shield to have been placed over a mind so open to impressions, to protect it from self-sufficient free-thinkers and witty sophs? The wonder is, not that he should have erred, but that he should have broken through the cloud that enveloped him, which was dispersed by the rays of his own genius."

In connexion with the same subject, the following extract possesses much interest:

"The eldest son of Admiral Byron was an officer in the Guards; who, after the death of his first wife, Lady Conyers, by whom he had only one daughter (Lady Leigh), married Miss Gordon, of Gight, a lady related to a noble family in Scotland, of whom Lord Byron was born; and whom his Lordship took pleasure in stating to be a descendant of James the Second, of Scotland, through his daughter, the Princess Jane Stuart, who married the Marquis of Huntley: but neither did she bring connexion. At the death of her husband, she found her finances in an impoverished state, and she, consequently, by no means associated in a manner suitable to the situation of a son who was one day to take a seat among the peers of Great Britain. Captain George Anson Byron, whom I have mentioned in this chapter, the brother of her husband, had, a little before she became a widow, obtained the command of a frigate in the East Indies, where, while engaged in a particular service, he received a blow which caused a lingering disorder and his death.

"This was the greatest loss Lord Byron, however unconscious of it, ever sustained. His uncle George not only stood high in his profession, but was generally beloved, and personally well connected.

"Had he returned from India, with health, he would have made amends for the failure

resulting from the supineness or faults of other parts of the family; and his nephew would have grown up in society that would have given a different turn to his feelings. The Earl of Carlisle and his family would have acted a different part. They received his sister kindly, as a relation; and there could have been no reason why their arms should not have been open to him also, had he not been altogether unknown to them personally, or had not some suspicion of impropriety in the mode of his being brought up attached to him or his mother: be this as it may, certain it is, his relations never thought of nor cared for him; and he was left at school, and at college, to the mercy of the stream, into which circumstances had thrown him. Dissipation was the natural consequence; and imprudences were followed by enmity, which took pains to blacken his character. The satire had, in some degree, dispelled the attacks that had been made upon him; but he was still beheld with a wary eye by his detractors; and that poem, though many were extolled in it, brought him no friends. He felt himself *alone*. The town was now full, but in its concourse he had no intimates, whom he esteemed, or wished to see. The parliament was assembled, where he was far from being dead to the ambition of taking a distinguished part; there he was, if it may be said, still more *alone*.

"In addition to this, his affairs were involved, and he was in the hands of a lawyer --- a man of business."

Much of Mr. Dallas's volume is occupied in detailing the discussions which took place between himself and his noble friend, during the publication of the poems, whose publication he superintended: they will be found highly interesting to every reader of Byron: but we have not room for extracts.

In his English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Lord B. had severely satirized Lord Holland, Jeffery, and other persons supposed to be connected with the Edinburgh Review. Soon after he had taken his seat in the House of Lords, a bill, called the Nottingham Frame Bill, was introduced into Parliament, in consequence of the riots in Nottinghamshire: Lord Byron's estate lying in that county, he determined to take a part in the debate on the bill, and to make it the occasion of his first speech in the House. This determination was, through Mr. Rogers, made known to Lord Holland, and they were soon after made acquainted. Lord Holland took the lead, in opposing the Bill, and Lord Byron, in his maiden speech, most ably supported the views of his new-made friend: this speech is printed in Mr. Dallas's volume, from a manuscript copy, given to Mr. Dallas by Lord Byron himself.

The volume, throughout, abounds with interesting details; and that portion of it which was written by Mr. Dallas, is entitled, in general, to much praise: on one point only does he betray an unpleasant feeling, and that is on the subject of the sale of Newstead; as his nephew, the present gallant and amiable head of the family of Byron, inherits, in consequence, only the barren title.—The last chapter of the book is chiefly written by Mr. Dallas's son, a clergyman of the English Church: much of it is occupied in an estimate of his Lordship's character, moral and religious, and woe betide the human being whose claims to the mercy of Heaven must be weighed in a balance held by the hand of such a judge. Lord Byron is reported to have said on his death-bed, "I am not afraid to die. I am more fit to die than some people think." On this expression of a dying fellow-creature, Mr. Dallas has much special pleading; the object of which is to lead to the inference, that the lot of Lord Byron is cast with the devil and his angels. Mr. D. is evidently one of that class of religionists, who, in these latter days, have set themselves up, not to search out the ways, but to direct the awards, of Providence:

"Who deal damnation round the land."

That Lord Byron's errors were great, no man will deny, but so also, as this volume amply shews, were his temptations; and when we reflect on the punishment that is to last for ever, let us turn, with devout and humble hope, to Him, who is able to save the chief of sinners; and who said to the repentant reprobate *on the cross*, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Wanderings of Childe Harold, a Romance of Real Life; by John Norman Bedford, Lieut. R. N. In three Volumes. Sherwood and Co.

OUR readers will conjecture, from the title of these volumes, that they relate to the wanderings of a late noble poet: the conjecture is right: the leading incidents of his Lordship's life are embodied in the tale, which would be an interesting one, even if the events were entirely fictitious. It bears nearly the same relation to the life of Byron, that "Waverley" does to the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745.

Castle Baynard; or, the Days of John. By Hal Wilson, Student at Law. Whittakers.

THE story of this novel may be soon told. Baron Fitzwalter, of Castle Baynard, had been on a mission to King John, at Brackley, and on his return brought with him to the castle a Sir Eustace De Mountford, son of a deceased friend; this young knight falls in love with Matilda, the baron's only daughter, and obtains her father's consent to their marriage; when King John, on a journey to London, arrives at the castle, and smitten with the beauty of Matilda, becomes a rival of De Mountford, whom he sends on an embassy to Philip, that he may prosecute his designs with respect to Matilda, with less interruption. Matilda, however, repulses his advances with indignation; he proceeds to acts of violence, is detected by Sir Walter, and is obliged to quit the castle, vowing vengeance against Fitzwalter and his daughter: he engages a Sir Arthur De Clifford, an old friend of Fitzwalter, to endeavour to obtain admission, in disguise, to Castle Baynard, and to assassinate Matilda: De Clifford accepts the commission with the intention of disappointing the views of its villanous projector, who, finding himself deceived, summons his forces, and attacks Fitzwalter's castle, which he sets on fire, and conveys Fitzwalter a prisoner to the Tower. Matilda, De Clifford, and a page, escape to a subterraneous cavern, where Matilda and the page remain, while De Clifford, in disguise, obtains access to Fitzwalter in the Tower, and succeeds in effecting his release. The Baron, having obtained his liberty, applies to Sir Richard Falconberg, to give his daughter an asylum; she is sent for, but recognised by the way and seized by a party of the King's troopers; but rescued by De Mountford, who had at that moment returned, and is on his way to Falconberg Castle.

The Barons now assemble their forces under Fitzwalter, and settle matters with the King at Runnymede; De Mountford and Matilda are united, and Sir Walter restored to his possessions.

This is a skeleton view of the story, and the picture is filled up in a very masterly manner. We might select almost at random in confirmation of this opinion, but we are persuaded that few readers of novels will, after what we have said, omit to spend a few hours over *Castle Baynard*.

Historical and Topographical View of Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Berwick-upon-Tweed; with brief Notes of the celebrated places on the Scottish Border. Publishing in 4to. parts, 5s. each, by Sherwood and Co. London, and Mackenzie and Dent, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. To be completed in three Volumes, the last (the History of Newcastle) being independent of the other two.

LOCAL topographical works are generally very uninteresting to persons unconnected with the districts to which they relate, but the work before us is of a nature to deserve the attention of the general reader; and to convey much important information on subjects of universal interest. From the situation of Northumberland, with respect to Scotland, it necessarily bore the brunt in most of the conflicts between England and that country; and the history of the great Northumbrian family of Percy forms an important part of the history of England. Much more information is here collected relative to the border wars; much indeed that could be obtained only from the families whose ancestors have been engaged in them.

The lead mines, and, above all, the *coal mines* of Northumberland are objects of national importance; and in this work will be found a very explicit detail of every thing that the general reader can wish to be acquainted with, respecting these great sources of our national strength. The manufactures, too, of this district are highly important; and agriculture is, perhaps, no where so well understood, or so successfully practised.

The peculiar characteristics of the various classes of its population, pastoral, agricultural, mining, and sea-faring, form an interesting subject, on which, and on the local antiquities, and local family-history of the county, its botanical and other peculiarities, the information which the work contains is as curious and valuable as it is generally original.

The Elements of Euclid; the first six books, together with the eleventh and twelfth. Printed, with a few variations and additional references, from the text of Robert Simpson: 12mo. Collingwood, London.

WITH this volume we are much pleased on many heads: the paper and type are good, the wood-cuts distinct and expressive: the alterations, &c. enumerated in the preface we think are improvements; but its principal attraction, which is the reason

that we notice it in this way, is its *convenience of size*, which will be duly appreciated, both by teacher and pupil. In our numerous academies where Geometry is taught, or pretended to be taught, boys, from ten to fifteen, who find it difficult enough to carry their Geometry in their heads, will be much obliged to Mr. Adams, for easing them of a portion of what they have hitherto carried under their arms. Again, those young men who go to the universities to study, will find it equally useful: when, on fine mornings in spring, they wander on the banks of the Cam or Isis, they may take their Virgil in their hand, and Adams's Euclid in their side-pocket, and see fair play between science and literature (as used to be our practice). If a student, in this situation, should meet a lady or a suspicious character, who, by a glance at his diagrams, should take him for a conjurer, he may slip his Euclid into his pocket, take out his Virgil, and so pass for a mere poet.

The book is, however, too dear, half the matter in Simpson being excluded, the notes, the data, and the trigonometry; and this will be a bar to the utility it would otherwise produce: if the booksellers would give the whole of Simpson for the present price, and reduce this abridgement a couple of shillings or eighteen-pence, they would render a service to the lovers of science, who are seldom too affluent.

Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London. Vol. I. Part II. Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy.

WE have great pleasure in announcing the publication of the important collection of papers which form this part of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*, and we wish the nature of our publication, and the space to which we are limited, would allow us to give our readers an adequate idea of their contents.

No. XXXVI. is a collection of tables, which must be invaluable to the practical astronomer. Their object is to facilitate the determination of the *apparent* from the *mean* place of forty-six of the principal fixed stars. They are preceded by an elaborate and elegant introduction, drawn up by J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. son of the celebrated Dr. Herschel.

No. XXI. is a paper by Captain Everest, of the Honourable East India Company's service, long the assistant, and now the successor, of Colonel Lambton, in the Trigonometrical operations in India. It contains an examination of M. De La Caille's Triangulation of the Cape of Good Hope, which led to a belief that the southern and northern hemispheres of the earth were dissimilar figures. The result of Captain Everest's examination, however, produces a very considerable diminution in the confidence which had before been placed in M. de la Caille's admeasurements.

Our want of space compels us here to drop farther notice of these papers; but a publication which is enriched by the communications of Babbage, Baily, Brinkley, Gompertz, Herschel, and Littrow, cannot require our aid to recommend it to the attention of the scientific world.

Horæ Poeticæ; or, Effusions of Candor. By a British Officer. Simpkin and Marshall.

ANOTHER volume of poems! No: not another volume of poems; but another book, with the word "Poems" written upon it. It is well for the author of these *Effusions* that he forwarded a copy of them to us; for if we had unfortunately fallen into the mistake of purchasing them, we would have summoned him to the Court of Requests for the recovery of our money. How often do we repeat to those who have the misfortune to be born with a versatility of genius, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; and, alas! how often have we the mortification to perceive that not the least attention is paid to this salutary caution. A British officer writing poems, appears, to us, quite as monstrous as a man-milliner commanding a squadron of horse-guards.

We shall notice these "*Effusions of Candor*, by a British Officer," with effusions of candour by ourselves. We, therefore, beg to inform him, for he really seems to stand in need of the information, that he is no poet. The wretched stuff that he has been so very vain and foolish as to put into print, is really without a parallel in the art of book-making. It is ten degrees worse than the halfpenny ballads which are cried about by the low herd of itinerant publishers.

We are sorry to be so severe in our *censure* of this performance; but it is really necessary to endeavour, by some means, to put a stop to the publication of such dull, spiritless productions, as the one before us. That the author of this book may be

a very able officer, we have no reason to doubt; but this can have no weight with us in the performance of our duty to the public.

There are several pieces in this volume, the longest of which is "the Campaign," a subject, we should suppose, calculated to call forth the whole of the British officer's enthusiasm. The reader shall have an opportunity to decide whether or not it has done so. The Campaign and the poem, begin thus:

Still and dark in the night we drop for the main,
And guns, roaring, flash in the gloom,
From piloting convoy; till Channel we gain
And promptly for Portugal spoon;

As, slowly, dun twilight proclaims in the west,
Approach of the ruler of day,
Which soon seeming peeps from ocean's vast breast,
In sanguine but modest array.

While mounting to splendour he banishes chills—
Faint gilds the green face of the deep,
And brightens our prospect of vanishing hills,
As we, from Albion's coast sweep.

Oh! Heaven alone can the secret reveal,
Who's to return, and who is to fall:
Each now fondly hopes he shall sail back as well---
But return, we like, shall not all.

How the Campaign ended, we cannot tell; we were quite satisfied with seeing that the author was *spooning* his way to Portugal, where, if he did not fight better than he can write, we think there can be but one opinion concerning the result.

The Prophetess, and other Poems. By Richard Brown. London: William Charlton Wright. York: Richard Burdekin.

THE first poem in this collection commences thus:

"The night it was dark, and the moon scarce appear'd
Behind the old forest, that stood
Enveloped in darkness, and darker it rear'd
Its storm-tinctured clouds, as they dimly appear'd
On the skirts of the wind-shaken wood."

These are certainly the worst lines in the book: and judging from their very prominent situation, we should consider their author to be either a very honest or a very valorous person:—honest in exhibiting the worst side of his wares, and valorous in thus early, as it were, defying our critical wrath. We are never more disposed to be merciful than in speaking of the productions of embryo bards; and on this principle, and on this only, we shall be lenient with Mr. or Master Richard Brown. We must, however, first get him to enter into a bargain with us, that he will resolve to publish no more poems; for although the time which he may occupy in composing them may be of no value to *him*, the time which we lose in reading them is of some consequence to *us*.

In these legends, then, we really find many very well-drawn scenes; and those who have an appetite for ghosts, winding-sheets, and hobgoblins, will also find plenty of food for their diseased imaginations. The impression which these poems left upon us, as we proceeded from verse to verse, through the whole book, was, that the author was *going to be* poetical.—We expected every moment that the sun of poesy would burst upon us; and in saying that it was twilight throughout, we trust we are not casting the work into outer darkness.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

AT so early a period as the 1st of January, it cannot be supposed that we are enabled to lay before our readers a detail of many remarkable events of the year 1825. The only occurrence of any considerable importance, that we have yet heard of, is the commencement of a new volume of the Literary Magnet. This circumstance, however, does not fall within the range of those events which it is our intention to notice in this and similar succeeding papers.

Our readers need not be under any apprehensions that we are going to convert our publication into a newspaper; they need not alarm themselves with the supposition that we intend to follow the steps of our predecessors, and fill our pages with the prices of stocks, hay, and tallow; that we intend to chronicle a certain number of births, deaths, and marriages; that we intend to keep an account of when the wind blows east, and when it veers to the north or the south. We have no such intentions. Our object is simply to detail those events which immediately affect the well-being of our own and other nations. To notice only those authenticated occurrences of political importance which may be considered as so many landmarks in the fate of empires. To form a collection of facts, that may be referred to in after-years as an HISTORICAL RECORD. The importance of our purpose, we trust, will be a sufficient apology for the brief space which the detail of these events will occupy.

We shall not bother our own heads, nor the heads of our readers, either with Whiggism or Toryism. We shall preserve facts in their crude state, and leave to others the task of extracting their political juices. Neither shall we call into action our prophetic acumen. It is the past only that will concern us---let futurity take care of itself.

THE DRAMA.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

It is a constant practice with men, when they enter upon any new avocation, to profess a degree of honesty which few, if any, of their neighbours possess. For our own parts, although we never considered ourselves deficient in self-love, we shall do no such thing. We are not, for the first time, taking upon ourselves the duties of a theatrical reviewer. And hence, if we were to condemn all that is past in stage criticism, we should necessarily include parties of whom we never speak in other terms than those of the highest respect. We may, in the exercise of our profession, be very industrious, very clever, and very honest; but still we are impressed with the very silly notion, that there may be others quite as industrious, quite as clever, and quite as honest, as ourselves. There is much, however, to reprobate in the present system of theatrical notices; and standing, as we do, unconnected with any parties belonging to the stage, we anticipate that we shall, in some trifling degree, act as an antidote to certain of these abuses. We are far from including, in these allusions, the very spirited and excellent critiques which appear in a few of our leading journals.

The office of a critic is now exercised, we may say, in every alley of our city, and by every man whose necessities compel him to the unreserved exercise of his pen for hire, or whose ill-regulated passions lead him to hold up one class of men to scorn, for the mere amusement of another; or to enjoy the miserable and dangerous distinction of an aptitude for ludicrous scurrility. No man is fit for the office, unless his integrity, like Cæsar's wife, be above all suspicion. To command or disapprove without favour or without fear, and to be directed, in no case, by any feeling save the love of truth, and restricted only by good taste and good manners, are the chief objects of independent criticism.

The greater number of the present race of dramatic reviewers, may not unfairly be arranged under two general classes; that which, *with* a general knowledge and feeling of the subject before it, pampers the public taste, alternately with poignant and highly-peppered abuse, and with unwholesome adulation; and that which, *without* either knowledge or feeling of the subject, or industry even to *examine* what they criticise, cut blindfold, and indiscriminately, at friend and foe, like drunken combatants, exhibiting their own good-will to do mischief, with a deplorable want of ability to effect their design.

A public statement of our acquaintance with the unworthy acts of dramatic reviewers, will at least operate to procure us some confidence, in leaving us naked, and without excuse, in any dereliction of *our own*. To speak briefly of ourselves, we will deserve better of the drama, better of the community---stand more independent of both---do both more honest service.

We shall now offer a few brief remarks on the subject of that immense and tremendous vehicle of music and dramatic scenery, Der Freischütz. The German drama is sweepingly

condemned by our editorial sages, without consideration ; it has monstrosities (to use their favourite expression), and what stage has not ? But it is always the vehicle of rare and powerful music, and abounding in fine and imposing situations, even in its "raw, as imported" state ; and in the hands of our own more skilful managers, is always susceptible of sound amplification, of an exhibition of good moral, of fine language, and beautiful scenery. The critics mistake, when they assert that SPECTACLE lowers and enervates the stage and its followers. The stage is a school of manners, as well as of morals, and is the means of strengthening a taste for those ornamental arts, which are precisely the best suited to a people whose lower, as well as middle, classes, are rapidly rising in the scale of improvement. Tragedy is a lecture on history, to the illiterate. Comedy, a school of manners, to the uneducated. Spectacle has its uses---it powerfully cultivates, and calls into action, a taste for the refinements of music and painting.

The *Der Freischütz* of Drury-Lane, which has furnished us with our design, is of that species of spectacle which we approve and admire, because it has a direct tendency to accelerate that improvement which we have observed upon. It is of a simple and bold texture, of grand and imposing detail, and of fascinating and delightful accompaniments ; the scenery sublime, and in perfect consonance with its story and its music ; unexampled in its extent, its beauty, and its terrific effect.

We shall say nothing of the bustle and performances which have taken place at the great theatres during the past month, as it is our intention to commence, both the notices of the drama, and of public events, *from* the beginning of the present year.

FINE ARTS.*

WE learn from a recent number of the *Morgenblatt*, a german paper, that a number of copper-plates preserved in the *Calcographia Camerale*, have been destroyed by order of the Treasurer. The plates were cut into small pieces, and sold as old copper. It is to be regretted that Nicolas Dorigny's celebrated work of the *Farnesina*, from Raphael's painting, and the *Farnese gallery* of Annibal Carracci, engraved by Pietro Aquila, have fallen in this shameful destruction. It is a great misfortune attending works of art, that they continue in the state in which they were executed, whilst the manners and feelings of mankind become, after the lapse of years, more delicate and refined : so that the productions of an artist who has sketched boldly from nature, or who has barely kept his works within the limits of what the age in which he lives may term propriety, must, in the revolution of years, be considered specimens of indecency.

It is we believe on a similar principle, that these plates have fallen a sacrifice to the chastity of the worthy Treasurer's feelings ; and we sincerely congratulate Rome on her possession of such a conservator of her morals.

Eight engravings of the ruins occasioned by the late calamitous fires in Edinburgh, have been published by Constable and Co. for the benefit of the sufferers. The purpose for which these clever productions have been executed, independent of their merits, as works of art, gives them a decided claim to our notice. We agree most cordially, in such a method of relief ; and we doubt not, that the views, of those who adopted it, will be adequately fulfilled.

There is something terrific in the appearance of these artificial ruins ; and the extent of damage from the conflagration may be nearly as correctly judged of by these engravings, as by the dilapidated piles themselves. The artists, one of whom we understand is young in his profession, have shewn considerable talent in their respective departments. The ruins are sketched with a bold masterly hand ; and the graver appears to have been moved as freely as the pencil.

Lithographic copy of the Picture of a Dutch Burgomaster, from the original painting, by Rembrandt, in the possession of Mr. Rocks. Drawn on stone, by John Phelps.

WE have been favoured by a friend with a sight of this beautiful copy of one of the most admirable of Rembrandt's portraits, and we are induced to notice it particularly, as it has given us a much more elevated idea of the capabilities of lithography, when applied to portraits, than any thing that had before come in our way. In fact, we have no hesitation in stating that, in our judgment, it is the finest and most masterly lithographic portrait that has yet been executed in this country.

* The length of our notice of *Theodric*, has compelled us to omit a number of reviews, which we had prepared, of various other new publications. It has also compelled us to abridge our notice of the fine arts. Our critical notices will, in future, be more condensed, and we shall, consequently, be enabled to remark upon a greater number of volumes.

CAPTAIN LYON'S NARRATIVE.*

THOUGH it is chiefly of the story of his misfortunes that Capt. Lyon has here made a book, we can assure our readers that these misfortunes were not produced by circumstances at all affecting the professional character of any individual embarked in the Griper.

It is painful to charge persons holding important public appointments with any thing but wisdom and grave sagacity, but it certainly was matter of astonishment to all nautical men, that, after the Griper had, both with Captain Parry and Capt. Clavering, proved herself to be a mere log in the water, she was selected for an expedition in which even the finest sailer and most manageable sea-boat might often be expected to have all her good properties called into action. Had Captain Lyon had a ship at all adapted to the enterprise on which he was sent, he would not only have reached his destination with great ease, but he and his crew would have been spared many of the "pains and perils" through which it is wonderful that they all escaped in safety. We repeat it again, that the Griper had, on two former scientific expeditions, proved herself utterly unfit to be employed in any such service, and it is difficult to believe that her capabilities were not well known to those who had the arrangement of that intrusted to Capt. Lyon. The country has a right to look for some explanation of these circumstances. It is not to be tolerated that our national honour, the lives of our brave and hardy seamen, and the reputation of the most accomplished of our naval officers, should be trifled with, or put in needless danger, because, by circumstances the most fortuitous, two or three individuals have been thrown into situations for which nature has omitted to qualify them. But this is a souring subject:—let us turn to Capt. Lyon's book, which shews him to be a man worthy of better fortune.

The Griper sailed from the Nore in the middle of June 1824, in company with the Snap, surveying vessel, Lieut. Bullock, and on the 20th came in sight of Caithness, near Ross Head, where a pilot was procured, through whose ignorance the Griper and her crew had nearly been lost. Capt. Lyon makes some strong observations on the ignorance of the pilots on these parts of the coasts, who indeed form a striking contrast with the pilots on the English coast, from Deal down to Northumberland. The vessel, however, was saved, as many others have been, by *accident*, and reached Stromness on the 30th. Lieut. Bullock, of the Snap, was sent to Kirkwall, to order a supply of beef, vegetables, &c. and a couple of ponies, as the Hudson's Bay ships had purchased all the stores that were on hand at Stromness. While Mr. Bullock was absent, Captain Lyon walked into the country to see some Druidical remains, and he gives us the following ludicrous picture of an Orkneyman.

"On our return," says he, "we made several ineffectual attempts, at various little huts, to procure something to eat; but all the inmates declared they had nothing better than meal and water to offer us.

"At length, however, we made acquaintance with an old woman, who took us into her smoky cabin, and laid before us abundance of roasted eggs, roasted potatoes, bannocks, butter and milk, while her husband produced his 'ain wee bottle,' from which he poured us some excellent whisky. The old gentleman, who called himself a farmer, had several acres under cultivation, but the hut in which 'Christy' and he lived was most miserable and dirty, having no light but through the smoke-hole in the roof.

"While the good farmer stood declaiming before us on his visit to London many years ago, we could not but admire his costume, consisting of sufficiently ill-sorted articles of various colours; and he had completed the array of his outward man by wearing a *red* wig, which had been cropped, or rather notched, over a dark shock head of hair, which peeped like a fancy fringe from beneath the boundaries of this supplemental covering. The ground of our friend was well tilled, as indeed were all the other fields through which we passed, but the corn was only yet in blade."

Lieut. Bullock having returned from Kirkwall with the stores for which he was sent, the vessels weighed anchor on the 3d of July, and entered the Atlantic with a fair wind.

"Being now fairly at sea (says Captain Lyon), I caused the Snap to take us in tow, which I had declined doing as we passed up the east coast of England, although our little companion had much difficulty in keeping under sufficiently low sail for us."

* A brief Narrative of an unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay, through Sir Thomas Rowe's "Welcome," in his Majesty's Ship Griper, in the year 1824. 8vo. London: John Murray.

From the 3d till the 23d they continued their course as well as circumstances would admit, the Snap towing the Griper when the weather was moderate enough to admit of it, frequently at the rate of five miles an hour, when she would not of herself have gone three.

Captain Lyon is a draughtsman of no mean talent, and he always looks on nature with the eye of an artist. The following paragraph is, as we think, a very favourable, nay, a very delightful, specimen of his descriptive powers:—

“On the morning of the 25th (July), the wind gradually moderated to a calm, with a long-rolling sea. Heavy rain had fallen for about eight hours, during the early part of the day; but in the evening the sky gradually cleared up, with that transparent brightness so peculiar to the polar regions. At sun-set it presented a most beautiful appearance. In the north-west was an arch, whose bases were from east to north-west, where its extremity joined a second bow, stretching to the south-east. That to the north-west was topped by clouds of the most vivid orange colours, shaded deep with purple, in long waving, but curved, bands; and between these gleamed forth the clear blue sky, which, as it approached the horizon, blended into soft green, rose-colour, and lake. In the bluest part of these bright heavens, small clouds, resembling streamers of white floss silk, flowed with the most airy brightness; while near the horizon were a quantity of long black streaks in solid masses, behind which the sun was setting. One round blood-coloured spot marked its position, and the base of the dark cloud, immediately above it, was bordered with the most brilliant scarlet, while the reflection from the sun on the long-rolling sea, imparted to it a deep purple tinge. A singular change took place where the two arches joined; as that to the eastward was of a pure rose-colour, packed, band above band, the divisions of which were distinguished by a dull pink streak.”

On the 4th of August, when about to enter Hudson's Strait, Captain Lyon took on board the Griper the stores which had been brought out for her in the Snap, and bidding farewell to Lieut. Bullock, who sailed for his station at Newfoundland, he proceeded on his voyage. During the whole time that the stores were transferring from the Snap to the Griper, the fog was so thick that the boats were directed backward and forward by the sound of bells which were kept continually ringing.

On the 6th of August, Captain Lyon says,

“I never remember to have seen the sky so beautifully and brilliantly reflected, as on this evening; and lovely as the surrounding dazzling view may have been, I could not but yield to a sensation of loneliness, which I had never experienced on the last voyage; and I felt most forcibly the want of an accompanying ship, if not to help us, at least to break the death-like stillness of the scene.”

On the 12th they were visited by several Esquimaux, to the amount of about sixty.

“As the females approached,” says Captain Lyon, “they shouted with all their might; and we were not so deficient in gallantry as to be silent on such an occasion, for the specimen collectors were happy to observe that our fair visitors wore immense mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed in the palms with jetty feathers of the breast of the dovekie. The boats being hauled on the ice, Babel was let loose. On my former voyage, being myself a novice in the country, I was not aware, in the excitation of the moment, of the noise we all made; but being now well acquainted with the vociferous people who were visiting us, I quietly witnessed the present interview, and am convinced it is not possible to give an idea of the raving and screaming, which prevailed for a couple of hours.”

On the whole, these noisy people, however, evinced much prudence in bargaining, and “one most expert fellow succeeded pretty well in picking pockets.” The generality of them, however, “behaved pretty well, and traded fairly, each woman producing her stores from a neat little skin bag, which was distinguished by our men by the name of a *ridicule*, than which I conceive it to be a far more respectable appendage.”—“Our visitors,” continues Captain Lyon, “did not possess many curiosities, and were certainly not so rich as we had found them on a former voyage, the chief articles in which they bartered being their weapons and clothes; and, I blush while I relate it, two of the fair sex actually disposed of their nether garments, a piece of indecorum I never before witnessed.”

In the evening of the 21st of August, a singular fog passed the ship.

“From the main-top the vapour appeared like a dull soft wave rolling past us; while, from the deck, when clear of the ship, it resembled a high dusky wall. During the time it surrounded us, the sun was very strongly reflected on the part opposite it, and the appearance was as if a second sun was glimmering through the haze.”

On the 27th the voyagers fell in with a tribe of Esquimaux, who had probably ne-

ver before seen Europeans. One of them, instead of a canoe, was seated on three inflated seal-skins, connected together by blown intestines. He was astride upon one skin, while another, of a larger size, was secured on either side of it, so that he was placed in a kind of hollow. These people appeared to be a truly primitive race; they received the little presents that were made them with evident feelings of thankfulness, and they were anxious that the strangers should accept from their little stores an equivalent, and more than an equivalent, for the gifts which had been received.

"Poor Neakoodloo, on receiving two knives for himself and wife, appeared quite distressed at my refusing two dirty pieces of stone and fish-skin, which he offered me; and fancying that I rejected them as not being good enough, he took a sharp flint, and began cutting up a large seal-skin, the only one in his possession, for my acceptance; on my refusing that also, he again warmly repeated his thanks for the knives.

"The women were slightly tattooed on the face, in small dots, probably from their having no needles of sufficient fineness to draw a sooted thread under the skin, in lines, as is the Esquimaux custom. The hands were not marked, and their hair was twisted into a sort of club, which hung over each temple. I purchased two little bone ornaments, which had been used as pendants to those locks; and on one of them were about a dozen irregularly shaped pieces of lead, strung alternately with square-cut pieces of the claw of some bird. The women wore no breeches, but had little thigh wrappers, and very high boots."

Captain Lyon speaks in the highest terms of the good behaviour of these poor savages (and extremely poor they are); they are a remarkably simple, guileless tribe of people.

On Sept. the 1st and 2d, the ship experienced a tremendous gale, which the Captain and every one else felt convinced he could not outride. Captain Lyon gives a description of this gale, and of the behaviour of his crew in it, and we regret extremely that we have not room to extract his description. It is a high, a noble testimonial to the manly feelings of a British seaman in the most appalling of all circumstances.

We must stretch a point, however, and make room for the following:—

"At three P. M. the tide had fallen to twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship having been lifted up by a tremendous sea, struck, with great violence, the whole length of her keel. This, we naturally conceived, was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers with their waves, for each, in passing, burst with great force over our gangways; and as every sea topped, our decks were continually, and frequently, deeply flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few, or none, of us, had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected; and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck, and dressed himself; and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them, for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all, that not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and, to a merciful God, offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter into His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not conceive it possible that, amongst forty-one persons, not one repining word should be heard. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down, conversing with each other with perfect calmness---each was at peace with his neighbour, and all the world."

On the 12th of September another gale equally tremendous commenced, and it is described by Capt. Lyon with most tremendous effect. With what feelings will those who selected the Griper for the expedition read the following?

"At such a moment as this, we had fresh cause to deplore the extreme dullness of the Griper's sailing, for though almost any other vessel would have worked off the lee-shore, we made little or no progress, but remained actually pitching fore-castle under, with scarcely

steerage way ; to preserve which, I was ultimately obliged to keep her nearly two points from the wind."

We shall conclude our extracts with the following, which is worthy of the "Great Unknown."

"The hurricane blew with such violence as to be perfectly deafening ; and the heavy wash of the sea made it difficult to reach the main-mast, where the officer of the watch and his people sat shivering, completely cased in frozen snow, under a small tarpaulin, before which ropes were stretched to preserve them in their places. I never beheld a darker night, and its gloom was increased by the rays of a small horn lantern, which was suspended from the mizen-stay, to shew where the people sat."

In this gale all the anchors, except the stream-anchor, were cut, and after weighing every circumstance it was the concurrent opinion of every officer on board, that the expedition should be abandoned, and that they should endeavour to return to England without delay.

In returning home they encountered much bad weather, but they had visits from a few of the natives of Salisbury Island, as they passed it. Capt. Lyon describes them as a set of noisy, boisterous, fat fellows, with an air of saucy independence, a most clamorous demand for presents, and much addicted to thieving. Indeed, he says, they had perhaps scarcely a virtue left, owing to the roguery they had learned from the Hudson's Bay ships.

On the 2d of October they again passed Cape Chudleigh, and bending their course across the Atlantic, they arrived in Portsmouth Harbour on the 9th of November.

Disastrous as it appears the expedition has been, it is satisfactory to find that the whole of the crew returned in safety to their native land. Capt. Lyon appears to have availed himself of every occasion to make such observations as might be interesting to science. His magnetical observations are of a highly important character, and since his return he has judiciously placed them in the hands of Mr. Barlow, of Woolwich, who has formed from them a most valuable paper, which is given as an Appendix to the volume. Professor Hooker, of Glasgow, has also an interesting paper on the botanical specimens which were collected during the voyage.

In the higher part of Hudson's Bay the compass needles lost all directive force, except when the ship was steering northward ; and even then, so much of the directive power was owing to the ship's local attraction, that the compasses were of no use whatever in steering. Those compasses in which the local attraction was counteracted by Mr. Barlow's plates, did not derive sufficient directive force from the earth to enable them to overcome the friction of the point on which the needle moved, and they consequently stood at any point at which they were set. Mr. Barlow, in his very able paper, shews that all these phenomena are legitimate consequences of the present theory of magnetic attraction ; and where the data can be at all depended on, he shews too that the observed deviations agree as nearly as can be expected with those obtained from theoretical computation. Mr. B. has also made some computations with a view to determine the geographical situation of the magnetic pole. One of his methods of computation depends on the connexion between the dip of the needle and the magnetic latitude, and another on the observed deviation of the horizontal needle in different places. In both methods, however, it is assumed that the magnetic meridians are *great circles*, an assumption which, though convenient for calculation, may not be consistent with fact.

On the whole, we have derived as much pleasure from the perusal of Capt. Lyon's book as from any work of the kind that we have lately seen ; and sure we are, that neither the man of science, the curious in adventures, nor the connoisseur in beautiful and striking description, will think half a guinea ill spent in the purchase of the volume.

There are occasional peculiarities in Capt. Lyon's phraseology, and a few instances of inaccurate composition, which, under other circumstances, we might have thought it our duty to remark upon ; but they are of too trifling a nature to merit more than a passing notice in the case of Capt. Lyon, whose professional pursuits and engagements have been of too arduous a nature to allow him to spend much time in the unprofitable study of the curious refinements of language.

We had nearly omitted to notice the plates, which are, in general, good. There is one of the Griper in a storm, which is much more than good,—it is excellent. A chart of the route of the ship from Cape Chudleigh up the Bay and back again, is prefixed to the book.

WILSON'S ALICE ALLAN.*

WE have been greatly pleased with a perusal of the stories which form this volume. Their moral tendency is excellent, which is no slight praise; but they have the farther merit of being very interesting and well-told stories. The following extract from *The County Town* is a fair, and we are sure it will not be deemed a disadvantageous, specimen of the moral tone and the literary merit of the volume.

"That queer old fellow, Simon Brown, is he alive?"

"Yes, and just as strange as ever. He wears the same straight blue coat that he has worn for many years; and that everlasting pair of corduroy inexpressibles, may daily be seen walking about our town. He got rich strangely, and in a very short time, so says the story. In his early life he was a starch manufacturer; and was surveyed by a jolly old excisemen, who loved his bottle. Simon, therefore, took good care to humour him; he fed the king's officer well with the food he liked best; whilst Mrs. Brown, an industrious dame, skilfully managed the starch manufactory. Simon was quite as usefully, and rather more pleasantly employed, and, of course, in a few years, he grew rich. By a glance at that quaint character, you may know that he has money in his pocket. It has often occurred to me, that such men as Simon speak, in every look and turn, the despicable and lordly sentence, 'I am rich!' And yet I know not why we should rail at such cash-collectors, and set it down as an unpardonable vice for a man to heap together a store of riches. We too commonly say of him, 'With the means in his power, he does no good to any mortal being.' Granted: and what then? The avaricious only do *that* which the dissipated and ambitious make the only rule of their conduct; he gives way to his ruling passion, and suffers none of the amiable sympathies of humanity to interfere with the acquisition of riches. He does, indeed, only live for himself and for the gratification of his propensities; to him the greatest pleasure in the world is to find that every year increases the sum-total of his wealth; and his highest pride consists in the feeling, that all his neighbours know him to be rich. And what good does it do? Aye, that's another question. But let us first turn for a moment to the man of extravagance and pleasure. Is there any virtue in his careless squandering of money? Or any true liberality in the unheeding and indiscriminate application of his means? Certainly not. The avaricious man is induced to keep his purse-strings tightened from the ordinate affection that he places upon gold—from the feeling, long cherished, that leads him at all times to value it over-much; whilst his opposite neighbour takes no care at all of the blessings of wealth. He squanders, because he cannot estimate, and is liberal only for the gratification of his follies and his crimes. They are alike the slaves of their passions, and alike are they heartlessly enthralled in the bonds of their vices. There is no difference in principle between the man who spends his paternal estate in a round of folly and self-gratification, and that narrow-souled and purse-proud being, whose sole ambition was to have it written on his tomb,

Here lies ————

Who died worth three hundred thousand pounds."

We cannot close our notice of this work without stating, that it is one whose perusal will afford much both of amusement and profit.

CAPRICE.†

THE leading feature of this flimsy novel is the note of admiration. It is a book of oh's! and ah's! "Ah! your silence declares my surmises just! My son loves you! Oh, Heaven!"—is the style throughout.

No person, of the stronger sex, above the years of pupilage, will, we are sure, be enabled to get through three pages of the sickly sentimentality which is here spread over three volumes; and we should feel sincere pity for the unfortunate taste of any one, of either sex, or any age, that could make a comfortable meal on fare so insipid as *this unknown* has here prepared.

* Alice Allan: The County Town, &c. By Alexander Wilson. Post 8vo. London: Geo. B. Whittaker.

† Caprice, or Anecdotes of the Listowel Family, an Irish Novel, in 3 vols. By an Unknown. London: Sherwood, Jones, and Co.

FIRE-SIDE SCENES.*

WE believe that in many worthy families the reading of novels is altogether prohibited, and we confess that if it should ever be our lot to be transferred from our present lonely condition, we should be disposed to exercise considerable circumspection in the selection of works of that class for the perusal of those who might arise to convey our name, or our blood, to posterity. These *Fire-side Scenes*, however, may be contemplated with perfect security. They are essentially of a serious, on the whole of a *sombre* cast, but they are calculated to foster the best feelings of our nature, and to dispose the mind, in all the chances and changes of this transitory world, to look for help to Him who made and who supporteth all things.

The literary merit of the work is decidedly of a high order, and the tales (for there are several) are calculated to excite the attention both of the young and those of mature age and experience. We cannot, in short, doubt that by the intellectual and the generally sober-minded, as well as that part of the community emphatically denominated the *serious*, the work will be equally esteemed.

LETTERS FROM THE IRISH MOUNTAINS.†

EVERY person desirous of acquiring correct information respecting the domestic habits and political condition of the peasantry of Ireland in her remote mountain districts, would do well to lose no time in reading these letters, which are evidently the productions of persons who have seen with their own eyes the things which they relate.

Many of them are evidently by a female hand,---an intelligent and accomplished female; but all of them display the greatest kindness of feeling, and an utter absence of all bias towards any of the political parties which have so long and so desperately worked for the ruin of this fine country.

We would gladly, could we afford room, indulge our readers with a few extracts, as a foretaste of the pleasure which we promise them from a perusal of these letters; but circumstanced as we are, we must content ourselves with expressing the delight which we have experienced in perusing so important, so valuable, so fascinating a volume on a subject which comes home to the feelings of every one interested in the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

BUTLER'S BOOK OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.‡

A SHORT and favourable account of the "Book of the Church" was given in an early number of the *Magnet*. The work now before us is a reply to the work of Dr. Southey, by a well-known and highly respectable Catholic barrister. It is written with great temper, and in some instances Dr. Southey must unquestionably stand convicted of error. As a defence of Catholicism, perhaps, we need not look for any thing more respectable; but while the Catholic takes for granted what the Protestant *cannot* admit to be true, it is in vain to think of converting the Protestant to the ancient faith by argument. We say "the ancient faith" with reference to the ages of the Catholic and Protestant churches, as separate sects of the great Christian church. Unless the faith or the feelings of the Protestant can be elevated to the standard requisite for the apprehension of the mysteries on which the Catholic church requires belief, he must continue in his present distressing state of uncertainty as to his future destiny, having the promises of the gospel on the one hand, and the threats of "him who holds the keys of Peter" on the other.

In our account of Dr. Southey's book we took occasion to advert particularly to the

* *Fire-side Scenes*. By the author of the *Bachelor and Married Man*; 3 vols. 12mo. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

† *Letters from the Irish Highlands*. Post 8vo. London: John Murray.

‡ *The Book of the Roman Catholic Church*; in a Series of Letters, addressed to Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. on his *Book of the Church*. By Charles Butler, Esq. 8vo. London: John Murray.

case of Cranmer; and we deem it but justice to the cause which Mr. Butler advocates, that on *that* subject we should also afford our readers an opportunity to see the reply which he makes to Dr. Southey.

"In respect to Cranmer," says Mr. B. "I also willingly repeat, that his protection of the Princess Mary, from the fury of her father; his exertions to save Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and Lord Cromwell; his long resistance to the six sanguinary articles; and his encouragement of literature, are entitled to high praise; no person can give it more willingly than I do, or wish more sincerely that his failings should rest interred with his bones. But when he is described as a model of virtue, and every effort of composition is used to exalt him, at the expense of the Roman Catholics and their religion, and, by highly-coloured relations of his virtues and sufferings, to raise a storm of public indignation against us;---then

'Facit indignatio versum,'

I must ask some questions:—

"Although he adopted the Lutheran principles so early as his residence in Germany, on the business of the divorce, he yet continued, during the fifteen subsequent years of Henry's reign, in the most public profession of the Catholic religion, the article of the supremacy of the pope alone excepted: was this justifiable before God or man?

"Although, when he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, he took the customary oath of obedience to the see of Rome, did he not, just before he took it, retire into a private room, and protest against it? Was this honourable?

"Although he subscribed, and caused his clergy to subscribe, the six articles, the third and fourth of which enjoined celibacy to the clergy, and the observance of the vow of chastity, was he not married, and did he not continue to cohabit with his wife? Was not this dissimulation?

"Although he knew Ann Boleyn was under no previous contract of marriage, did he not, to use Bishop Burnet's expression, extort from her, standing, as she then did, on the verge of eternity, a confession of the existence of such a contract? Was not this culpable subserviency to his master's cruelties? Was it not prevailing on the unhappy woman to die with a lie upon her lips?

"Was he not instrumental in bringing Lambert, Ann Askew, Joan Bocher, Van Parr, and others, both catholics and anabaptists to the stake?

"Did he not make too successful exertions to induce the infant Edward to sign the sentence of Joan Bocher's condemnation?

"Was he not in all these instances guilty both of the theory and practice of religious persecution?

"Did he not, previously to Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, declare, that the negotiations for the marriage, with a prince of the house of Lorraine, were not a lawful impediment to her marriage with Henry? yet, did he not, within six months after the marriage, declare, that they had created such an impediment? Was not this a deliberate and solemn untruth? Did he not then solemnize the monarch's marriage with Lady Katharine Howard? Was not this sacrilege?

"And, finally, notwithstanding the undoubted rights of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth to the throne, did he not, at the death of their royal brother, strive to exclude them from it, and to place Lady Jane Grey upon it? Was not this both ingratitude and treason?

"Can you justify his conduct in any one of these instances, without incurring the flagrant guilt of making *vice, virtue*?

"Still the sentence which, after he had been pardoned for his treason, condemned him to the flames for heresy, was,---I repeat the word, execrable. His firmness under the torture to which it consigned him, has seldom been surpassed: it presents an inspiring example, and we then willingly forget what history records against him. But when we read in the *Biographia Britannica*, and in other works, that 'he was the glory of the English nation, and the ornament of the Reformation,' and prejudice against the Roman Catholics is, by these representations of his virtues, sought to be aggravated,---his misdeeds rush on our recollections; we are astonished at the effect of party-spirit, and the intrepidity of his biographers and encomiasts."

With this we dismiss Mr. Butler's most temperate controversial volume. If in many instances fail in producing conviction, we feel assured that in no instance will it give offence.

SCENES AND THOUGHTS.*

THE author of *Waverley* effected, perhaps, the greatest revolution in the taste of that part of the British public who read for amusement, that it has ever been the lot of any son of Adam to accomplish. For the last ten years, every thing in the shape of a story thought worth looking at has literally smelt of peat reek and the covenant. A re-action, however, is now taking place, the full effect of which the delightful English scenes and home thoughts contained in this volume are calculated greatly to accelerate.

We have, from the pen of Washington Irving, a few beautiful sketches of the old English manor-house; and the author of the volume now on our table has given us a number of equally interesting pictures of the manners of the English people of the present day. His work too has one recommendation which cannot be claimed for either the works of Scott or Irving;---it is calculated not only to interest and inform, but to improve the moral feelings.

We sincerely wish the publisher success in the task which he appears to have imposed on himself,---that of bringing out a series of publications which are likely to work most advantageously for the best interests of society, as well as to give a distinction and favourable impress to the literary character of the age. We can only make room for the following extract:—

“ I endeavoured to learn the story of the ill-fated Ellen, and the interesting mourner whom I had beheld hovering over her ashes ; and I found that they were indeed the pangs of a mother’s heart, which had caused the grief that I had witnessed. She had attended her husband abroad, through many a scene of trial and hardship ; she had dressed his wounds upon the day of battle, and she had watched over her soldier’s lowly pallet, with firm and unremitting tenderness ; but his wounds were healed, and he rose from his sick-bed, astonished at her magnanimity, and grateful for her affection. They returned together to their native country, that they might seek a reward for their past sufferings in the bosom of the country that gave them birth, and in the happy retirement which they best loved. Several children blessed their union ; but some were nipped in the bud of infancy, and the rest prematurely destroyed, ere yet they were fully unfolded into blossoms. One beloved daughter---their beauteous Ellen---alone remained to them. All the tender shoots were withered, save this one ; and her they cherished as their sole remaining pride, their only surviving prop. They did not, however, allow their affections to blind their judgment ; but subdued the strength of their attachment, that it might not be injurious to the character of their child. *That* child grew up all that her doting parents wished ; and lovely in mind as in person, she constituted their sum of happiness on earth. But, alas ! the sweetest and most delicate flowers are often nipped the soonest by the chill wind, or by the blighting mildew. Her fragile form but too easily sunk under the pressure of disease ; and, like a tender reed, bent beneath its own unsupported weight. Her eyes, indeed, sparkled with unusual lustre, but it was no more like the brilliance of health, than the false glare of a wandering meteor resembles the clear and steady effulgence of the meridian sun ; and though a bright bloom coloured her cheek, it was not the rosy tint of vigour, but the harbinger of approaching ruin. The terrified parents beheld, with horror, the dreadful symptoms. In an agony of mind, which none besides can fully appreciate, they tried all that nature dictated, or art devised, to stop the progress of the fatal malady. But it was too late. It made rapid and gigantic strides ; and hope itself was soon obliged to droop in anguish. The lovely victim saw her fate before her, but her wings were plumed for heaven, and she wished not to hover longer upon the earth. While her body drooped and languished, her mind became strengthened and fortified ; and the undecaying spirit seemed to shine forth more visibly, and more beautifully, when the mortal shroud which enveloped it was gradually falling away. But though she grieved not for herself, she yet mourned for those whom she felt that her death would make but too desolate ; and she tried to reconcile them to the prospect of her loss, and to prepare them to bear it with fortitude. The task she essayed unceasingly to complete, and she thought her labour was rewarded, for her nearly heart-broken parents affected, before her, a calmness which they could not feel, because they saw it gave her pleasure. At length life gradually waned---and waned, until its lamp shot up one bright, but quivering, gleam, and was then darkened for ever ! She was dead---but the rose still lived on her cheek, and a smile still played upon the half-closed lips, whose last accents had breathed the fond name of mother ! And those who looked upon her could

* Scenes and Thoughts. Post 8vo. London : Geo. B. Whittaker.

scarcely believe but that she sweetly slept. But there were *two* hearts which felt how surely she had left them for ever. Awake to an agonising sense of the reality of their misfortune, the unhappy parents gave way, for some time, to the bitterness of their feelings. They saw around them a dreary waste, without one pleasant spot on which their eye could rest with joy. The hours of their paradise had disappeared, and with her its enchantment vanished. The poor bereaved mother first forgot the creature in the Christian. Leaning upon the 'Rock of Ages,' she rose above her grief, and bid her anguish cease, and her sighs lie hushed. Her heart still, indeed, beat, but she staunch'd the wound by the efforts of piety. Her tears would still flow; but she dried them with religious hope; and if a murmur dared to hover on her lips, she dismissed it with religious horror."

HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH.*

MR. WRIGHT has here presented us with the best edition we have yet seen of Holbein's Dance of Death. The work was much wanted; for the former ones were sadly imperfect; and the character of the wood-cuts, which alone lends popularity to the book, were defaced and worn down by the continual demands for them. Of Mr. Bewick, the artist of the present wood-engravings, we need say nothing; his name is well known to the admirers of the Fine Arts; but let us add,—that if any thing is likely to give permanency to his well-earned reputation, it is the masterly way in which he has here illustrated Holbein's Dance of Death. The characters throughout may almost vie with those of Hogarth in vivid and startling reality, as any one who will refer to the engravings XXVIII. and XL. may perceive. Add to this, that the whole series form a fine moral tale of the mock-sublime nature; similar, and indeed in no respect inferior, to the celebrated Love-a-la-Mode of Hogarth. On the whole, we wish our publisher all the success that his spirited speculation merits.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.†

THIS, as a work of criticism, is one of the best books that has issued from the press for many years past. It is full of the most exquisite descriptions, which are, at the same time, brought to bear, in a most masterly manner, upon the paintings under consideration. The Titian gallery, the gallery at Dulwich, that at Hampton Court, and several others, are treated of in the papers which form this admirable little volume. The descriptions of the writer are so exquisitely true and beautiful, and his colourings so varied, rich, and warm, that we could almost call his book the galleries which he describes put into words. The pictures stand as naturally before us as if we were passing through the rooms in which they are deposited; and their beauties come upon us with as much force as if we actually beheld them before us.

The writer of these elegant criticisms modestly acquaints us, that he has given but little study to the art, and that his observations flow from admiration. This, however, is evidently not the legitimate source of his remarks. His criticisms, it is true, are devoid of those technicalities, which, much as they might edify the student, would render them less interesting to the general reader, and consequently deprive them of their present popular character. There is sufficient evidence in the volume however to convince us that the writer's knowledge in the principles of the art is not so limited as he would have us believe. 'Tis sometimes prudent in a man to husband his talents; and upon this feeling we suppose the writer has acted. There is such a thing as hyper-criticism in *pictures* as well as in *books*; but the author of this volume (blessings on his ignorance!) appears to know nothing about the matter.

We congratulate the lovers of paintings on the appearance of a work so calculated to heighten their pleasures; for surely it will be a heightening of them to be enabled, by their own fire-sides, to have those admirable specimens of art which have been the objects of their admiration pass in review before them.

* The Dance of Death of the celebrated Hans Holbein, in a Series of Fifty-two Engravings on Wood, by Mr. Bewick; with Letter-press Illustrations. London: William Charlton Wright.

† British Galleries of Art. London: Geo. B. Whittaker.

SMILES AND TEARS.*

WE confess we are fond of new faces. Much, and sincerely, as we love our old friends, we still delight in forming new acquaintances. Among those *old friends*, we may enumerate our Scott, our Irving, and a dozen others, to whose visits we regularly look forward; and who, when they come, are always welcome to us: but it very frequently happens that, without the slightest introduction, a stranger drops in upon us, takes a seat at our fire-side, and says, "I'm come to tell you a few good stories, Sir." Having listened to his narration, he leaves us with some such address as the following, "There, Sir, if you like what you have heard, you may perhaps see me again—good morning." Now the author of the volume before us is one of these unceremonious gentlemen, and we have much pleasure in saying, we shall be glad of a more extended acquaintance with him.

The author of these "Smiles and Tears" displays considerable acquaintance with the source from whence they spring—the human heart. He goes on with the vigour of some inquiring traveller when he penetrates the dark recesses of a forest, or the solitudes of a desert, for the purpose of discovering the fountain-head of a river. His pathway is among our passions and affections, and his grand object appears to be to reach the heart. This is no easy task; and he who succeeds in it must possess a deep sensibility and a perfect acquaintance with human sympathies. If we state, then, that the author of "Smiles and Tears," though he has sometimes succeeded, has also sometimes failed, in his purpose, we shall have accounted for it in the difficulty of the undertaking.

This exceedingly neat little volume contains seventeen sketches on various subjects; some of a humorous character, and some devoted to our more exalted feelings. There is a freshness about them which is a far surer warrant to us of the writer having been in the spring-time of his existence when they were drawn, than his declaration of the fact set forth in his introductory paper. It may be as well to observe, by the way, that the author speaks, in this said introductory paper, in a very off-handed, unconcerned manner of the critics. We beg to tell him that the critics are not so unimportant personages as he seems to think. He tells us that it is a practice with young authors "to profess to entertain a thorough contempt, or else an invincible fear," of us; and then comes the writer's resolution to do neither the one nor the other. This is exceedingly charitable, and, we doubt not, will have as good an effect upon some of our brethren as it had upon us. We cannot bear to be despised; and then to be feared—bless us! who would ever think of fearing a critic?

The language in this volume is, in general, smooth and elegant; though there are occasional redundancies, which the more sober judgment of the author will, in time, teach him to avoid. His style is full without being wordy, and simple without being common-place or languid. Few of his thoughts are original, but many of them come before us in a new form. He is sometimes bold, but we cannot say sublime; his expressions are sometimes devoid of power, but they are never feeble. He is not so much a depicter of things as an observer of men, at whom he looks with an eye that penetrates beyond the surface. As a specimen of his talent at description we transcribe the following from his "Fellow-Travellers."

"In the course of a rambling excursion that I performed during the late summer, I arrived at a small obscure village, situate near Tiverton, with the expectation of meeting an old school-fellow, and the intention of paying off a visiting debt, on which interest and compound interest was accumulating in an alarming progress. As soon as I had found the house where my friend formerly resided, I discovered, to my unspeakable chagrine, that Frank had latterly changed his abode, and taken up his quarters above thirty miles distant. What was to be done? the village consisted of a dozen shabby cottages, and half as many gloomy mansions, together with an ale-house and a parish-church; all of which were most insufferably dull, affording ample scope (if want of reality may be allowed to consist of such) for the poetical, though not for the matter-of-fact pen.

"My first inquiries were respecting the means of quitting a spot so divested of every thing that could interest a traveller's mind. Here a new source of discomfiture presented itself; my host, with an awful longitude of countenance, assured me that there was no chance of any conveyance except by the mail, which did not pass through till late in the evening. However, as a kind of set-off to this catalogue of calamities, I remembered there was a vehi-

* Smiles and Tears. With Vignettes from posthumous Designs by Thurston. London: William Charlton Wright.

cle going to the very place my friend had removed to, and which would make its appearance in the course of the following hour. Under any other circumstance, the necessity of stopping an hour at a hedge public-house would have been inserted in my list of the 'miseries of human life;' as they were, I felt quite exhilarated at the prospect of so early a liberation from my involuntary thralldom.

"On the appearance of the vehicle, termed, by the proprietors, a caravan, although it seemed to me to bear a vast similitude to a hearse, the thermometer of my spirits fell below the freezing point. One poor wretch, which the driver called a horse, but which I mistook for a crocodile, was to have the charge of conveying my precious person, in fellowship with seven others, a distance of fifteen miles, when his functions were to be usurped by another unfortunate, who, in all probability, was as respectable a looking vagabond as himself. Having, at last, overcome my scruples, I took my seat.—'All right,' being the signal, the son of the whip set his creaking concern in motion, after being most pathetically charged, by an old lady, 'not to drive too fast,' an injunction, I can most conscientiously affirm, he obeyed to a miracle.

"The company assembled consisted of a portly-looking John Bull kind of a gentleman, dressed in that kind of costly humility that bespeaks one who is 'well to do in the world,' as the Devonshire folks have it; a raw-boned lanky personage, whose military surtout and seared countenance gave ample testimony that both they and their owners had 'seen some service;' together with a rough-looking gentleman, whose pepper-and-salt-coloured coat seemed to be in admirable keeping with his vinegar-cruet of a countenance. There was also a little dapper individual, who sat snug in a corner, with a pair of merry black eyes, which augured a sufficient fund of amusement to beguile the tedious hours before us.

"It was not long before I discovered that the last-mentioned individual was paying vast attention to the whimsical lady who, upon my entrance, had shewn such a friendly solicitude for her own and her fellow travellers' necks. I was, at first, dull enough to wonder what he could perceive in this daughter of Eve, to call forth the elegant compliments he so profusely lavished on her, particularly as there was a young lady, evidently just freed from her governess, who sat poutingly by his side, as much as to say he might, without straining his eyes, find a worthier object for his admiration. The fortunate fair one, who thus monopolized all the gallantry of the caravan, was certainly brought into the world as the model of a poet's mistress: her figure was that of a capital S, and no doubt a letter of credit to its mistress whenever it was introduced; her face appeared equally indebted to Time and the small-pox, inasmuch as it bore testimonials of the acquaintance of each; her nose seemed to have a vast contempt for her chin (perhaps in consequence of the many words that had passed between them), and was devoutly turned, as if in conscious security of protection, towards her eyes—her eye, I mean to say, for she had but one, but that supplied the want of the other, inasmuch as it evidently looked two ways at once: her lips were the colour and consistency of two rolls of shrivelled parchment, and seemed, 'to a fanciful view,' to be the records of all the eatables and drinkables that had passed through them, in their way to their possessor's most respectable stomach.

"Such is the best description my memory affords of the 'bewitching little creature,'—the 'lovely angel,'—the 'enchanting specimen of Nature's divinest efforts,' as she was alternately addressed by her obsequious admirer. We jogged on very tolerably for about half an hour, when the lady of the one eye begged, as a particular favour, that the window might be put up, on the ground that she was fearful of catching cold. Here the gentleman of the pepper-and-salt, for the first time, moved a muscle of his vinegar aspect, and begged leave to remind his fellow-travellers, that there were only eight in the vehicle, and but one current to admit the air, which, if they closed, would, in all probability, have the effect of *closing* them. This was unanswerable by words, but the demi-goddess made it manifest that it was not by deeds, by putting the object in dispute down. The pepper-and-salt, wonderful to relate, valuing his existence more than the lady's smiles, had the temerity to draw it up again; the lady, by no means daunted, renewed the attack; but the vinegar-front was not to be vanquished, and up again went the window. How long this vis-a-vis would have continued, is uncertain, had not the advocate for free air, with his usual inflexibility of countenance, thrust his bony hand through the glass, and his head into his opponent's face, exclaiming, with a most amiable grin, 'What d'ye think of that, ma'm!' The discomfited amazon having appealed to the company, that it was not her who was the cause of the mischief, declared her resolution to tell the proprietors the whole circumstance. —'Do, ma'm, it will be a good thing for the poor man if he gets rid of all his *pains* so easily.' Thus ended the memorable encounter.

"The dapper one, perceiving that the object of his raillery was not exactly pleased at the unexpected issue of her attack, remained for some time silent, till, as if determined not to remain long unemployed, he proposed that the company present should take it by turns to relate either a tale or an anecdote, as the best means of dissipating the tediousness of the

ourney. Every body seemed to approve mightily of the plan, but no one had courage to commence, till the son of the plough, after a hearty *hem*, began by observing, that as nobody seemed to have a word to say for themselves, he supposed he might tell a tale in his own way. Silence being obtained, the worthy yeoman commenced."

We leave the young author of "Smiles and Tears" with the sincerest wishes that his visions of fame may be realized. He has mounted the first step of the Jacob's ladder of immortality, and if he think hard, write harder, have the best luck in the world, and stand a little more in awe of the critics, he may perhaps one day get at the top of it. We would, however, recommend him to be less liberal with his puns, which are sometimes not of the best, sometimes not of the newest. The volume he has brought forth is creditable to him in every respect; and we doubt not that the great promise he has already shewn will lead him to eminence in that most unstable of all professions—Authorship.

RIDDLE'S TREATISE ON NAVIGATION.*

It has been said, that "the greater the number of treatises extant on any given department of art or science, the nearer to perfection is that department of art or science." This we think is not correct; for if it were, every *addition* must be an *improvement*, which in the order of book-making is by no means the case, as we, who are not book-makers, very well know. There is something highly praiseworthy in the labours of those individuals who devote their time and talents to the advancement and perfection of elementary instruction, especially to those of a subject of such incalculable importance to the British empire as the science of navigation. Under this impression, we hail the announcement of any new work on this subject, as involving the prosperity of our country, and examine the work with eagerness—compare the new with the old, and regulate our opinions by the circumstances of the case. We are bold enough to say that Mr. Riddle's book only requires to be examined by competent judges to gain a character that will place it before any treatise on the subject now in use. It is not, as too many works on navigation are, merely practical; neither does theory claim too much importance: it is a compound of both, so managed that each occupies that proportion that makes a complete whole.

To say nothing whatever of the little introductory tract on Algebra,—the geometrical part is truly useful, containing more than a hundred theorems very neatly *demonstrated*, with an addition of thirty-six elegant exercises; and the article on Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical, is handled with the author's usual dexterity.

Then follow the various "Sailings," to each of which, as well as to the Trigonometry, is subjoined an extensive and judicious list of *Practical Questions*, which cannot be too much applauded; as all other works are very deficient in these highly useful exercises. It has often been a complaint, by teachers *on a large scale*, that their pupils too soon run through the examples—they become common property too soon. This is now obviated, for the present work abounds in them, containing more than any three of the hitherto most popular treatises!

We can do no more than slightly mention the Nautical Astronomy, and the various tables, which conclude the volume; they are well arranged and complete: in the "finding of the latitude and longitude" will be found some simplifications and improvements.

Mr. Riddle, in compiling this book had more advantages; in being at the head of the important national establishment, for whose use it was written, he had abundant opportunities of taking that comprehensive view of his subject, without which no book can be made to answer the ends of general practical instruction: yet none but a practical teacher can write a book on education.

As this treatise will no doubt be introduced to the British navy, we could wish to see it as complete as possible, and should be glad to see that interesting part of science, the projection of the sphere, introduced into the second edition—if the author can afford it. We think the compass at page 156 will not "box" well; it wants decoration. The chart, at page 194, is so *dim* that we could scarcely see it.

* A Treatise on Navigation, and Nautical Astronomy, adapted to Practice and to the purposes of Elementary Instruction. By Edward Riddle, master of the Mathematical School, Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

FOREIGN—EUROPE.

OVERFLOW OF THE NEVA.

IN the beginning of the month intelligence was received of a dreadful calamity which befel the city of Petersburg, by the overflow of the river Neva.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN RUSSIA.

THE Emperor of Russia has charged the Minister of the Ecclesiastical Affairs, to exercise the most rigorous surveillance over all publications that treat on Religion, or matters connected with Education, in order that no work may be printed without first receiving the Royal sanction.

ASIA—EARTHQUAKE IN PERSIA.

A RECENT traveller in Persia, in a letter to a friend, relates, that on the 2d of June last, he arrived, by the caravansary, at Roonartuckta. Having taken up his quarters in a bungalow, and being fatigued with travelling, he threw himself on the Chunane terrace, and was asleep in a few seconds. About seven o'clock he was awoken by a heavy noise, resembling the rumbling of a waggon going over a bridge at a quick rate. Between sleeping and waking, he started up, and thought the whole house appeared in motion. When he was thoroughly awake, he found a venerable Persian by his side, whom he afterward found to be the chief of the village. A few minutes after which his head servant approached him, and by certain movements of his body, intimated that the earth was in motion. The thermometer, at this time, was seventy-six, being three degrees lower than at his arrival. In making a memorandum of the circumstance, at half after eleven, he was electrified by another severe shock; and by the pendulous motion of the house, was fearful he should not be able to make his escape before it came down, the village being situated in a valley, surrounded by hills. Having obtained the outside of the walls, he observed, with consternation, that the neighbouring scenery was scarcely discernible, from the clouds of smoke that completely enveloped them. Having taken shelter in a small bush, he felt again two more shocks of less violence; it was then about one o'clock, and the thermometer was ninety-four.

The damage that the house had received was immense; the walls were cracked, as were likewise the steps, which, in many places, had fallen in. About eight o'clock another shock took place, which separated the tube that conveys the water through the house from its station. At the time the letter was forwarded (the 11th of June), the writer had no estimate of the damage done to the surrounding country.

HOME.

ON the 1st of January last, the Grand Jury at the Commission Court of Dublin, ignored the bill of indictment against Mr. O'Connell, after a consultation of four hours. Mr. Justice Moore, in his charge to the jury, referred to the case of Sir F. Burdett, as apposite in the present instance.

On Monday, the 17th January, Albion Cox, Esq. recovered against Edmund Kean, the celebrated Tragedian, 800*l.* damages, for criminal conversation with plaintiff's wife. The defence endeavoured to prove that Mrs. Cox had been criminal with other individuals, in which the defendant's counsel partly succeeded. The jury, nevertheless, found their verdict for the plaintiff, with the above amount of damages.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED COPY OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE admirers of Shakspeare, and of antiquities, have had a rich treat afforded them in the discovery of a volume of twelve of our immortal dramatist's most popular plays. We shall confine our remarks principally to the tragedy of Hamlet, as differing the most with the subsequent editions. This newly-discovered one ranks in priority of date to any one known, it bears that of 1603, the one mentioned by Malone bore that of 1604, and which, he conceived, to be the original edition. There are many singular circumstances connected with this inestimable relic, that, independent of antiquity, renders it of more importance. The Polonius of the modern editions is here styled Corambis; and Laertes, Leartes, throughout. The speech of the king, in the scene after the vanishing of the ghost, which always appeared extraneous, is now, in consequence of the introduction of two Ambassadors, rendered complete.

Many objectionable passages which have crept into the later editions, are here not to be found; in particular we would mention that in the part where Hamlet asks Ophelia whether he shall lay his head in her lap; the word *country* appears to have been substituted for *contrary*, removing a charge of indelicacy from the memory of our immortal bard.

We subjoin an extract to shew what interpolations have taken place:

O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two:
married,

Mine vncler: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, than I to *Hercules*.

Within two moneths, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous feates had left their flushing
In her galled eyes, she married: o God, a
beast

Deuoyd of reason would not have made

Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman.
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,

Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers
corse,

Like *Nyobe*, all tears: married, well it is
not,

Nor it cannot come to good:

But breake my heart, for I must hold my
tongue.

THEATRICALS.

ACCORDING to the promise we made in our last, we now commence our criticism on theatrical performances, and guided by the principles we then professed, of standing perfectly independent between the public and those professionally connected with the theatre, in the commencement of our new vocation, we shall only renew our former pledge of strict impartiality. Unfortunately for our reputation, we are fearful we shall be compelled to risk it, a rather unfavourable circumstance, so little of novelty has there been produced at either of the patent theatres: with the exception of the Pantomimes, a revival of Massinger's play of the "Fatal Dowry," and a new Opera, all January has been barren; the owl in *Der Freizhütz* is as great a favourite as ever, and Messrs. Bennett and Horn, the rival Caspars, are really worthy the attention of his Majesty's Artillery, so expert have they become in casting bullets. As Pantomimes have been from time immemorial exempted from the lash of criticism, we are sure our readers will not find fault in our treading, on this occasion, on the heels of our predecessors. It would be indulging too closely the peevishness of age, to find fault with that which we thought incomparable when young. Pantomimes have indeed a farther claim upon our indulgence; a Pantomime was the first theatrical exhibition we ever witnessed, and its remembrance clings to us with the fond association of beings and things long since gone—but not forgotten. No mischievous urchin newly released from the trammels and the rules of syntax, ever welcomed the first night of a new Pantomime with sincerer delight than ourselves. As soon as we have occupied our seat in the first row of the pit, we look around us and feel the spirit of boyhood once more enlivening our veins, and glowing throughout us. The troops of rosy-cheeked children decked out in their holiday attire, carry us, without wading through the dull medium of years, to the time when we knew no other anticipation on earth so delightful, as that which the green curtain in a few minutes would realize—aye, with all our wisdom and importance, gladly would we return back to the same happy state of unconsciousness, when we mistook George Barnwell for Harlequin, and asked our grandmother why Millwood did not dance.—Oh! they were the times, when neither Jack the Giant Killer, nor Robinson Crusoe, appeared half so enviable a being as the motley-clothed hero—by the mass, we would have resigned the seven league boots, to gain possession of his wand!! One sigh for these *post obit* enjoyments, and "Richard is himself again."

With all our friendly disposition towards a favourable reception, we must honestly confess, we were disappointed at the Covent Garden Pantomime: we wish we could say the same as to the one at the other house. It seems as great an impossibility, that Harlequins should speak, as that Drury Lane should ever produce a good Pantomime; therefore every body naturally expects an indifferent one, and the worthy Lessee, in his zeal to "keep up the character of his establishment," determines the public shall never be disappointed—for a duller tissue of threadbare jokes, tricks that appear flexible and old to every body but the inventor, and more tiresome repetitions, never created a head-ache, or put the beautiful symmetry of the mouth farther out of proportion. Covent Garden is in almost as bad a predicament, and since the spirit of Grimaldi no longer elivens the walls, every symptom of mirth and joviality seems to have fled with him.

The performers at both houses acquitted themselves, or rather sustained their reputation, very creditably. We prefer the Drury Lane Clown and Pantaloon, to those of the other house, which we think possesses a superior Harlequin and Columbine. The scenery in both houses confers great credit to the proprietors' liberality and judgment; we never witnessed any thing finer.

Being prevented witnessing the revival of the "Fatal Dowry," we must suspend our observations till Mr. Macready's recovery from his present severe indisposition, which, we sincerely hope, will not long be the cause of his absence from a profession which he so eminently graces.

On Wednesday the 19th ult. a new opera was produced at Drury-Lane, under the title of the "Fall of Algiers;" and, as we humbly confess ourselves incapable of such a task, we subjoin an outline of the plot from one of the daily journals.

Algernon Rockwardine (Horn) marries Amanda (Miss Graddon), for which his uncle, Admiral Rockwardine (Terry), discards him. The young couple quit the country, are captured by a corsair, and, together with Lauretta (Miss Stephens), are landed at Algiers. Amanda, and her attendant, Lauretta, are conducted to the seraglio of the dey, Orasmin (Sapio). Algernon, and Timothy Tourist (Harley), a book-making traveller, are set to work in the gardens. The dey makes love to Amanda, and, ignorant of the relationship of Algernon, prevails on him and Timothy to assure her her husband is dead: they plan a rescue, which fails, and are thrown into prison. At this moment, Admiral Rockwardine arrives, as ambassador from England: he meets Amanda---learns the fate of his nephew---bombards the town---sets the captives free---becomes reconciled to Algernon,---while Lauretta is, of course, married to Timothy.

Putting aside its close resemblance to the plot of the "Siege of Belgrade," our readers may ask, what can be more meagre and common-place? We would make answer---the execution. The dialogue---but hold! the dialogue of operas is proverbially beneath criticism, and the author seems determined not to deviate from established customs, inasmuch as it is as bad as it can be. Still there is attraction in this piece; the music is by Bishop, and has all the faults, with many of the beauties, of that eminent composer. His mannerism, his eternal imitations, as usual, predominate; though a few of those delicate touches of nature, grace, and feeling, which, when he relies on himself, he can produce, are, nevertheless, discernible. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the many barefaced plagiarisms on Weber. What can be more ridiculous than a troop of beauties from the Bey's harem, flourishing away in the hunting chorus of *Der Freischütz*? Of a verity, it is almost as appropriate as a circle of blacksmiths hammering to the tune of "Here in cool grot." Yet such things are, as *vide* the last scene of the first act. Weber has already been made a *Handel* of by his own countrymen; our composers seem determined to make some use of him here. We must not pass off the performers without brief admiration; Sapio was in brilliant voice, and has added a leaf to his well-earned laurel. His style is manly and nervous, often graceful, and never sinking into prettiness. He gave "Yes! 'tis decreed," with infinite sweetness, and was deservedly encored. We never remember seeing Horn to greater advantage than in Algernon Rockwardine; he looked, and what was more, he acted, the character admirably. This gentleman possesses a fine voice, an undeniable person; and if he infused a little more spirit into his acting, we should set him down as a very creditable performer. We know not who ought most to be indebted to Harley---the author or the audience; for without him they could never have sat the performance out. His embodying of the sketch of the character set down to his share, does him infinite credit; and though he robbed us of many yawns, we most freely and sincerely forgive him, in consideration of the smiles he bestowed in return. The author was too high a judge of Mr. Terry's abilities, to think of assisting him, and therefore most generously gave him the shadow of a part, relying on that gentleman's abilities to make it a thing of substance, which, unquestionably, great as they are, we need not say he declined doing. Miss Stephens, the graceful, the fascinating Stephens, sang with her usual brilliancy and archness.

Mr. Harley most pathetically lamented the necessity of Miss Graddon omitting some part of her songs, on account of a severe cold she was labouring under; a plea which the audience received with the most Christian-like fortitude. We are sure if there was a sailor in the house, Mr. Smith might have relied on an assurance that his personation of Ben Brown was unlike any thing but that of a British Seaman: we wonder that such a particular old gentleman as the Admiral could think of associating with such a suspicious-looking companion. In order that our readers may form a pretty estimate of the worth of the poetry, we will subjoin the penultimate words (we cannot say rhymes) of a duet sung between Orasmin and Amanda, which we are sure will answer all the purpose of the song entire---"treasure---mine---pleasure---resign---grieve me---love---believe me---approve!" Mr. Walker, who claims the clever tragedy of Wallace, we are told for a confirmed fact, is the author. It may well be called the of the Fall of *Al---giers*, for verily it is beneath any.

FINE ARTS.

THE RAPHAEL TAPESTRY.

IN New Bond Street is a most interesting exhibition of tapestry, the whole consisting of nine distinct pieces, forming a complete series of the Cartoons of the immortal Raphael; each being about fourteen feet in height and nearly twenty feet in length. The subjects it will be remembered are,---1. St. Paul and St. Barnabas preaching at Lystra.---2. St. Peter curing the lame man at the gate of the temple.---3. St. Paul and Elymas before Sergius Paulus at Paphos.---4. Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter.---5. St. Peter drawing down the punishment of heaven on Ananias and Sapphira.---6. St. Paul preaching to the Athenians.---7. The miraculous draught of fishes.---8. The Conversion of St. Paul.---9. The stoning of St. Peter. Of the first seven, it would be next to impertinence to suppose that any of our readers who profess themselves admirers of the fine arts, are not well acquainted with, in consequence of the originals being open to inspection, in the Royal Collection; but as the two last are not in this country, we will subjoin a few observations as to the merit of the *paintings*, reserving for conclusion our critical opinion on the execution of the *tapestry*.

Before we enter the examination, we cannot forbear glancing over the history of these wonderful fac-similes, which we have in a great measure gleaned from that highly interesting publication, the *News of Literature*. The tapestries which are the ostensible object of these remarks, were taken off (if we are rightly informed) during the lifetime of the great original artist; under the direction of his patron Leo the Tenth, a monarch whose life and times are, through the medium of Mr. Roscoe, so familiar to the English reader. Two sets of tapestries were originally made, one of which, the subject of these remarks, was presented by Leo the Tenth to his contemporary Henry the Eighth. This was its first introduction into this country. The successive sovereigns of this country enjoyed these inestimable specimens of human art, till, by the decapitation of Charles I. they fell into the hands of the Parliament, by whose orders they were exposed to sale. The Spanish Ambassador became the purchaser, and subsequently they were transferred to the house of Alva, from whose existing Duke the present proprietor purchased them. The other set still retain their original place, after a variety of vicissitudes, in that splendid repository, the Vatican.

Of the "Conversion of St. Paul" it is not in language to describe the more than human feelings this master-piece of art awakens. Raphael breathes in every dash of the pencil, and the soul of the master seems portrayed in every movement of his hand. The prostrated figure of Saul, paralyzed as it were with the fearful consciousness of his daring, is inimitably fine; the drawing of the horse defies description, you feel inclined to assure yourself it is not breathing. But all must yield to the sacred and awe-inspiring portraiture of our Saviour---it would be sacrilege, after such a master-spirit, to attempt to describe the feelings this creation of the painter's mind excites. It is all sublimity, it requires no halo to assure the spectator the original is above mortality---if we dare to imagine the Son of God in a human form, it is impossible to dismiss from the mind this wonderful picture. The Martyrdom of St. Stephen is also superior to admiration, and may be viewed with astonishment even after the contemplation of the "Conversion of St. Paul."

Time that neither respects the worthy, the noble, or the great, seems to have lost his power over these magical specimens of art; though the brilliancy of the tints have faded, the harmony of the colours still subsist, with as much, and perhaps more, grandeur than in the Cartoons themselves. We feel confident that those who have hitherto neglected enjoying this unparalleled feast of the optics, will no longer forego that gratification.

THE PERISTREPHIC PANORAMA

Is to be seen at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. The proprietors promise to give a "Panoramic view of the Battle of Genappe, St. Helena," and, what appears most astonishing, "the most interesting events of Bonaparte's career from his defeat at the battle of Waterloo, until its close at St. Helena." This exhibition may be, as appertaining to so lofty a character, highly interesting, but for those who go there for the intention of viewing a work of art, we would advise them to let their visit precede that of the exhibition of the tapestries we have spoken of in terms of such high admiration.

ENGRAVING.

LORD BYRON.---BY LUPTON.

WE unhesitatingly pronounce this as the finest engraving among the host that has already appeared of this distinguished nobleman. It is a mezzotint, and equal to any specimen we ever witnessed. The light and shade are most exquisitely contrasted, and we never remember viewing any thing more beautiful than the subdued brilliancy of the flesh. It is from the original of Phillips, and does even honour to that great name.

MEMOIRS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE,*

FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

THE reader, we presume, is aware that we are, by no means, celebrated for writing grave articles. We have an invincible antipathy to every subject which requires us to sink into that wretched state of dulness which the world calls *sober reasoning*. We are, according to an ancient MS. in our family library, the lineal descendant of Democritus, and we purpose to "walk in the ways" of our worthy ancestor. When we hear certain people holding solemn disputations on political economy, others arguing, with inflexible gravity, upon metaphysical subtilties, and others defending the sublime science of craniology against the attacks of its heretical opponents---we never enter more deeply into the question discussed, than to exclaim, in the language of Swift---

"Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

This is the conclusion at which we invariably arrive upon all difficult points; and it is, we believe, quite as satisfactory as many of the deductions of those whose profundity cannot, for a moment, be doubted. We cannot breathe freely but in the regions of light-heartedness, where the song of merriment breaks upon our ear, and where, with the zest of a voluptuary, we are enabled to riot in the newness of our sensibilities. With these feelings, it cannot be supposed that we are adapted to detail the common-place facts of history. Hence, then, it will be asked, Why, in the present instance, we select such a subject as "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe?" Simply, because Lord John Russell, who, we believe, is a very clever, lively, good-natured personage, has written a very clever, lively, good-natured book, under that title; and, consequently, we shall have little to do but to transcribe such parts of it as we may consider the most interesting and amusing. At present only one volume has appeared, which embodies the "Affairs" from the peace of Utrecht, which took place in 1713, to the death of the Duke of Orleans, in December, 1723. Other volumes, we presume, are to follow, until the Memoirs are brought down to the present period.

In a rather lengthy introduction, which, we would say, is not the worse for being long, his Lordship has given some very judicious observations on the relations of governments to each other. We would willingly extract them, but it is simply our intention, in this paper, to select the lighter and more amusing parts of his volume---the graver portion we leave to the Edinburgh and Quarterly. We do not purpose to give a connected review of the work---to follow the noble author from chapter to chapter, and detail the particular portion of history contained in each. The volume is studded with anecdotes and interesting incidents; and these alone will occupy our attention. We shall, as it were, merely ramble through the book, and, as we stroll along, cull such flowers as we may consider will form an acceptable *bouquet* for our readers.

We before spoke of the introduction, which is a highly-finished composition. We ought, at the same time, to have remarked upon the excellent parallel which is drawn in it, between the characters of Rousseau and Burke; and we ought to have noticed two anecdotes of Lewis XV. and Charles II. It is not too late, we trust, to make the *amende honorable*.

ROUSSEAU AND BURKE.

* * * * "Both were men whose imagination outstripped their judgment. Both had the faculty of dressing their thoughts in the most harmonious style ever employed in their respective languages. If Burke is more rich in imagery---Rousseau is more fraught with feeling. If Burke surprises and carries away by his splendid diction---Rousseau seems more natural, and has been more successful in contriving that art, which does so much, should do nothing. Both Rousseau and Burke exalted the idols of their own fancy; Rousseau painted with brilliant colours an age of savage simplicity, which, in his sober hours, he knew never had existed. Burke took for his favourite illusion the happiness of an age of chivalry, whose best features live only in romance. The one called upon the world, in its manhood, to regret that period of its infancy, when arts were un-

* Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht. London: Murray, Albemarle Street.
VOL. IV.

known, and the hides of wild beasts were the only covering for the body. The other endeavoured to restore and preserve the remains of the dark and dismal times of the middle ages, when Europe was barbarous and miserable. Yet both these authors could call to their assistance the soundest maxims of reason, the most profound doctrines of philosophy."

* * * *

LEWIS XV.

"Lewis XV. was always governed by his mistresses or favourites, and was ever in the habit of jesting upon his own total want of power. One of his personal favourites being applied to by a relative in the country for a place, answered, 'If ever the king comes to have any influence, I will speak in your behalf.'"

CHARLES II.

"Charles II. was so ignorant that he did not know Mons belonged to him, and when he heard of its being taken, remarked, he was very sorry for his ally, William III."

Soon after the peace of Utrecht, the health of Lewis XIV. began visibly to decline; and this circumstance afforded an opportunity to the proud and malignant Le Tellien, the king's confessor, to favour the views of the Jesuits in their hostility against the Jansenists. One of his first acts was the destruction of the monastery of Port-Royal, that celebrated school of learning, from which had issued the three Arnauds, Nicole, Lemaitre de Sacy, Pascal, and many others of eminence in literature. His next act was the ruin of the Cardinal de Noailles, who was abandoned, at the same time, by his former friend, Madame de Maintenon, whose powerful influence over the king, if she had chosen to exercise it, would have enabled him to triumph over his persecutors. Not satisfied with disgracing the Cardinal in the eyes of the king, Tellien and his party had resolved to convey him to Rome, for the purpose of having him degraded in full consistory; but this infamous scheme was defeated by one Madlle. de Chausseraye.

These contentions, in all probability, hastened the death of Lewis, who, on his return from Marly, in August, 1715, was seized with a mortification in his leg. We have heard a great deal of the Bourbons being celebrated for dying well; and Lewis XIV. does not appear to have been deficient in family fortitude.

"When informed that his disease was without a remedy, he shewed not the smallest uneasiness, and calmly said, that in that case he had better be left to die in peace. He asked Marechal, his surgeon, upon whose sincerity he relied, how long he thought he might live? Marechal replied, 'Till Wednesday:' 'My sentence, then, is for Wednesday,' said the king, without the least mark of trouble, disappointment, or alarm. From this time, and, indeed, in the whole course of his last illness, he displayed a patience, courage, and tranquillity, to which, even those the least inclined to praise him, have borne testimony in terms of the warmest admiration. When the members of his family collected around him were melted into tears at the sight of the sufferings he endured, he said to them, 'This is too affecting; let us separate.' To Madame de Maintenon he calmly observed, 'I thought it was more difficult to die:' and seeing in the looking-glass that his attendants were crying, he said to them, 'Why do you weep? did you believe me immortal?'"

The rejoicings which took place, by the people, on the death of the king, when contrasted with the alarm which had been felt for his safety during his illness, in 1686, were a melancholy lesson of the instability of a nation's regard for its sovereign. He who had once been adored as the greatest of kings, was at last reproached as the most unfeeling of tyrants. He who, to use the words of Hume, "surpassed all contemporary monarchs, as in grandeur, so likewise in fame and glory," was at length hated by his people, and his victories regarded as the engines of his tyranny. It must be confessed that, with many virtues, Lewis possessed many vices. That with considerable natural talent, was united in him a certain imbecility, which placed him in the power of serviles and flatterers; but still it is a question, whether or not the excess of joy which the French nation displayed at his death, was not an act of injustice to his memory.

"It is reported, that when he was very young, his mother had said to him, 'My son, resemble your grandfather, and not your father;' and the king asking the reason, 'because,' she answered, 'the people cried at the death of Henry the Fourth, and laughed at that of Lewis the Thirteenth.'"

The following anecdotes of him are related in these Memoirs :

HIS JUSTICE.

"One of his valets-de-chambre asking him to recommend to the judges a cause which he was carrying on against his father-in-law, said to him, 'Sir, you have only to say one word : 'That is not the difficulty,' answered the king ; 'but tell me, if you were in the place of your father-in-law, would you wish me to say that word ?'"

LOVE OF ETIQUETTE.

"A more serious occasion, in which Lewis shewed the very great importance he himself attached to etiquette, happened in 1664, when his brother, the Duke of Orleans, requested that the Duchess, his wife, might have a chair with a back to it, in the queen's presence. 'The friendship I had for him,' says Lewis, 'would have made me wish never to deny him any thing, but seeing of what consequence this was, I instantly gave him to understand, with all possible mildness, that I could not satisfy him on this point.'"

A GOOD APPETITE.

" 'I have often,' says the Duchess of Orleans, 'seen the king eat four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plateful of salad, mutton with gravy and with garlic, two good slices of ham, and a plate full of pastry, besides fruit and sweetmeats.'"

A meal, we should think, that would have satisfied a hungry Jakut.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"Early in his reign he took a fancy to make verses, and had composed one day a very indifferent madrigal. He shewed it to the Marshal de Grammont, saying, at the same time, 'Read, I beg of you, this little madrigal, and see if you ever read so absurd a one : because people know that I have lately taken to verses, they send me all sorts of things.' The marshal, after reading it, replied, 'Your majesty judges divinely of every thing ; this is, indeed, the most foolish and ridiculous madrigal I ever read.' The king laughed, and said, 'Must not the author of it be an absurd coxcomb ?' 'Sire, he can be nothing else.' 'Thank you,' said the king, 'for having spoken so fairly ; I wrote it myself.' The marshal begged to have it back, and declared he had read it hastily ; but the king would not allow him, saying, 'No, marshal, the first impressions are always the most natural.'"

THE ADVANTAGE OF POWER.

"Lewis, after making him (a nobleman who had been ambassador at Constantinople) explain one day the power of the sultans, could not conceal his wish for such despotism, and let drop some words, implying that these sovereigns must be immensely powerful : 'Yes,' said the ambassador, 'but I must likewise say, that I have seen three or four of them strangled.'"

Many other anecdotes are given, which we have not room to insert ; and we find, in the second chapter of Book I. an interesting account of the king's mistresses, Vallière, Montespan, and Maintenon, to the latter of whom it is well known he was privately married. The third chapter, which is of a heavier character than the two which precede it, contains an account of the administration of Lewis, with the state of the army and navy, commerce and manufactures. The extraordinary measure of the great minister, Colbert, relative to loans, is thus mentioned :—

"Upon Colbert's assuming the direction of the finances, he was so impressed with the mischief produced by loans, that he issued a decree, forbidding contractors to lend money to the state under pain of death. When he afterward found himself obliged to borrow to meet the exigencies of war, he did not think it necessary to repeal his own law ; and it is a singular fact, that those who lent money to the government were, to the end of the monarchy, liable to capital punishment."

The first and second chapters of Book II. are chiefly devoted to the affairs of England ; and these, we consider, form the driest part of the volume—we, by no means, say the least important part. The affairs of this country, at the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, and the commencement of that of George the First, the period treated on in these chapters, will always form an important era in our annals. It cannot be expected that our limits will permit us to enter upon a detail of events connected with the conspiracies and rebellions which ushered in the reign of George the First. The insurrections, headed by the Pretender and his partisans, are too well known to require any observations from us ; and they are too extensively dwelt upon in these Memoirs, to warrant us in venturing upon extracts.

Chapter the third, which again carries us back to France, concludes the volume.

At the death of Lewis, notwithstanding the will of that monarch (which, by the bye, according to his own declaration, he never expected would be heeded), the Duke of Orleans was placed in possession of an unrestricted regency; and one of his first proceedings was to place the persecuted Cardinal de Noailles at the head of the Council of Conscience. This act gave general satisfaction. D'Aguesseau, in consequence of the death of Voisin, was created Chancellor. The following anecdote is related of him:

"Being asked one day if he had never thought of a method to prevent delay and extortion in legal proceedings, he replied, 'I have often considered of it; but when I reflected on the number of barristers, attorneys, clerks, and bailiffs, I should ruin, I had not the heart to proceed.'"—Again, it is stated that "Upon being once reproached by a friend with his procrastination, D'Aguesseau replied, 'When I consider that a decision of a chancellor is a law, I think it allowable to spend a long time in reflection.'"

A most excellent doctrine, and one that has met with stanch disciples.

This chapter brings the affairs down to the death of the Regent, in 1723; and from the talent and historical information displayed throughout the whole volume, we look forward to the succeeding ones with considerable confidence in their merits. The work, when complete, will form one of the most interesting books in the English language. It embraces a period the most important in the history of Europe—we may say, in the history of the world. The thanks of the country are due to the noble author, and, we doubt not, that he will have them.

Lord John Russell is too well known, as a scholar, to need the assistance of any thing which we can say in favour of his talents. We shall, therefore, abstain from any comment on the volume before us, other than to express our opinion that it is calculated to add, considerably, to the high literary character which he previously possessed. The style, throughout, is chaste and elegant; and the writer's extensive information is brought to bear, most effectively, upon the task which he has undertaken.

ENGLISH LIFE, OR MANNERS AT HOME.*

THESE pictures are sketched with great freedom—the colouring is laid on with a masterly hand, and the varnish is hardly perceptible. We give the preference to "Lord William," a portrait "gilt and glazed," and really fit for the most fashionable drawing-room. He is a regular Hyde Park Adonis; and though, we are informed, not "excessively handsome," has a great deal to recommend him. Among his other qualifications, he falls in love, and out again, with a *non-chalance* truly amiable. Though we entertain a religious abhorrence against the whole race of flirts, Augusta Effingham is as captivating a *coquette* as ever broke a heart, or an Editor's resolution. The volume is written in an easy, dashing style, and the author has a peculiar knack of making the most of trifles.

A Tale of Every-day Life has great merit, though it wants incidents to keep the admirably drawn characters in full play. In the dialogue there is a smartness, almost approaching to wit; and a satirical playfulness, which keeps weariness at a distance. We must make room for an extract of the poetry, which is scattered throughout the volume; which, in our opinion, has a vigour and depth of feeling that do not very frequently characterize anonymous productions.

TO AN APOSTATE.

And art THOU fallen---*thou*---round whose head the blaze
Of glory brighten'd with her countless rays,
Each ray a sun---the union how divine---
And oh, how lovely when they shone as thine?
Down to the dust that spirit meant for heaven!
Accursed the more for all those talents given,
Given and spurn'd by thee!---Oh, thou hast done
A deed at which fiends only smile---hast won

* English Life; or, Manners at Home: in Four Pictures. London: G. Wightman. 1825.

A curse too deep for woman's lips to breathe---
 Art bound in chains which demons only wreathe!
 There is a crime as midnight black---a crime
 Scarce equall'd in the chronicles of time---
 So foul---but pause I, lest the sun grow pale,
 And heaven's lights hide them from the monstrous tale.

OUR VILLAGE: BY MISS MITFORD.*

MISS MITFORD is an excellent painter in water-colours of rural manners in England. Her portraits are all taken from the life—fresh, lively, and characteristic, but deficient in nerve of conception, and vigour of execution. She is the prettiest miniature artist we know; and though the range of her observation is but confined, it is acute in proportion to its limits. The village from which she professes to sketch her likenesses, is well worthy of so gifted an artist. We know it, intimately, ourselves---have passed months upon its common, "the dear delicious common," as our authoress obligingly calls it, and can vouch for the truth of her description. "Tom Cordery," the poacher, as she, somewhat, superfluously entitles him, was a fast friend of ours; our guardian Piscator (Isaac Walton would call him), and, in consequence, we can take a literary oath to the *vraisemblance* of his individual portrait. The "Old Bachelor," too, though we had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, we can still fancy---and that is one great test of merit. As for "Lucy, the loquacious Lucy," she is an inimitable sketch---a phoenix of a maid-servant---a complete Miss Kelly in the country. There is one sure test by which the merit of a work may be estimated. If, after perusal, it leaves any fixed definite impression on the mind, it may safely be pronounced good. Who, for instance, in the Scotch novels, can ever forget the heart-stirring Cameronian sketches---the pure character of Jeanie Deans---or the regret of the witch, Meg Merrilies, when she weeps beside the old ash-tree under which her kettle had boiled for forty years? Who has not rambled, in thought, with Rob Roy, among his mountains, and echoed back the feeling which prompted, that the heather he trod when living, should bloom over him when dead? Who has not felt all the father stir within his soul at the recollection of the childless Anastasius? And laughed, even to convulsion, at the polemic disputes between Square and Thwack'em. It is in the vivid impression which such sketches leave behind them, that their intrinsic excellence consists; for it is one of the peculiar properties of genius to engraft its own feelings and fancies upon the mind of another, with the same facility that it creates and combines for itself. Now, if we try Miss Mitford by this test, she will rise triumphant from the experiment. She has sketched characters not easily to be forgotten. "Her talking Lady," in particular, is astonishingly correct, not so much from the *genus*, which is common enough, as from the workman-like manner in which its lights and shades are put forth. "Walks in the Country," too, smack of the sweet simplicity of lanes and meadows. "Violetting" recalls many past and pleasing recollections of a kindred nature to our mind. And the "Great Farm-House" is the very same that Cobbett (our finest, indeed our only pastoral writer) is so fond of describing. We cannot leave Miss Mitford with a higher compliment than this, and shall accordingly, here bid her adieu---wishing her "Village" all the popularity that its merits entitle it to receive.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.†

WE have derived considerable pleasure from the perusal of these volumes. The author evinces great acuteness in discriminating the peculiarities of individual character; and he is singularly felicitous in giving dramatic effect to the common-place conversation of every-day life. Indeed, he deals so largely in

* Our Village; Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of "Julian," a Tragedy. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards. London: George B. Whittaker.

† Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life. Second Series, 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn.

conversations, that it is fortunate for his work that he possesses, in so eminent a degree, the tact and talent necessary to give effect to that species of composition. He is evidently, too, a person well acquainted with the world; but the leading principle which he aims to inculcate, namely, that in virtue, intelligence, and every other estimable quality, the aristocracy of this country are vessels chosen to honour, is certainly not one which can be fairly deduced from the specimens of the caste which he has chosen to exhibit, however much we may be disposed to give credit to his confident assertion of the fact. In one of the stories which comprise the second series of Sayings and Doings, we are introduced to the family of the Earl of Farnborough—a most charming family, certainly; but the author, on the credit of the representation of this family's excellences, takes occasion to infer the general and great superiority of the higher ranks over the middle classes.

Supposing it to be true, however, that any *such* family as that of the Farnboroughs does really exist in the ranks of our aristocracy: we shall suppose, also, that it is equally common to find, in the same rank of life, such persons as the Lady Almeira Milford, who traces her descent from Charlemagne. Take this specimen of aristocratic refinement in the way in which it is presented by the author.

“ ‘Hoity, toity, man!’ exclaimed Lady Almeira, ‘give one time and breath to ask a question: stop your vocabulary, and tell me who are these Rosemores?’

‘There, my lady,’ said Grojan, bowing profoundly, ‘history has left me in the dark.’

‘They are strange people, ar’n’t they?’ said her ladyship.

‘They are all strange to me at first,’ replied the landlord, ‘but they are uncommonly genteel.’

‘Genteel!’ said Lady Almeira, ‘have they gentility? Have they any blood in their veins, Sir? Answer me that.’

‘Blood!’ said the astonished Grojan, ‘oh dear yes, my lady, I should think so; miss looks as if she had plenty.’”

Again:

“ ‘You must understand me,’ said Lady Almeira, ‘I believe that the blind god has been at work.’

‘Dear, dear!’ muttered Grojan.

‘And that my son has been wounded rather deeply.’

‘I hope not, my lady,—if he has, it must have been since breakfast by that infernal dragoon.’

‘Dragoon! stuff!’ cried her ladyship; ‘by the bright eyes of this Miss Rosemore.’

‘La! bless her eyes, she’s a sweet creature,’ said Grojan, in the innocence of his heart, ‘and would not wound nobody, I’m sure.’

‘And I,’ continued her ladyship, ‘am apprehensive that Henry is getting entangled with her, and perhaps, in the end, will marry her, Mr. Grogram.’

‘I’m sure I hope he will, my lady,’ said Grojan, ‘that would be extremely correct.’

‘Correct!’ screamed Lady Almeira, ‘what d’ye mean by correct, Sir? That *my* son should mix the blood of the Milfords with the puddle of these *parvenues*!’”

One more specimen of her ladyship’s delicacy—

“ ‘Has your ladyship much more luggage?’ said Grojan.

‘Not much,’ replied Lady Almeira; ‘there’s my writing-desk, dressing-case,’ &c. &c. ‘two poodles, my own maid, and Miss Leech.’

‘Miss Leech!’ cried Grojan, ‘a lady, my lady, at the door in your ladyship’s carriage?’

‘Not exactly a lady, Mr. Grogram,’ said her ladyship; ‘she is a very good creature, I assure you—an humble friend—you understand—a toad-eater.’

‘Dear me, my lady,’ said the landlord, in a shudder, ‘what a very nasty propensity!’

‘Miss Leech is quite a gentlewoman,’ added Lady Almeira; ‘she is my corroborator-general, assents to my dicta, scolds my maid when the weather is too hot to allow me to do it myself, reads the Morning Post, curls the poodles, plays propriety when I have men-parties, and rides backward in the barouche. La!’ said her ladyship, ‘here she comes.’”

The first of the stories is entitled “The Sutherlands.” It contains the history of the matrimonial disappointments of two brothers of that name. The elder, the chief of the family, falls in love with an *angel* at a watering-place, and marries her without deliberation or inquiry. After disgusting the whole of the family of Sutherland with her vulgarities, and alienating the heart of her husband by her disingenuous practices, she runs away with his groom. The younger brother is a speculator for wealth in the matrimonial way, and falls in love with the pasteboard-coloured, inani-

mate, only child of an East India Nabob, worth two hundred thousand pounds; marries her with the consent of her father, and discovers that she is an illegitimate daughter, and that her sole portion is a life annuity of 300l. a-year.

The third story is entitled, "The Man of many Friends." The hero of the story is a young man of fortune, who, having finished his college learning, comes to town to complete his education; and the author takes occasion to go, at great length, into a detail of those extravagances by which so many young men of fortune have been ruined. The story is interesting in itself, and loses nothing by the manner in which it is told. The characters of the friends of the dissipated are admirably drawn, many of them, probably, *from life*.

An old uncle of the thoughtless spendthrift, however, a retired colonel, with whom he had spent some of his early days, determines to rescue him, if possible, from the hands of the harpies, among whom he has fallen; and adopts a rather odd expedient for the purpose. He comes to town, bringing with him a niece, to whom his nephew had been attached in his youth, but whom he had not seen for many years, and had, in fact, entirely forgot. The old gentleman takes a splendidly furnished house in Park Lane, and commences a career of extravagance, which alarms even his thoughtless nephew, whose friends, fast, and firm, and for ever, as they had sworn themselves, leave him and attach themselves to his uncle, who soon finds means to convince him how utterly unworthy they are of the esteem in which he has held them. The young man becomes again distractedly attached to his cousin, marries her, and is made heir to the property of his uncle.

From this story we shall give one extract. The Colonel, in completing his extravagant establishment, deems it necessary to engage a French cook, and Monsieur Ripolle was presented for his approbation, as, "without exception, the best cook in the united kingdom."

"The particular profession of this person, the Colonel, who understood very little French, was for some time puzzled to find out: he heard a vocabulary of dishes enumerated with grace and fluency, he was a remarkably gentlemanly-looking man, his well-tied neckcloth, his well-trimmed whiskers, his white kid gloves, his glossy hat, his massive chain encircling his neck, and protecting a repeating Breguet, all pronouncing the man of *ton*; and when he came really to comprehend that the sweet-scented, ring-fingered gentleman before him was willing to dress a dinner on trial, for the purpose of displaying his skill, he was thunderstruck.

'Do I mistake?' said the Colonel, 'I really beg pardon---it is fifty-eight years since I learned French,---am I speaking to a---(and he hardly dared to pronounce the word)---cook?'

'Oui, Monsieur,' said M. Ripolle, 'I believe I have de first reputation in de profession: I bin four years wiz de Marqui de Chester, and je ne flathdat, if I had not turn him off last months, I should have superintend his cuisine at dis moment.'

'Oh you discharged the Marquis, Sir?' said the Colonel.

'Yes, mon Colonel, I discharge him, because he cast affront upon me insupportable to an artist of sentiment.'

'Artist!' mentally ejaculated the Colonel.

'Mon Colonel, de Marqui had de mauvais gout one day, when he large partie to dine, to put salt into his soup, before all his compagne.'

'Indeed!' said Arden, 'and may I ask, is that considered a crime in your code?'

'I don't know code,' said the man; 'Morue! dat is salt enough without.'

'I don't mean that, Sir,' said the Colonel; 'I ask, is it a crime for a gentleman to put salt into his soup?'

'Not a crime, mon Colonel,' said Ripolle, 'but it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to the world; so I told his lordship I must leave him; that de butler had said, dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was to proclaim to the universe dat I did not know de proper quantity of salt required to season my soup.' "

The second story is entitled, "Doubts and Fears." The Lady Almeida Milford is a prominent actor on the scene, which is laid at the Imperial Hotel, kept, at a fashionable watering-place, by a single-hearted being, named Grojan, for whose portrait Liston has sat.

The story is amusing, though, in some respects, a little tinctured with extravagance, and the leading incidents border rather closely on the improbable.

The last tale, called "Passion and Principle," is the longest, and perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting one. It abounds in masterly views of real life, of high life, and low life; town life and country life; military life and scholastic life; with

all of which the author discovers the most intimate acquaintance. The characters of the two schoolmasters, Rodney and Tickle, with those of their families, are drawn with great boldness and effect. And those of Sir Frederick Brashleigh, the insolent and domineering East India despot, is given with a force of which none but those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the deteriorating effects of unlimited power on the human mind, will fully appreciate the truth.

On the whole, we deem it but justice to this work to say, that the author is a man of much above average talent. He is evidently a practised writer; and we would add, also, that he is a very pleasing writer. If he does flatter the great, and endeavour to exalt them at the expense of those who have been generally considered as being placed in the most eligible situation for the development of their best faculties; we hold this, his propensity, to be at least as innoxious as that of those who earn their daily bread by inventing and propagating the most atrocious calumnies against all whom Providence has appointed to have dominion over us.

TALES OF MODERN DAYS.*

WE have heard that in the days of our grandmother, the art of writing was not a very common female accomplishment; and though we are far from jealous of the more extended acquirements which the taste of modern times has made it necessary for the fair sex to possess, we are now and then rendered uncomfortable by witnessing a distressing misapplication of the faculties which modern cultivation has developed.

Here is Elizabeth Barber, who, we are persuaded, is a very meritorious female, and who either is, or may become, the excellent mother of a host of little Britons. Now, we are very sure that she would strictly enjoin her offspring not to spend their time in reading such ridiculous and uninteresting tales, as she has here, herself, been at the trouble of composing, and the expense of printing. If she is really a *very* young female, we shall let her alone for a while, and appeal, as did the ancient, to "*Philip, sober,*" for she is, probably, at this time, in too high a state of excitement to benefit by good advice.

DIBDIN'S COMIC TALES AND LYRICAL FANCIES.†

WE venture to predict that the great poems in this volume will be read but little, and that the little poems will be read a great deal. The intention of the writer in producing the Chessiad, he states, was to convey to the learner, in an amusing manner, the first principles of the game of Chess; but, we doubt, whether the learner would be very much improved by such a method of instruction. By endeavouring to unite two things so dissimilar in their natures, Mr. D. has destroyed the purpose of both. If he had first written a treatise on chess, and then a poem; or, if it had pleased him better, the poem first, and the treatise on chess afterward; we should, very probably, have been both pleased and edified; whereas, now, we are neither. There are, notwithstanding, several amusing situations in the Chessiad, and King Blanc and King Niger fight their battles with the prudence of consummate tacticians. If we could forget the chess, we should, perhaps, relish the poem better; if we could forget the poem, we might, perhaps, be enabled to study the chess.

The minor poems form, by far, the more interesting part of the volume. They are written in a very spirited manner, and are quite adapted to soften the rigours of a dull evening. Many of the jokes are new, and even the *old* ones are almost worthy of that character also, from the dress which Mr. C. D. has given to them. The author has displayed considerable wit in these "*Comic Tales,*" and he has told them in that happy and lively style which is alone adapted to this species of composition.

* Tales of Modern Days; by Elizabeth Barber. London: Sherwood and Co.

† Comic Tales and Lyrical Fancies, including the Chessiad, a mock-heroic, in Five Cantos; and the Wreath of Love, in Four Cantos; by C. Dibdin, the Younger. London: G. B. Whittaker.

CONDENSIANA.*

MATTERS OF INFORMATION.

*From original Sources.*EMANATION OF LIGHT FROM VARIOUS SOLID AND FLUID SUBSTANCES,
AND ANIMAL MATTER.

THE emission of light from the tail of the glow-worm is a fact with which every one is acquainted. A similar effect is known to be produced by several animal substances in a state of decomposition : and from decayed wood is experienced a like luminous appearance. Persons who have witnessed the beautiful phosphorescent effects of the sea, in a dark night, must likewise have been forcibly struck with the radiations of so singular a phenomenon. Such peculiarities in nature cannot be supposed to have escaped the notice of the prying philosopher. But it is only of late that a course of experiments has been made, which has produced inferences from these physical facts likely to affect the doctrines of solar light.

Newton, and other eminent philosophers, conceived the sun to be a vast body of fire ; but the more improved instruments of Bode, Herschel, Schroëter, and other modern astronomers, have contributed to determine that the solar mass is opaque ; and these opinions are strongly confirmed by the results of a long course of experiments made by Arago on the emission of light from bodies actually opaque, and which promise to solve many difficulties as to the physical constitution of the sun.

RED SNOW.

Travellers who have visited the Arctic regions, mention various places where they have met with *red snow*. Captain Ross observed it on the coasts of Baffin's Bay ; and in Spitzbergen it was, as we learn from Captain Franklin, very commonly seen. The tinge of red has, however, been found to have been received after the snow has fallen to the earth ; and is communicated by an herb of the *Alga* species, which is common in Argyleshire, where the snow, after lying for some time, receives the red hue, so much marvelled at by those who have navigated the high northern seas.

UNICORNS.

A class of Indian peasants, who dwell in the districts of the Himalayah mountains, and deputations of whom visit Nepaul annually, for the purposes of trade or religion—one and all agree in asserting that a gregarious and graminivorous animal of the deer kind, out of the centre of whose forehead grows a spiral horn, inhabits the woody tracts beyond the Himalayah, named Chaugdung. They call this animal *Chiro*, the colour of which is bright bay, and its flesh is good to eat. Though tempted by the promise of reward, they uniformly refuse to procure a specimen of this animal, the existence of which has been so long disputed by naturalists. The *Chiro*, they say, is too fierce and powerful to be taken by their simple means ; but horns, shed by the living, or remaining after they have died, are frequently found ; which horns are dedicated to their divinities. And a specimen of one of which has been sent by Mr. Hodgson, assistant to the resident at Katmandoo, to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, together with drawings of the animal, made by a Bhotea peasant.

THE VITAL MATTER IN ANIMAL BODIES.

Sir Everard Home, in his Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, vol. iii. p. 42, speaking of the brains and nerves, says, that a "*transparent mucus* is not only one of the most abundant materials of which the brain itself is composed, but is the medium by which the globules of the retina are kept together, and that it serves the same purpose in the medullary texture of the nerves ;" and hence, he infers " that the communication of sensation and volition, more or less, depends upon it." In confirmation of this doctrine, Sir E. H. quotes an opinion of Mr. Hunter, who said, " that so wonderful was the connexion between the brain and every structure of the body, that it was to be explained in no other way than

* The PUBLISHER believes the CONDENSIANA will be an approved feature in his MAGAZINE. The title will sufficiently explain its object, which is to present, each month, a condensed account of scientific discoveries, curious facts in natural history, and other matters of information, derived from original sources. The series of articles will form a valuable philosophical record.

by considering that the *materia vitæ* was every where in one of two forms, collected into one mass in the brain, which he called *coacervata*, and diffused throughout the body, which he called *diffusa*, and between which the nerves communicated."

By microscopic examinations of the brain, the globules vary in size, and the gelatinous medium, uniting different parts, is not all of the same consistence; and hence it is assumed, that these various qualities are subservient to different functions of the mind.

LONGEVITY OF TOADS.

Many instances are upon record of the toad having been confined in cavities of rocks, and other close recesses, for a great length of time, without any apparent means of obtaining food; but there are few cases which enable the naturalist to specify the definite periods which these animals may have lived in such a state of confinement. By a paper read by Major-General Hardwick in the Wernerian Natural History Society, on the 13th of November last, we are informed of the incarceration of a live toad in a well at Fort-William Barracks, Calcutta, for the long term of fifty-four years.

THE MUMMY OF THE MILL.

There is now living at Wuarrrens, near Eschallens, in Switzerland, a man named Jean Daniel Chevalley, who has acquired the faculty of measuring any lapse of time, and indicating any hour, by day or night, without the slightest error, and without any external or artificial aid whatever.

Speaking of himself, he says, "By imitation, labour, and patience, I have acquired an internal movement, which neither thoughts, nor labour, nor any thing can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each motion of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute, and these I add to others continually."

"This internal movement," says he, "is not quite so sure and constant by night, yet when not too much fatigued, and my sleep is soft—if you wake me, and ask me what hour it is, I shall reflect a second or two, and my answer will not err ten minutes. The approach of day renews the movement, if it has been checked, or rectifies it, if it has been deranged, for the rest of the day."

Being on board a steam-boat, on the lake of Geneva, on the 14th of July, 1823, his remarks, "that so many minutes and seconds had passed since leaving Geneva," soon attracted attention; and he at length engaged to indicate the passing of as many minutes and seconds as any one chose; and that during a conversation, the most diversified, with those about him. This he did without the least mistake, notwithstanding the endeavours of those present to distract his attention.

He is deaf, and cannot hear the sound of either watch or clock. Neither of these instruments makes twenty vibrations per minute, which is always the number of his inward movement, by which he reckons. This singular person is a miller, and from his deafness and extraordinary faculty in measuring time, he has been nick-named *the Mummy of the Mill*.

ORIGIN AND STRUCTURE OF ST. HELENA ISLAND.

The rock of which this island consists is of great variety, and exhibits many features which declare it to have had its origin from a volcanic eruption. In some places it is very like basalt; in others, extremely porous, vesicular, and even cavernous. In some parts it resembles slag: and the cavities contain stalactites similar to specimens from Iceland, which are decidedly of igneous origin. The rock, also, exhibits imperfect strata of a slaty nature variously inclined.

At the surface, where the rock is most exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it readily decomposes, and is converted into clay, and hence the soil is generally deep. The clays formed from the decayed rocks vary in colour, the most common being brick-red and pink-red.

Lime occurs in two places in the isle, imbedded in Lava Rock, and is an agglutinous mass, which seems to be a saturated carbonate.

A few specimens of stilbite, and of mesotype imbedded in lava, with a few other mineral substances, have been found.

Diana's Peak is stated to be 2692 feet above the level of the sea:

Cuckold's Point	- - - - -	2672 feet above the sea.
Halley's Mount	- - - - -	2467
Flag Staff	- - - - -	2272
Bum	- - - - -	2015
Longwood	- - - - -	1762

FOSSIL BAT.

In the quarries of Montmartre, in October last, the fossil remains of a bat were found, in size, and in the proportions of its members, much resembling the ordinary species of bats now existing. Hitherto no animal so highly organized has ever before been unequivocally shewn to exist in a fossil state; the discovery must therefore be regarded as a sort of era in the history of organic remains of a former world. Between the *bat* and *man* naturalists have interposed only the species called *Quadrumana*, so that the much-sought-for *anthropo-life* may, yet, not be beyond the reach of future research.

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION OF STONES IN BUILDINGS ACCORDING TO THE VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC TEMPERATURE.

A bridge of stone constructed over the Dordogne at Souillac, having seven arches, each of above 24 feet span, during the very cold weather of February, 1824, was discovered to yield so that the parapet stones separated a little from one another. The cement with which the cracks were filled remained in place as long as the cold weather lasted; but as the warm season came on the joints closed, and pressed out the cement again. It was at length ascertained, that much, if not the whole, of this expansion and contraction depended on the degree of heat or cold communicated to the stones from the atmosphere. An important and evident consequence of this action is, that large arches, exposed to variations of atmospheric temperature, are never in equilibrium, and that this thermometrical expansion and contraction affect stones which have been laid a considerable length of time as well as those recently put together.

PRESERVATION OF SEEDS SENT FROM ABROAD.

By coating the seeds to be exported with a thick mucilage of gum-arabic, and suffering it to harden upon them, they have been sent from the East Indies to this country in a perfectly sound state.

THE GANGES CROCODILE; A NEW SPECIES OF THIS CLASS OF ANIMALS, AND ITS EXTRAORDINARY VORACITY.

A specimen of the *Cummeer*, or Ganges Crocodile, measuring eighteen feet from the extremity of the nose to the end of the tail, has recently been submitted to the examination of a celebrated naturalist of Calcutta. It differs from the Egyptian crocodile in several of its characteristics, and particularly in the formation of its feet, having the inner toes of the hind, and the two inner toes of the fore feet without any *web*, or connecting membrane; whereas the toes of the common crocodile are all more or less united by webs or membranes. This peculiarity, if it be common to the *Cummeer*, evinces a newly-discovered species of this amphibious race. The voracity of this creature may be better imagined when it is known, that, on being opened, its stomach was found to contain the remains of a woman, of a dog, and of a sheep; a whole cat; several rings; and many separated parts of the common bangles worn by the native women.

EXCESS OF RAIN DURING THE YEAR 1824.

It has been ascertained by the most perfect meteorological observations, that, during the last seven years previous to 1824, the average quantity of rain which fell in the vicinity of London did not exceed $22\frac{3}{4}$ inches; but in the year 1824, the depth of rain amounted to $32\frac{1}{4}$ inches, by the same gage. Hence it will be seen that an excess of ten inches of rain was received, last year, over and above the average of the preceding seven years.

MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

Mr. James Watt is said to have suggested, in 1812, the possibility of engraving in mezzotinto upon steel; but no progress was made in the art until Mr. James Perkins prepared blocks of steel sufficiently soft to yield to the operation of engraving tools; and the first specimen worthy of consideration was made in 1820 by Mr. Say. In 1821, the late Mr. Wilson Lowry gave Mr. Turner, of Warren Street, a plate properly prepared, on which he engraved a portrait which obtained the approbation of Sir T. Lawrence. In 1822, Mr. Lupton received the gold medal from the Society of Arts for an engraving on steel of the *Infant Samuel*. Thus, in the short space of four years, the difficulties in this new branch of engraving have been overcome, and one of the most valuable accessions to the Fine Arts has been brought to maturity. From the dense nature of steel, the clearness of the lighter tints are capable of being brought to much greater perfection than can be produced on copper, and the darks possess a far superior richness. The tones, also, on steel are much better defined, than is obtainable on copper; and well rewards the additional labour necessary to produce them.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

ON the 3d of February, Parliament was opened by commission. There was, as usual, a King's speech, and a great many other speeches, on the occasion. His Majesty speaks in very just terms of the increasing prosperity of this country; and there is, in the speech, the customary allusion to the friendly disposition of foreign powers towards us. Now, we believe the former declaration with all the confidence of the most dutiful and loyal subjects; but it really appears to us necessary to receive the latter with a little allowance. There can be no doubt that, through the wisdom of the most liberal and enlightened administration of which England has ever been enabled to boast, the affairs of this country have assumed a most prosperous aspect---an aspect the more extraordinary, when we consider the difficulties which the nation has had to encounter. The finances of Great Britain are most encouraging; and, notwithstanding the heavy debt which presses upon us, there never was a period, perhaps, when our national energies were more powerful. But, we ask, is the friendly disposition of foreign powers towards us, a fact equally evident? We answer to our own question---No. We have heard, from good authority, that frequent meetings of the diplomatique body have lately been held at Vienna, at which the English Ambassador was not invited. This, certainly, has any thing but a friendly appearance. Indeed, can it be supposed that the Holy Alliance will patiently behold their darling hopes annihilated at the voice of England? Can it be supposed that the members of that most religious communion will remain inactive till the exulting sounds of liberty echo round their palaces? No: they will assuredly call into action every energy, in order to support that fabric which has been the work of so many years. Spain is become, as it were, their foster-child; and they will, without doubt, endeavour to protect their bantling. The recognition of the independence of the South American states, is the noblest act that ever shed a lustre round the history of a country. It has given an impulse to the world that will be felt for ages---and whatsoever anger it may have roused in the bosoms of certain individuals---whatever may be the vengeance following upon that anger, England has nothing to dread. Secure in the hearts of her sons, and in the hearts of the lovers of liberty, the lightning of such vengeance will only serve to illumine the object which it may be intended to destroy.

Few matters, of any consequence, have, as yet, occupied the attention of Parliament, with the exception of the Catholic Association. A measure has been proposed for the suppressing of this highly illegal and dangerous body; and from the great majorities which ministers have obtained, there can be little doubt of its final dissolution. We are advocates for free discussion, when any particular class of persons imagine that they are aggrieved; but surely no reflecting and honest mind will, for a moment, admit the right of those persons to form themselves into an association that has for its object the setting at defiance the highest authority in the realm. It is of no service to blink the matter---the Catholic Association was evidently formed for the purpose of concentrating that power, which, when scattered, would be feeble; but when brought to one point, might, at a moment, burst forth with an overwhelming violence. It is well that this hydra has been strangled in its infancy.

We have very little foreign news of any importance; so much depends upon rumour, that the actual state of affairs on the continent, and elsewhere, is very uncertain. Bolivar is reported to have met with such successes, that the war in Peru may be considered at an end, and that Spain has thus lost her last feeble hold upon her American possessions.

The recognition of the independence of Brazil by the Portuguese government, is currently talked of in Lisbon. The influence which England has in Portugal will do much towards bringing about a more liberal policy in that kingdom.

 THE CHAIN PIER AT BRIGHTON.

(Subject of the Plate.)

WE have already given views of Ramsgate and Margate, to which the present will form an appropriate companion. The Chain Pier at Brighton is of considerable importance; as, previous to its erection, it was impossible for any but vessels of small tonnage to approach the town. This difficulty arose from the flatness of the shore; the inconvenience of which is obviated by the present Pier. It is, as will be seen from the engraving, a beautiful erection; and, as will appear from what we have stated, as serviceable as it is beautiful.

THE DRAMA.

THE MODERN STAGE---A CRITICAL SKETCH.

THE stage is the school of humanity, the great mirror in which the virtues and vices of mankind are reflected. To some part of every nature, however alien it may be, it strikes home, like a heart-thrust. For who is there among the wide family of mankind, above the sport of passion? The philosopher, the pedant, the tyrant, and the slave; the libertine and the moralist; men of all ranks, ages, and professions, find reflected in the drama each his own individual portrait. The stage then, we assert, from its close sympathy with human nature, to be an object of primary importance. The pulpit and the press challenge our attention with like claims—but what, after all, is a cold description, compared with the actual living exhibition of mind? What is Richard in history to Richard on the stage, thrust bleeding, as it were, with ulcered conscience before us? What homily delivered from the pulpit, comes so home to the heart, as the spectacle of the crowned murderer, Macbeth, lamenting, even in “the pride of power,” that his “way of life has fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf?” With these ideas of the stage, considering it as a first-rate province of human intellect, we shall endeavour, in our future pages, to render it adequate justice. Its movements, from time to time, we shall scrutinize with an accuracy proportioned to their importance; and throughout all our criticisms shall be guided by the dictates of severest truth. As a requisite preliminary, however, we shall here briefly sketch the characters of its principal professors, and afterward fill up the portrait as time and inclination may suggest.

MR. KEAN, from his superior ability, first demands our attention. He is the Lord Byron of the drama; to the full as wild, intense, and impassioned; with similar prominent inequalities. His display of feeling is electrical—but he wants judgment, with the power of filling up an outline. He can conceive—he can elicit a beauty, or start a point, yet lacks the faculty of embodying as a whole. In Othello, for instance, his undisputed master-piece, he is tame, and even unexpectedly mean, in parts where repose is required; and only when the character puts forth storms and tempests, is he “himself again.” Hence he is Othello in parts only. His Hamlet is another striking union of genius and common-place. The calm, deep-seated enthusiasm of the Danish prince, is entirely lost in Mr. Kean; he is tricked out in passion and paradox, and introduced upon the stage as a vulgar un-idea’d blusterer. Now, this, as honest Dogberry phrases it, “is most tolerable, and not to be endured.” “Aut Cæsar aut nullus,” is the motto for the representative of Hamlet. Mediocrity is here detestable—we allow no common-place hypochondriacs. One of Mr. Kean’s most striking beauties is his bye-play. In his popular representation of Richard, this is eminently conspicuous. His leaning, for instance, in silent thought, against the pillar, while Lady Anne comes forward to upbraid him; his drawing up the plan of a battle involuntarily, as it were, with the sword, when he bids his last good-night: these are modest and redeeming touches in his play, that steal their way to the heart, when his more vociferous clap-traps are forgotten.

How different is the mind of YOUNG! If the one is all fire and passion—a volcano bursting forth in storm and horror—the other is all calmness and placidity; a piece of exquisite workmanship, highly wrought and polished; but still passionless and mechanical. Mr. Young is the *beau ideal* of sublime common-place. Hence the excellence of his Pierre (that paragon of bullies). Were he, in his professional career, to confine himself to the delineation of such characters, “would that he might live for ever.” But when, in Macbeth, Hamlet, and more particularly in Leonatus Posthumus, or Iachimo, he misinterprets, misquotes, and misunderstands his text (as, to give one instance out of a hundred, in his delivery of the word “proper,” which the old dramatist invariably used, by way of emphasis, to describe a flattering exterior, but which Mr. Young slurs over as a phrase of “no mark or likelihood”), the effect is truly absurd. This gentleman, like Nicodemus of old, requires to be regenerated or born again—to be new cast in the mould of passion, ere we can allow the justice of his practical commentaries on Shakspeare.

MR. MACREADY, the last of this tragic triumvirate, is the most romantic of actors. In one sense he may be considered as impassioned as Mr. Kean; but then it is the passion of romance, rather than of reality. Thus he can embody, with electrical effect, the sensibilities of Rob Roy; can amalgamate himself most intensely with his wild enthusiasm for the old hills and lakes of his country; but cannot, even in an inferior degree, give truth to the *material* susceptibility of Othello. The Virginius of Macready is a fine, equable, and classical performance: and his closing paroxysm of insanity, the most harrowing exhibition of the modern stage.

We are warm admirers of CHARLES KEMBLE, the last of his race (as Sir Walter would term him), the sole relic of a family immortal in our histrionic recollections. The comedy

of this gentleman is the most graceful thing imaginable ; his raillery, the very essence of vivacity. Who, for instance, can ever forget the ease and good-humour of his Don John : or the fire and mettle of his Faulconbridge ? The very spirit of chivalry hangs like a rich sun-light over this last performance, throwing out its beauties in such dainty profusion, that our senses become positively dazzled with the splendour. In the broader parts of comedy, Charles Kemble is palpably deficient. His Falstaff is a stiff, formal exhibition, "a fat gentleman in buckram," as some one has aptly defined it. It wants the racy mellowness of nature ; for though correct, as an outline, it is insipid, as a portrait ; the lineaments, indeed, are preserved, but the expression is lost. A bottle of brisk champagne, more or less, is, we take it, the key to a successful Falstaff. Quin, the epicure, was admirable in this character.

To MR. COOPER's taste in wigs, it is our wish to do all possible justice ; but why will he soar above the regions of respectable melo-drama ? Why will the owl attempt the flight of the eagle ? And why, oh ! why, will this otherwise decent actor affect the sentiment of Romeo ? Mr. Liston, it is true, once played Hamlet---but does this justify Mr. Cooper ? As a second-rate performer he must always please ; but in attempting loftier flights, he sinks, like Icarus, to earth, drooping and exhausted ; an object of triumph to his enemies, of sincere commiseration to his friends.

The Doctor Cantwell of DOWTON is, we are humbly of opinion, the pride of the modern stage. The wily voluptuous sycophant is here embodied to the life. His walk, his look, is puritanical---his very voice breathing the spirit of the conventicle. And then the calm unobtrusive spirit, poured, like soft oil, over the smiling surface of the whole character. It is really wonderful, and as a specimen of the old school of acting, in the glorious days of Quick, Parsons, Dodd, Smith, Munden, Edwin, and others, is the only thing we have now left.---*Esto perpetua !*

As Dowton is the most quiet, so HARLEY is the most mercurial of comedians. He is Saint Vitus personified ; the essence, or rather the quintessence, of fidgettiness. His humour (to use the language of Falstaff) is "quick, fiery, forgetive ;" steeped to the very full in a special restless vivacity. Motion, in others so inexpressive, in him assumes the character of wit ; the dignity of a good joke. In proof of this, we need only instance his Doctor Endall, his Dicky Gossip, or that still more whimsical performance, Sampson Rawbold, where the humour of the character lies not so much in the mind, as in the limbs. The secret of Harley's popularity is the perfect nature of his acting. It may be exaggerated, deformed---but still it is nature, and in this respect differs from the performances of JONES, through which peeps the labour of the artist, disguised, indeed, to a superficial observer, but clearly manifest to the eye of criticism.

Of MISS KELLY we scarcely dare trust ourselves to speak ; so versatile yet characteristic is her acting. In a certain arch humour rather insinuated than expressed ; in pathos arising from the distresses of simple lowly natures, she is, and, with the sole exception of Mrs. Jordan, has ever been, unequalled. As a chambermaid she is perfection itself.

The excellence of ELLISTON, though now somewhat on the wane, is still deserving of respect. The time, indeed, has been when he stood without a rival in the walk of genteel comedy : but that was before the days of the Surrey, and his buffooneries at the Olympic. Both together have ingeniously contrived to vulgarize him. The sly humour of this gentleman is his principal characteristic, added to which, his devotions to women and the gallantry of his bearing, are singularly felicitous. No one addresses a lady with such an air, with so much assurance, tempered, at the same time, with such gentle courtesy. His Bob Handy, in "Speed the Plough," is a master-piece in this respect.

MR. LISTON, we are sorry to find, greatly overrated by the public. With the milk-maid, in the old song, he may say, "My face is my fortune ;" for without this auxiliary he is nothing, or worse than nothing. His acting is without character ; whether he represents Dominie Sampson, Maw-worm, or even Billy Lack-a-day, it is still Liston ; the same monotonous buffoon :

"Nature, in spite of all his faults, creeps in,
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff, still 'tis Quin."

MISS M. TREE is the most captivating actress of the day. There is a sentiment---a spell---a fascinating something, about this young lady, that comes straight home to the heart. As Ariel, she is the very "shadow of a shade," mysterious, graceful, and unearthly ; as Viola, the soul of elegance ; as Clari, the genius of romance. We never see or hear her without recalling the times when every wood---hill---valley, and river was supposed to have its presiding nymph ; and when at evening or morning the voice of fairy natures might be heard, pouring forth their rich music on the air. The lower tones of Miss Tree's voice have a finer spirituality about them than any thing we ever heard. They are rich even to cloying,

and seem too pure, too ethereal, for earth. Her execution is, if possible, more scientific than her melody is bewitching; and this tasteful union of the two qualities is rapidly leading her to the very highest honours of the profession.---We cannot resist the temptation of presenting the reader, in this place, with a sonnet, written on seeing Miss Tree in Ariel. It was manufactured some few years since, when we were head over ears in love with this "tricksy spirit," and were in the frequent habit of pelting her with poesy by the two-penny post. We remember thinking it remarkably touching at the time.

SONNET

ON SEEING MISS M. TREE IN ARIEL.

BLOW soft, ye breezes, o'er the fairy form
 Of Ariel, and, ye winds, allay your mirth
 Whene'er he passes by you, for the storm
 Will bow his gentle spirit to the earth;
 He is not form'd for power; his mild blue eye
 Fraught with the hues of heaven, his delicate cheek,
 That smiles on all he loves so tenderly,
 The softer graces of the sex bespeak---
 And there is *one*, on whom his spirit lightens
 With more than mortal radiance, and her voice
 Is musical as his; her countenance brightens
 In beauty as she bids the heart rejoice
 And speaks to it of softness: *he* shall live
 In *her*, his graceful representative.

Of MISS CHESTER, our only Beatrice; KNIGHT, the most natural of clowns; WILKINSON, the most grave and Quixottic of humorists, we have left ourselves but little space to speak. The whole of the present criticism is, indeed, but a sketch; which, as we before observed, we shall fill up when we come to speak of the subjects themselves individually. Till when, gentle reader---in the words of John Philip Kemble---"Hail and farewell."

OUR remarks upon the leading members of the stage compel us to abridge our usual dramatic notice. This, however, we consider a very slight misfortune; for there has been so little of novelty at either of the Patent Theatres during the past month, that our office has been quite a *sinerure*. 'Tis true, the wise people of London have been exceedingly vociferous in their condemnation of Mr. Kean; and equally loud in their praise of Miss Foote---the latter, perhaps, an unnecessary act of kindness; the former, a specimen of consummate foolery. Mr. Kean may have committed errors, and Miss Foote may have met with harsh treatment from certain individuals; but, in either case, the public has no right to interfere in the matter. The tribunals of the country are sufficient to protect or punish; and to them these offices should be entirely left. We are glad to perceive that this absurd system is on the decline; and that we shall, once more, be enabled to visit the theatre without danger of getting our ribs broken, in entering, or our heads, perhaps, broken after we have entered. We shall, indeed, be most happy when our hopes are consummated; for we are quite tired of beholding the audience *performers*, and the performers the *audience*.

At Drury Lane, two new pieces have been brought forward; one with very little success, the other with none at all. The former, under the title of "The Shepherd of Derwent Vale," is reported to be from the pen of Mr. Lunn, the author of several other entertainments; that have met with a favourable reception. The Shepherd of Derwent Vale is adapted from the French: it has very little of plot about it, and even what it has is exceedingly dull; indeed, if it were not for the admirable music which Mr. Horn has brought to the aid of the piece, we should, most certainly, wish it back to the place from whence it came.---Masaniello, the piece which has been consigned to "the tomb of the Capulets," or some other tomb where it will be equally safe, is founded on the history of a fisherman of Naples, who, in the moment of a popular convulsion, was raised to supreme power in the Neapolitan state. After a brief enjoyment of his dignities, he is assassinated by one of the populace. Guns and pistols have, for a long period, been favourite weapons at the theatres, and, of course, Masaniello received his death-wound by a musket-shot, which at once put an end to the fisherman, and this dull, tiresome performance. Mr. Kean and a white horse were the chief performers, and each did all that was possible for the part allotted to him. Mr. K. evidently "rides the high horse" with considerable dignity.

FINE ARTS.

FOR several months past, nothing, of any consequence, has been "stirring" in the Fine Arts. This, in a great measure, is owing to the absurd system of confining the national exhibitions to particular seasons. They should be open from January to December; and an artist should have an opportunity, at all times, of transferring the productions of his pencil from the easel to the exhibition room. There would be thus, a more constant communication kept open between him and the public, more time would be allowed for critical investigation, and a fairer chance afforded to every man of having his works honestly attended to. According to the present system, however, hundreds of paintings are brought together at a particular period; the rooms in which they are placed are thronged from morning till night; and an undisturbed, dispassionate view of a painting becomes an impossibility: a brief, hurried notice of a few of the leading pictures is the consequence; whilst a number of deserving productions are left to hang in silent obscurity, till the rude hand of the carpenter comes to remove them. We have pointed out the cause of this evil, and we trust, that the time is not far distant, when that cause will have ceased to exist. The liberal policy of the "Society of British Artists," will do much towards bringing about a new state of things.

It will be easily perceived that we were in a very grumbling humour when the above paragraph was put to paper; indeed, we were so morose at the time, that if it had not suddenly come to our recollection that it was the opening day of the "British Gallery," we should probably have filled two or three pages with the exuberance of our spleen. As it was, however, we took our hat and stick, sallied towards Pall Mall, paid our shilling at the gallery door, put on a knowing, critical look, walked soberly up stairs, and now behold us strolling leisurely through the rooms with the paintings in one eye and the Literary Magnet in the other. There are two circumstances connected with this exhibition, this season, upon which we feel it our duty particularly to remark: the first, the number of paintings, which are here hung up, which have been already exhibited to the public; the second, the unfortunate arrangement relative to the premium for the best painting of the battles of Nile and Trafalgar. The middle room is nearly filled with paintings on these subjects; and hence a sameness is produced, that is far from being counter-balanced by all the fire and smoke, which the artists have crowded into their canvas. To those whose only object in these matters is novelty (a class which we believe contains a very great portion of the visitors), such a system will be exceedingly objectionable. In our next number we shall proceed to remark upon the paintings in detail; at present, we have only room to call the attention of our readers to two, the first the "Head of an Old Woman," we forget by whom; the second, the "Village Raffle," by Parker. The first is worthy of Rembrandt, the second is worthy of—Parker.

ENGRAVINGS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

"*Blore's Monumental Remains of noble and eminent Persons, comprising the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain.—Part II.*" These beautiful engravings are accompanied by explanatory, biographical, and historical notices, which are of an exceedingly interesting character. The part before us contains the Monuments of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I, of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, of Sir James Douglas, and of Archbishops Warham and Peckham. The first two from Westminster Abbey; the third, from the Beauchamp Chapel, in Warwick; the fourth, from Douglas, in Scotland; and the fifth and sixth, from Canterbury. These productions are more interesting from historical associations, than from any particular perfection, which they exhibit as works of art. Their execution is good, but not excellent. More labour might have been bestowed upon them; but, considering the subjects, more labour, perhaps, was not required.

We are informed that Sir John Leicester intends to add several new works to his gallery. They are to be the productions of British Artists, and are now in progress. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Jones, and Leslie, are the persons engaged in them. This is noble in Sir John; and it would be well if others were to follow his spirited example. We see nothing, but the want of proper encouragement, to prevent many of our living artists from becoming equal to any of the old masters. Nature is still the same, and man is still the same—with the exception that he is a little improved. Why then should painters have less capacity than they had in former days? The fact is, men are little disposed to study the warmth of a colour or the richness of a figure, with a cold empty purse in their pockets. There is more sympathy between a man's heart-strings, and brain-strings, and purse-strings, than some good people imagine.

HUNTER'S CAPTIVITY AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

(An abridgment of this work.)

THE author of this singularly fascinating work, of which we here propose an abridgment, was taken prisoner, at the earliest age of infancy, by a party of wandering Indians. His parents, of whom, by the way, he retains little or no recollection, were evidently back-settlers; but as, judging from presumptive evidence, they contrived to render themselves obnoxious to the rightful owners of their settlements, they were surprised by them at night, and indiscriminately murdered. Mr. Hunter was then a boy of, perhaps, four or five years of age, and from his tender infancy was adopted into the tribe of his conquerors, the Kickapoo Indians, a wandering race that inhabited the eastern parts of the Missouri. By them he was treated with invariable kindness; adopted their customs, and with the instinctive facility of childhood, entertained towards them sentiments of immediate affection. When, however, he had become accustomed to Indian society, and had obtained an age capable of appreciating the different characters of each tribe, he observed that the Kickapoos, by whom he was captured, were notorious among the Indigines for their cunning, faithless, and cowardly disposition. But this is anticipating circumstances. He had resided with this tribe for a short time, and had already begun to form attachments to their chiefs and squaws (or wives), when a hunting party being resolved on among them, the tents were struck, and every preparation made for a fresh encampment. The neighbouring Indians, however, on whose hunting grounds they endeavoured to make an invasion, rose unanimously in arms to oppose them; and as they were too numerous to offend, with safety, the Kickapoos were compelled to re-cross the river Maramack (beyond which the grounds in question lay), and accordingly coursed up its banks till they blended with the ridges and hills. During the early part of their march, be it observed, they had some engagements with hostile, but wandering, parties; which, though by no means decisive, operated, in the aggregate, against them. They found, however, as they receded from the larger streams and grazing grounds, that this annoyance entirely ceased; but then the game diminished with the danger. There was, nevertheless, a sufficiency to supply all their wants, and they again fixed their camps with the hope of enjoying uninterrupted peace, till more of their nation should join them, and they were better prepared to repel injuries. But in this they were disappointed, for they were soon after surprised by a party of wandering Pawnees, who massacred and scalped their warriors, and enslaved the remainder, including men, women, and children. The march that ensued was tedious, and over a broken country, which, to the best of Mr. Hunter's recollection, was not interrupted by any river or stream of peculiar magnitude.

The Pawnees, who now claimed our biographer, were notorious for their perpetual warfare. For some months he continued contentedly a prisoner among them, until an invasion of the hunting grounds belonging to the Kansa Indians being determined on, they were, with the exception of Mr. Hunter and two other warriors, entirely destroyed. Again, therefore, he underwent a change of masters; but shortly after his arrival at the Kansa towns, had the good fortune to be adopted into the family of Kee-nees-tah, by his squaw, who had lately lost her son in an engagement with the Pawnees. In consequence of this adoption, he was treated, not only by the chiefs and squaws, but the whole assembled tribe, with invariable tenderness. This conduct was by no means singular, for all the women and children were treated with similar attention; while the warriors who had the misfortune to be taken prisoners, were, with one or two exceptions, tortured to death. These horrors (the sole stain of Indian life) are performed in the following manner:—Every village has a post planted near the council hut, which, at the commencement of a war, is painted red. This is the *prisoner's* place of refuge. On arriving within a short distance of it, the women and children of the conquerors, armed with clubs, switches, missiles, and sometimes even with fire-brands, place themselves in two ranks, between which the captive warriors, one by one, are compelled to pass. It is, in general, a race for life, although some, who are sensible of the fate that awaits them, should they survive, move slowly, and perish by the way. Those who reach the post are

subsequently treated with respect, and permitted to enjoy repose until a general council decides upon their fate. Should this be adverse, they are immediately bound, hand and foot, to separate posts or trees, burned with small pieces of touchwood, pierced with goads, and whipped with briars or spinous shrubs. While enduring such agonies, they continue to recount, in an audible voice, the achievements they have performed against their persecutors. They repeat that they have done their duty, that the fortune of war happens to be against them, and that they are now hastening into more delightful hunting grounds, where the sun smiles for ever on the soil, and the wretched and conquered on earth are again united to part no more. As they grow feeble with suffering, they raise their last death-song; and ere the echoes of their war-whoop have ceased, drop dead upon the ground, amid shouts of admiration from their enemies. The revenge of an Indian, be it observed by the way, terminates with the life of his victim. No paltry sneers—no narrow-minded insults, are heaped over the senseless clay. It is buried with respect, the whole tribe assembling to do honour to the ceremony.

To resume our narrative: Mr. Hunter had remained but a few weeks with the Kansa Indians, when he was struck with the sudden appearance, among them, of the prophet, Tshut-che-nau, *i. e.* "defender of the people." The exhortations of this venerable warrior would have done honour to the sublimest morality. "Never," he would admonish his young Indian friends, "never tell a lie. Never suffer your squaws, and little ones, to want. On no account betray your friend. Fear not death: none but cowards fear to die! Obey and venerate age, particularly your parents. Love and adore the Great Spirit, he from whom we all emanate, and to whom we shall all return." Sometimes, in allusion to his own life, this untutored savage would exclaim, "I am old, my young friends, my warmth is gone, and the blood is fast cooling in my veins. The companions of my childhood—one—two—three—all—all are gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree I stand alone. My mother and my father recline their heads on the bosom of our parent. *My sun too is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel that it will soon be night with me.*" In such society (savage, as it is agreeably misnomered) the youth of Mr. Hunter was spent: but when the old warriors had departed on a hunting excursion, and he, from his tender years, was left behind with the squaws and children, their common amusements consisted in running races, wrestling, jumping, swimming, playing with the hoop, throwing the tomahawk, fighting sham battles, and holding councils. While thus from day to day engaged, a party of hunters, consisting of about thirty, who had ascended the Kansas river, and crossed over to some of the branches of the Arkansas, were routed by a tribe of wandering Pawnees. In this engagement the subject of our narrative experienced a painful loss in the death of the squaw who had adopted him, and who was drowned on her return from the battle. In compliance, however, with established custom, he bore his affliction with apparent indifference—for the Indians consider tears as beneath the dignity of manhood. A short time subsequent to this occurrence, a party of thirty Kansa warriors, and eleven boys (including Mr. Hunter), resolved on a hunting excursion, and after ascending the river La Platte several hundred miles, fell in with a tribe of Osages, belonging to the Grand Osage nation, by whom they were welcomed with hospitality, and informed of the probable dangers they would incur on a return to the Kansas villages, in consequence of that tribe being then at war with almost every neighbouring one. Notwithstanding this intelligence, the Osages could give them no protection; so it was resolved, at a council held expressly for the occasion, to deliver themselves up to the Grand Osage nation, who, though at war with their tribe, had the character of unvarying magnanimity. For a third time, therefore, Mr. Hunter changed his masters, and was placed, together with the rest of the suppliant Kansas, under the protection of the Grand Osages. He had not been long connected with them, when he was received into the family of Shenthweet, a warrior distinguished among his people for his bravery, at the express instance of Hunkhah, his wife. This squaw, whose family consisted of her husband, a daughter, almost grown, and Mr. Hunter, took every means to engage his affections. The daughter was equally attentive, and supplied his wants with the choicest things she had it in her power to bestow, such as mockasins and leggings, beaver-caps and buffalo robes. The Osages too, particularly the children, engaged him in

all their sports ; so that his transfer from the Kansa to the Osage tribe, was a transfer of the heart and the affections.

On the autumn (or fall, as it is called) subsequent to this captivity, he was taken with a hunting party of Osages and Kansas, several hundred miles up the main Arkansas river. It was during this excursion that he was first supplied with a rifle, which he used with such diligence as to be ever after distinguished by the name of the hunter. The whole of the following summer was spent in similar rambles, and it was at this season, that our biographer first saw drunken Indians. No state of society, he observes, is generally so free from contention as their domestic life; but when once the *evil spirit* is introduced among them by the traders, the bonds of affection are broken ; order is dissolved, and the most demoniacal paroxysms usurp the minds of all. In the course of his hunting parties, Mr. Hunter fell in with a clergyman, who had resorted to the woods for the purpose of converting the Indians. He was treated with exemplary respect, listened to with profound attention, and though unsuccessful in his mission, received every polite civility that the most refined society could afford. The Indian, in fact, is remarkable for the untutored affability of his manner. He is, in every respect, the gentleman ; not as regards the conventional possession of what are called manners, but in the refined character of his feelings. In war alone he is terrible, but when once the hatchet is buried, and he sits in peace beneath the shade of his own forests, nothing can exceed, if equal, the dignified propriety of his demeanour. In such society the youth of Mr. Hunter was passed. What wonder then that recollection should be the food of enjoyment, and that in the dreary hours of night he should even now wake with the roar of cataracts in his ear, see forests nodding in their awful magnificence around him, and converse with the spirits of those Indians with whom, in years gone by, it was his pride and his delight to associate ?

Among the number of those Indians who were distinguished during Mr. Hunter's residence with them, was an old warrior, by name "Round Buttons." He was a perfect epitome of all the characteristics that mark the hunter and the hero ; dignified and proud in deportment, generous to excess, and brave even to temerity. Of this man the following remarkable anecdote is recorded. He was returning one night from a hunting excursion, when, fatigued with the journey, he stopped to "take a dram" at what is called "a tippling shop." A drove of drunken whites were herding together in the same inn, and as "Round Buttons" was exhilarated with spirits, he did not hesitate to join them. They imagined, therefore, that they might indulge in unusual freedom with the old Indian ; but finding him averse to their conduct, relied upon their numbers, and finally resolved to drench him. The landlord overhearing their intentions, advised the brave warrior to take refuge in a barn. But Round Buttons was indignant at the proposal. "What !" he exclaimed, "an Indian fly from a white ? Never : besides," he added, "when men make themselves squaws, they are much beneath them." The whites, meantime, presuming on his forbearance, abused the noble veteran in that elegant dialect peculiar to them. Suddenly, as if by accident, he asked for a board, went deliberately to the fire, and stained one side black, then asked for a sheet of white paper, which he pinned to the board, and placed at some distance as a target. He next stepped back one hundred yards, took aim, and shot the ball near the centre. Having wiped his rifle, and again hit the target, watching, with stern countenance, the effect it produced on his adversaries, he desired the landlord's son to fetch him a tomahawk. "Thus," said he, darting it at the same time against the target, "thus an Indian warrior defends his wife and little ones ; and thus," turning with a dignified austerity towards the whites, "he resents a wanton insult." A few weeks subsequent to this occurrence, "Round Buttons" was warned by the Great Spirit in a dream of his approaching decay ; and met the king of terrors with a presence of mind, fortitude, and resignation, seldom, if ever, witnessed in civilized life. His conduct and feelings did not arise from want of sensibility, or ignorance of the important changes he was about to suffer ; on the contrary, he appeared to comprehend them in all their bearings, and talked of them, and of the duties of life connected with present and future happiness, with the calmness and wisdom of a Socrates. At times his discourse was persuasive and pathetic ; so much so indeed, that he was listened to both by young and old, with an earnestness bordering upon idola-

try. We have related these two circumstances in detail, as being highly illustrative, under similar circumstances, of Indian character and conduct.

When Mr. Hunter had resided a few months with the Osage tribes he witnessed a marriage ceremony. This was performed in the following simple manner. The bridegroom, a fine and promising young warrior, assembled a numerous party of his friends, and, standing in the centre, caught his intended by the wrist, candidly proclaimed his affection, promised to protect and provide her with game, and presented her with some gifts as a token of attachment. The female, on her part, made similar professions of love, and pledged herself to their performance by giving to her suitor an ear of corn, indicative of her domestic duties. They were then greeted with the kind wishes of all present, and the remainder of the day and night was devoted to convivial but temperate enjoyment.—Mr. Hunter had now, as may be supposed, become identified with Indian life and manners. He accompanied the tribes throughout all their excursions, shared their fatigues, and participated in the glory of their triumphs. In one of these rambles, a party, among whom was our biographer, wandered many hundred miles from the rest of the tribe, till they reached the Pacific Ocean, a sight which he thus eloquently describes :

“The unbounded view of water, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit, from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread, the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say, our minds were serious, and our devotions continued, all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more specific water boundary assigned to him by our traditionary dogmas.”

The progress of this romantic journey was marked with adventurous interest. Sometimes the party would shelter for the night, amid caverns tenanted by snakes ; sometimes they would sleep unsheltered on the bare heaths ; and at others ramble about till morning, from an apprehension of surprise from panthers. Still wherever they went, health, like a guardian deity, accompanied them ; she infused a flavour into the simplest viands, gave to the living stream the spirit and the taste of nectar, and sate lightly on their slumbers till dispersed by the morning sun-shine. The different tribes too, which they fell in with during their excursion, received them with affectionate hospitality. On one of these accidental meetings, while some of his party were conversing with their stranger friends, Mr. Hunter and another Indian named Tare-heem, wandered away to a slight distance in the woods. On a sudden they were roused by a rustling, and turning round to discover the cause, beheld an enormous panther secreted in a crouching position beside some shrubs. They were not, however, thrown off their guard by the discovery, but exercised a presence of mind, which in all probability saved at least one of their lives. Tare-heem, who was in advance, the moment he discovered his danger, gave directions to his companion, and stepped cautiously backward, keeping his eye rivetted all the while on those of his adversary. In this manner they soon retreated beyond its bounding distance, and finally reached the rest of their party in safety. Tare-heem shot it a few moments afterward, when it proved to be the largest panther that had ever been seen by an Indian. The party now prepared for their return to the rest of their tribe. They had been absent for some moons ; had traversed many hundred miles in circuit ; and anticipated, in consequence, the applause of their brethren. Cold however beset them, snow fell in flakes of inconceivable magnitude, and ice cramped in some degree their energies. With difficulty they accomplished a return, and on arriving at their villages were struck with the appearance of a Frenchman, the first European, by the way, whom Mr. Hunter had

yet seen. Of this trader the following characteristic anecdote is recorded. He had arrived among the Indians for the purpose of barter; but finding them well supplied with gunpowder, his principal article of commerce, resolved, by an ingenious device, to rid himself of the incumbrance. He accordingly seized the opportunity afforded him by the inquisitiveness of an Indian, to inform him that gunpowder, like corn, was sown, and that if a sufficient quantity were purchased for the occasion, in a few months it would repay them fourfold. The Indians were struck with the idea, purchased the Frenchman's stock, and commenced their agricultural experiments. After some months had elapsed, an old chief, wiser than the rest, observed, that "he was a Frenchman of whom they had procured the gunpowder-seed." The hint was enough, the whole tribe discovered it to be a fraud, and determined to revenge it the first opportunity. It should be kept in mind, that when an individual injures an Indian, he entertains a lofty sense of indignation, not only against him, but his whole nation. Not long after, another Frenchman went among the same tribe with a cargo of dry goods. He obtained immediate permission from the chief to barter his wares; but when they were all duly spread out for inspection and purchase, the Indians carried them by force away. The luckless pedlar laid his complaint before the chief, and demanded restitution. "You shall have it," was the grave reply, "but first, my good friend, let me advise you to wait till the next gunpowder harvest. You shall then have the first crop. Good morning." And with these words he left him, bowing all the while with an ironical civility that would have done honour to a posture-master.

Our narrator here hastens to a close. Let it suffice to say, that Mr. Hunter continued for years among the Indians, spending his time in the manner we have here fully endeavoured to delineate, till, on the arrival of a white and intelligent settler among his tribe, he was persuaded to accompany him to the lands of civilization. The effect on his mind of such novelties was striking. He beheld, for the first time, the true powers of the human intellect, watched with intense interest the effects of learning, when properly developed, and gradually lost his early relish for the primitive simplicity of nature. But in proportion as he became sophisticated, he became unhappy. The tree of knowledge was to him the tree of bitterness; and from comparison, unavoidably suggested by society, he first learnt the inferior powers of his own mind. In the midst of forests, he was a man of "mark and likelihood;" in society, a cipher. His acquirements were few, and obtained with difficulty; and the natural sensibilities of his soul were crushed by the restraint of polished life. These first consequences of his entrance into society, he has detailed with affecting minuteness, and convinced us (did we need additional proof) that true happiness and dignity are only found when they approach nearest to simplicity and nature. The Indian enjoys these advantages in perfection. His whole life is a dream; a beautiful realization of romance, replete throughout with interest and adventure. Cradled in the woods, and rocked to slumber by the winds, he is the child, the nursling, of imagination. No growling ideas, no paltry passions, find a resting-place within his bosom; his virtues, and even his vices, are all, like his own lakes, on a scale of tremendous majesty. We have shewn him brave, generous, and intellectual; it remains to say, that he is patient, domestic, and adventurous. Accompanied by his friends and relations, he roams from spot to spot, free as the mountain winds—claims kindred and alliance with the mighty forests and the thundering cataracts; and when, after an age spent in the fulfilment of public and private duties, he resigns himself to his last sleep, consoles his mind by reflecting that the trees beneath whose shade he reclined in life, *shall wave their green summits over him in death.*

MRS. BAILLIE'S LISBON.*

WE are excellent judges of *port*, and we have made it our business to acquaint ourselves with the geography and the history of the country in which that favourite beverage is produced; but till our eyes were blessed with the sight of Mrs. Baillie's pretty little volumes, we were in utter darkness respecting the Portuguese people. Her evidence, on the whole, is unfavourable; and with respect to Lisbon, the town which furnishes the title to her book---the town to which the unhealthy of our own land are often sent in search of health, or a grave, we are compelled to believe that there exists not in any civilized country a place in which the sense of smelling can be productive of half the misery.

"Where," says she, "shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants. Here every sort of impurity appears to be collected together. You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the foetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and *other* horrors, which it is impossible to mention; to say nothing of the filthy dogs of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacies in the olfactory nerves) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their natural aliment---dirt. I must beg to add, that the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea."

Now, we like this, as every thing to us is delightful which tends to shew the superiority of English comforts. We have consulted Mrs. B. on the question of cheapness; hear her response.

"We have been assured by a most respectable merchant, who has been long settled here, that the comforts *indispensable* to the establishments of English persons, are not to be obtained but at a greater expense than in our own country, with all its taxes. In this opinion our brief experience leads us perfectly to coincide."

This is decisive, we will sip our port at home. Go to Portugal indeed! Why, many of the ladies sleep neither in night-gowns nor shifts, but (save us from evil thoughts) stark naked.

"The nobility," says Mrs. B. "usually eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed; and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the highest-bred Fidalgo, differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant. It will be easily imagined that neither resembled the perfumed gales of Arabia."

Mrs. B. remarks, that, in any rank of life, personal beauty is extremely rare in Lisbon, and that this is most remarkable among the families of high rank. We have no doubt that she is right in attributing this peculiarity to "the invariable custom among the Fidalgos of marrying only with the families of each other, and very frequently with their own relations. They thus preserve the purity of their blood, and perpetuate the defects of their persons from generation to generation. One of the late kings of Portugal was united to his *aunt* for this reason."

We are, by no means, believers in the perfectibility of the human species; but we have long been persuaded that considerable improvements in the general physical constitution of the race might be effected by judiciously crossing the breed. We would not, if we had our will, allow three generations of wives to be selected from the same country. We would not permit so monstrous an outrage on the rule of right, as the union of a full-grown, majestic, and beautiful girl, with a shrivelled male specimen of humanity, removed by but few degrees, in form and visage, from the *wild man of the woods*.

We are, in fact, persuaded, that in half a dozen generations, we could so improve

* Lisbon in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823; by Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

the present race of human beings, that to call the females of the race *angels*, would be only the statement of an identical proposition.

Mrs. B. gives a wretched account of the state of education among the higher ranks in Portugal. Many of the *females* are sadly deficient in the art of orthography, and hold in utter disregard all rules in the science of language.

We regard, as nearly the most interesting part of these volumes, Mrs. B.'s account of her visit to the interior of a convent, a favour which, she says, she believes, "has hitherto been refused to every other English woman." The account, however, is too long for extraction, and we will not attempt to abridge it.

According to Mrs. B.'s account, the *Cortes* were a set of the meanest, most contemptible, rascals that ever existed. She describes the *king* as an ill-favoured person, of a timid disposition; the predominant expression of his features, when in public, being that of absolute terror. We shall permit Mrs. B.'s portrait of the *queen* to appear as she has drawn it.

"The queen continues to live in the utmost retirement; secluded in the recesses of the palace, she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into company. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby, dirty dishabille, consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton; a cap with as little pretension to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat; altogether, no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches. But the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from the waist to nearly the middle of her leg, and one always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts."

We would gladly pursue our account of Mrs. B.'s work, but our space is limited, and we must draw to a conclusion. Mrs. B. was present at many (all?) of the political revolutions which occurred in Portugal during the important period to which her book relates, and the details which she gives respecting them, are often very interesting. We must, however, in sober sincerity, confess, that we think Mrs. B. by far too bigotted an *English* woman to give an impartial account of the habits of a foreign people; and, therefore, though we are fully assured that she is perfectly incapable of making a wilful misrepresentation, she has often, from the state of her feelings, been unconsciously led into considerable exaggerations. Her volumes, however, contain much valuable matter; and her descriptions have often considerable graphic effect. She is, too, an elegant person; but though we are sceptical on the position that all women are beautiful, it is a part of our creed that all women are eloquent.

THE MODERN ATHENS.*

THE people of Edinburgh are, unquestionably, the most learned people that have dwelt in cities since the days when the Athens of old ceased to be; and perhaps there never has existed, since the beginning of time, a community in which learning was pursued with the same degree of enthusiasm, that it has, for a long succession of years, been pursued in Edinburgh. This, we think, a very remarkable thing, as learning in Scotland is, as every where else, a poor trade. Did we say every where else? If so, we beg to correct ourselves. In our two great English seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, the trade is any thing but a poor one. But witness their effect on the characters of the people who live in Oxford or Cambridge, who are so different from the inhabitants of Edinburgh—are as remarkable for their want of literary or scientific taste, as if they had lived at the uttermost parts of the earth.

This peculiarity of the Edinburgh people is, however, attended with several other remarkable peculiarities. Their veneration for learning is at least equalled by their veneration for rank; and the very clear perception which they have of their extraordinary superiority over all people, ancient and modern, is so nearly allied to vanity, that it is scarcely worth while to look for a more appropriate designation.

The author of the *Modern Athens* is evidently a Scotchman, and one who is well-acquainted with all the peculiarities of his nation; and we consider his book as by far the most able that has appeared on the subject of Scotland for very many years.

* The *Modern Athens*; a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the Scotch Capital: by a Modern Greek. London: Knight and Lacey.

MRS. BAILLIE'S LISBON.*

WE are excellent judges of *port*, and we have made it our business to acquaint ourselves with the geography and the history of the country in which that favourite beverage is produced; but till our eyes were blessed with the sight of Mrs. Baillie's pretty little volumes, we were in utter darkness respecting the Portuguese people. Her evidence, on the whole, is unfavourable; and with respect to Lisbon, the town which furnishes the title to her book---the town to which the unhealthy of our own land are often sent in search of health, or a grave, we are compelled to believe that there exists not in any civilized country a place in which the sense of smelling can be productive of half the misery.

"Where," says she, "shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants. Here every sort of impurity appears to be collected together. You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the fœtid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and *other* horrors, which it is impossible to mention; to say nothing of the filthy dogs of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacies in the olfactory nerves) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their natural aliment---dirt. I must beg to add, that the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea."

Now, we like this, as every thing to us is delightful which tends to shew the superiority of English comforts. We have consulted Mrs. B. on the question of cheapness; hear her response.

"We have been assured by a most respectable merchant, who has been long settled here, that the comforts *indispensable* to the establishments of English persons, are not to be obtained but at a greater expense than in our own country, with all its taxes. In this opinion our brief experience leads us perfectly to coincide."

This is decisive, we will sip our port at home. Go to Portugal indeed! Why, many of the ladies sleep neither in night-gowns nor shifts, but (save us from evil thoughts) stark naked.

"The nobility," says Mrs. B. "usually eat a great deal of garlic and aniseed; and, in consequence, the courtly whisper of the highest-bred Fidalgo, differs not at all from the coarse breath of the meanest mechanic or peasant. It will be easily imagined that neither resembled the perfumed gales of Arabia."

Mrs. B. remarks, that, in any rank of life, personal beauty is extremely rare in Lisbon, and that this is most remarkable among the families of high rank. We have no doubt that she is right in attributing this peculiarity to "the invariable custom among the Fidalgos of marrying only with the families of each other, and very frequently with their own relations. They thus preserve the purity of their blood, and perpetuate the defects of their persons from generation to generation. One of the late kings of Portugal was united to his *aunt* for this reason."

We are, by no means, believers in the perfectibility of the human species; but we have long been persuaded that considerable improvements in the general physical constitution of the race might be effected by judiciously crossing the breed. We would not, if we had our will, allow three generations of wives to be selected from the same country. We would not permit so monstrous an outrage on the rule of right, as the union of a full-grown, majestic, and beautiful girl, with a shrivelled male specimen of humanity, removed by but few degrees, in form and visage, from the *wild man of the woods*.

We are, in fact, persuaded, that in half a dozen generations, we could so improve

* Lisbon in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823; by Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

the present race of human beings, that to call the females of the race *angels*, would be only the statement of an identical proposition.

Mrs. B. gives a wretched account of the state of education among the higher ranks in Portugal. Many of the *females* are sadly deficient in the art of orthography, and hold in utter disregard all rules in the science of language.

We regard, as nearly the most interesting part of these volumes, Mrs. B.'s account of her visit to the interior of a convent, a favour which, she says, she believes, "has hitherto been refused to every other English woman." The account, however, is too long for extraction, and we will not attempt to abridge it.

According to Mrs. B.'s account, the *Cortes* were a set of the meanest, most contemptible, rascals that ever existed. She describes the *king* as an ill-favoured person, of a timid disposition; the predominant expression of his features, when in public, being that of absolute terror. We shall permit Mrs. B.'s portrait of the *queen* to appear as she has drawn it.

"The queen continues to live in the utmost retirement; secluded in the recesses of the palace, she seldom receives visitors, and never goes into company. Her dress, I am told, is the extreme of shabby, dirty dishabille, consisting of an old soiled coloured gown of the commonest printed cotton; a cap with as little pretension to cleanliness as the hair it covers, and a man's black beaver hat; altogether, no bad representation of one of Macbeth's witches. But the most remarkable part of her costume is a pair of enormous pockets, which descend from the waist to nearly the middle of her leg, and one always stuffed with religious relics of various sorts."

We would gladly pursue our account of Mrs. B.'s work, but our space is limited, and we must draw to a conclusion. Mrs. B. was present at many (all?) of the political revolutions which occurred in Portugal during the important period to which her book relates, and the details which she gives respecting them, are often very interesting. We must, however, in sober sincerity, confess, that we think Mrs. B. by far too bigotted an *English* woman to give an impartial account of the habits of a foreign people; and, therefore, though we are fully assured that she is perfectly incapable of making a wilful misrepresentation, she has often, from the state of her feelings, been unconsciously led into considerable exaggerations. Her volumes, however, contain much valuable matter; and her descriptions have often considerable graphic effect. She is, too, an elegant person; but though we are sceptical on the position that all women are beautiful, it is a part of our creed that all women are eloquent.

THE MODERN ATHENS.*

THE people of Edinburgh are, unquestionably, the most learned people that have dwelt in cities since the days when the Athens of old ceased to be; and perhaps there never has existed, since the beginning of time, a community in which learning was pursued with the same degree of enthusiasm, that it has, for a long succession of years, been pursued in Edinburgh. This, we think, a very remarkable thing, as learning in Scotland is, as every where else, a poor trade. Did we say every where else? If so, we beg to correct ourselves. In our two great English seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge, the trade is any thing but a poor one. But witness their effect on the characters of the people who live in Oxford or Cambridge, who are so different from the inhabitants of Edinburgh—are as remarkable for their want of literary or scientific taste, as if they had lived at the uttermost parts of the earth.

This peculiarity of the Edinburgh people is, however, attended with several other remarkable peculiarities. Their veneration for learning is at least equalled by their veneration for rank; and the very clear perception which they have of their extraordinary superiority over all people, ancient and modern, is so nearly allied to vanity, that it is scarcely worth while to look for a more appropriate designation.

The author of the *Modern Athens* is evidently a Scotchman, and one who is well-acquainted with all the peculiarities of his nation; and we consider his book as by far the most able that has appeared on the subject of Scotland for very many years.

* The *Modern Athens*; a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the Scotch Capital: by a Modern Greek. London: Knight and Lacey.

The particular period of time in which he has chosen to speak of Scotland and the Athens, is that in which our gracious Sovereign honoured the Athens with his presence. This affords the author an opportunity to shew many of the national features of his countrymen in broad outline, which, under less exciting circumstances, their characteristic prudence might have enabled them to conceal. The book is altogether a most meritorious production, and, we are assured, that not one of those on whose talents and attainments the support of the literary character of Scotland at this moment depends, will, for a moment, deny that the animadversions of the author are as well-founded, as his generally favourable estimate of the Scotch character is just.

In conclusion, we would say (and we do not *flatter* the author in saying so), that the work possesses all the interest of a novel, and all the interest that may be conceived to be connected with an impartial and able estimate of the peculiar circumstances which have formed the habits of the most intellectual community upon earth.

ROTHELAN.*

THIS is, avowedly, an attempt to embody, in a familiar narrative form, some of the principal events of England's history, under the glorious reign of her third Edward. And the access, which Mr. Galt asserts that he had, to an exceedingly rare volume, which once "adorned the gorgeous hermitage of Fonthill," enables him to boast that he has had peculiarly splendid advantages towards the fortunate accomplishment of his undertaking.

"I shall be enabled," he says, "thus to arrange and set out a consistent story, that may exhibit, in some degree, the dramatic evolutions of a tale, while it will afford opportunities to remind the reader that he is really engaged with the true history of the most celebrated actors in some of the greatest scenes that have ever been recorded in the annals of any nation."

Although we are willing to admit that instruction might, by this arrangement, readily be conveyed to those who are unacquainted with the reign of Edward the Third, yet, we must also assert, that the historical events which are brought to the aid of this romance, are, for the most part, so carelessly linked with the narrative of the hero's fortunes, that we frequently could believe that a separate publication had been cunningly put before us, totally distinct from that which we had fancied was to elucidate the adventures of the young Rothelan. This is a fault, for though we admit that the author has used the materials which he borrows from the history of England with tolerable ability, as far as their mere abbreviation, or the phraseology, are concerned; there is yet a degree of impatience and disappointment caused in the reader by the frequent irrelevant bars and obstructions they interpose to the continuity of the narrative. "A word in season, how good it is!" but really a great many of these are like icicles at midsummer, or blossoms at Christmas, still beautiful, but marvellously unnatural. Premising this, we shall pass unnoticed the description of king Edward's glories in Scotland, his establishment of the order of the garter, his conquests over Philip of France, and other memorable and deathless events of that triumphant era—events which must ever remain familiar in our mouths, as household words, and be transmitted to the memories of our children as pure, and with as glowing a satisfaction, as they were bequeathed to us. Our present business shall be with the fortunes of Rothelan merely, and of these we pretend to give but a very condensed analysis. We hold it unfair to the author, and injurious to the interest of the reader, to swell the value of our own book, by covetously setting in it more than a fair proportion of the jewels of his.

At the commencement of the tale, we find the widow of Edmund de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan, residing, with her infant son, at Crosby House, London, and under the protection of her late husband's brother, and his wife, Sir Amias, and Lady de Crosby. During the life of Lord Edmund, the Lady Albertina is treated with the greatest respect, her rights are acknowledged, and her child's legitimacy allowed. But soon after the arrival of the news that the Lord of Rothelan had fallen in the Scottish wars,

* Rothelan: a romance of the English histories; by the author of *Annals of the Parish*, *Ringan Gilhaize*, &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Whittaker. 1824.

Sir Amias at once altered his conduct, asserted that the widowed lady had never been his brother's wife, though he knew that she had actually been married to him at Florence; and denying the legitimacy of his nephew, he took possession of the honours and manors of Rothelan as his rightful inheritance.

Having succeeded in deceiving the world, for, like him of Plantagenet, Sir Amias had a tongue "could wheedle with the devil," he proceeds, "with apparent concern for her health, to induce Lady Albertina to retire, with her son, to a more airy lodge he had provided for them in the country." But that forlorn woman, for a long time, clings, with an affectionate sorrow, and a hallowed pride, to those scenes, and that home, in which she had passed so many happy hours with her husband. At length, however, when she becomes convinced that there is indeed a crime intended against her rights, that the inheritance of her orphan is worthy of being coveted; and that he stands, in Sir Amias de Crosby's eyes, between his daughter, she summons the boldness and pride of her character to her aid, and proceeds to raise the means of sending messengers to Florence, to obtain witnesses of the truth of her marriage. But she is poor, and her only resort is a casket of rich jewels; these she intrusts to her confessor to raise money upon; and the application which he makes, in consequence, to one Adonijah, a Jew, procures for her a powerful advocate and friend. The Jew, at first, affects to underrate the jewels, purchases them at an easy price; and, by this means, and under the plea of business, obtains an interview with the lady at Crosby House; and here occurs one of the cleverest scenes of the work, which, however, is by much too extended to admit of quotation. Its conclusion we can give.

"I am not aware," said the lady, "of having ever had occasion or opportunity to shew you that I possessed any claim to your regard."

"But I have seen you many times, and felt sunshine in the sight of the beautiful spirit that beams from your countenance. Oh! it would be to me more pleasures than all moneys, to take away that adversity which makes so cold a shadow fall so darkly on so fair a thing, lady. I do not live for moneys; I was not made to cleave unto gold, for I am a sincere man, and would make poverties flee away; but you think me hungry for gain. Alas! sweet lady, am I to blame that I was born a Jew?" "But," he went on, "this house, with Sir Amias, is now no longer a fit dwelling-place for you and your child. You are here in perils, and you must come out of the snares, and escape from the fowler. Therefore I shall provide you with a habitation in pleasant retirements, and when it is ready you will come with me, for am I not your friend?"

And he continues her friend through all the difficulties, perils, and reverses of her varied fortunes. Her child is stolen from her by the emissaries of Sir Amias. The acuteness of Adonijah discovers his place of bondage, and his interest procures him an appointment at court. The widow and the orphan are again in danger from the deceit of the usurper; it is the Jew that breathes upon the gossamer veil of duplicity, and it is pierced through and through. Rothelan is again sent into captivity in Scotland, and *there* is, for many years, subjected to the mastership of a border chieftain. But even there his more lucky planet, the influence of Adonijah, reaches him; and subsequently, in the fields of France, when he is serving in the ranks of the royal Edward, it sheds a splendour and a safety upon his perils. Still, however, no news arrives from Florence, and Sir Amias exults in the triumphs of his arts, and the absence of detection. The Jew gets him summoned before William of Wickham, and through that prelate's aid and virtue, subsequently the court: but the smooth-faced hypocrite, "blessed," as he was, with the "set phrase of eloquence," and aided, as he appeared to be, by circumstances and events, so far succeeds in making the worst appear the better reason, as to obtain a respite from inquiry, and a postponement of judgment. The scenes that detail these events are of considerable merit, and display a very meritorious insight into the art and cunning of human nature. The interview of Sir Amias with the prelate of Winchester, is particularly deserving of being made honourable mention of, though we could very well have dispensed with the chapter of "omens" preceding it. And yet, we dare say, Mr. Galt would rate it one of the most effective.

At length the ardently expected vessel from Florence arrives; and there is a general anxiety, from the importance attached to their business, to see the witnesses of the Lady Albertina's faith, and of her son's legitimacy, arrive. That lady, Rothelan, and Adonijah "were among the first to greet her arrival, and they stood together to see her pass to the moorings at London Bridge."

"It is strange," said the lady, "and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her; but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?"

"She hath had a hard voyage," rejoined Rothelan, "look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her top-sails, too, are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, strips of green moss down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unhandled."

Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful, and touched with care, as he said—

"Her voyage hath been very long---all the way from the land of Egypt. But she was in Italy as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days, and with the gracious gales of the summer; yet is she like a thing of antiquity---for those signs of waste and decay are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds or of the waves."

"The crowd on the shores," added the lady, "grows silent as she passes."

"There are many persons on board," said Rothelan.

"Yes," replied Adonijah, "but only the man at the helm hath, for some time, moved; all the others are in idleness. Still---still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental."

This is the sequel of the extraordinary scene, which, we confess, it is almost unfair to abbreviate.

"At length he (Rothelan) found himself alone. He paused for a moment---as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who, the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him.

"Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless. But scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy the skin had peeled, and the flesh had fallen. *They had all died of the plague.*"

This description of the manner in which the great plague was brought into London, is one of considerable power, and a fitting prologue to the doleful tragedy caused by the virulence of the pestilence; also searchingly depicted, which "follows hard upon 't." The effects upon the principal actors in our author's tale, are, for awhile, grievously felt, to the disadvantage of those of the rightful cause. Sir Amias suffers in the death of his wife and child; but he still triumphs in wrong, deeming that now the angel of death hath winnowed the land of all that could convict him, that there was no cloud remaining to dull the lustre of his destiny. He is deceived. Adonijah, Albertina, Rothelan, are spared; and to their aid comes, from an imprisonment of years, one of De Crosby's early helpmates, or vassals in crime---Hubert Neville. The plague has stricken him into repentance; he confesses that he was suborned to do wrong, and failing to induce Sir Amias to restore the rights he had wrested from his kinsman, prepares to evidence against him. But the proud spirit is at length quelled. The knight has not fortitude to abide the trial of man, and he rushes at once to suffer unswerving justice from a higher and a holier tribunal---Sir Amias de Crosby falls by his own hand. The Lady Albertina, however, is publicly established. Rothelan succeeds to his patrimony, and the benevolent Jew bids farewell to mortality, with the consciousness of having earned a hope towards the enjoyment of imperishable blessings in another world, by his virtues and his charities in this.

In our analysis of Rothelan, which we now hasten to conclude, we have necessarily omitted to mention many of its characters and incidents. Of the first, and as important personages, might be noticed, Ralph Hanslop, the instrument of Sir Amias de Crosby's cruelties, and Gabriel de Glowr, the border chieftain; but for these, and many others equally well drawn, we must refer the reader to the work itself.

CONDENSIANA.

MATTERS OF INFORMATION.

*From original Sources.*CAUSES OF EARTHQUAKES, AND SIGNS BY WHICH THEY ARE
COMMONLY PRECEDED.

SIGNIOR ABATE FERRARA, professor of natural philosophy in the university of Catania, in Sicily, in a detail of the effects of numerous earthquakes in that island, and other places, to some of the most recent of which he has been an eye-witness, gives the most scientific and satisfactory account of these phenomena with which we are acquainted; a glance at which can only be afforded in our narrow view of subjects of this nature.

An extraordinary quantity of electric fluid is stated to be developed on these occasions; and being conducted from the deep cavities of the earth to the surface, by the force of equilibrium, produces there extraordinary vaporization. The atmosphere, charged beyond measure with vapours, will give room to their decomposition, which changes them into vesicles, and then into rain. Fiery meteors will be produced by the electric fluid, liberated by the passage of the vapours into water. If hydrogen gas escape from the earth, it may be influenced by the electric spark, and present the appearance of fire. When these subterranean operations happen near the surface of the earth, the internal phenomena connect themselves with those of the adjacent atmosphere, and convulsions more or less violent, as the force of equilibrium is more or less great, ensue.

People, in all times, have imagined they could read in the air, and upon the earth, signs of earthquakes near at hand. Though signs have sometimes occurred without having been succeeded by the expected shock; yet, in volcanic regions, earthquakes are frequently preceded by known signs. Commonly the air is obscured, as by a partial eclipse of the sun; and a suffocating exhalation is experienced, which is found exceedingly oppressive. The destruction of Nicolosi was announced by the opening of a large fissure, through which was emitted a sparkling light. And some hours subsequent, while terrible shocks were levelling Nicolosi with the earth, an enormous burning river, amid horrid rumblings, roarings, and explosions, was belched out of the side of *Ætna*, which flowed fifteen miles, covering a great extent of country, and for a long time spreading terror over Sicily.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ISLAND.

In the Southern Ocean, a few leagues to the north-westward of the Friendly Islands, in lat. 15, deg. 31 min. south, and long. 176 deg. 11 min. east, Captain Hunter, of the *Donna Carmelita*, discovered, in July last, a new island, composed entirely of lava, in some places almost a metal, and which has received the name of Hunter's Island. It is inhabited, and, by the natives, called Onacuse. Some of its people came off in canoes to the ship, manifesting a friendly disposition, and the cutter was consequently sent ashore, in charge of the first officer, who had an interview with the king, and trafficked with the natives for provisions, on very amicable terms. Their features resemble the European, and their colour that of the Malays. Their canoes are said to be very handsome, not unlike those of Ceylon, and much adorned with shells.

EXTRAORDINARY FOSSIL BONES FROM TILGATE FOREST, SUSSEX.

Accompanied by various other fossil remains, among which are some bones of a gigantic crocodile, and certain traces of the *Megalosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, have been found, in the sand stone of Tilgate Forest, Sussex, those of an enormous animal, thought to be the *Iguanodon*. The teeth are evidently those of an herbivorous animal of extraordinary size, not less, according to the proportions of the remains, than sixty feet in length; and it is considered to have been an amphibious species of animal.

THE EARTH-HAIL OF QUITO.

M. Humboldt, in his description of the crater, lakes, and volcanoes of the Andes, states that an immense electric tension manifests itself in the atmosphere which surrounds the summit of the volcano at the time of great eruptions. Flashes of lightning cleave the air; the aqueous vapours thrown out by the crater are cooled; thick clouds envelop the summit during the continuance of the storm, confined to a little space. The waters descend in torrents, and come mixed with the tufaceous substances which they drag along with them. By the mixture of the rain, and the volcanic cinders, there is formed in the air a kind of pisolitic substance, which descends into the plains, similar, in its formation, to hailstones; and hence the people of the province of Quito call these pisolites *earth-hailstones*.

PREPARATION OF THE STANDARD MODELS OF THE NEW WEIGHTS AND MEASURES FOR THE PURPOSE OF THEIR EQUALIZATION THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM.

An act having been passed in the last session of Parliament for ascertaining and establishing a uniformity of weights and measures, the construction of the new models, by which all weights and measures of Great Britain are to be, in future, adjusted, has been confided to the superintendence of Captain Kater. Considerable difficulties appear to have presented themselves in the due construction of the measures, which had not been anticipated, and which will cause the period of their adoption to be deferred from May 1st, 1825, to January 1st, 1826.

It was, in the first instance, proposed to have the bushel turned out of a metallic composition of tin and copper, which was considered as most likely to withstand the effects of atmospheric corrosion; but the mechanist who had undertaken the task, after a month's labour, failed in his attempt. Twelve models were then cast, out of which only one proved sufficiently sound to be employed.

The capacity of the bushel was intended to have been ascertained by measurement, but this was afterward given up as not a practicable mode of obtaining the perfect accuracy requisite; and a certain weight of distilled water has been used, in order to ascertain the exact capacity of this measure.

Four sets of these standard weights and measures are to be prepared, one for constant use at the Exchequer, one for Guildhall, one for Edinburgh, and one for Dublin. An extra set, of superior workmanship, will be afterward made, and kept as standards, to be transmitted to posterity.

EXTRAORDINARY TELESCOPE.

WE understand that M. Struve, the eminent astronomer of Drupato, in Livonia, has just transmitted to this country an account of the most extraordinary refracting telescope that has ever been constructed. It was made for M. Struve, by the celebrated optician, Fraunhofer, of Munich. The object glass of the telescope is $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and of 13 feet focal length; and weighs, altogether, we believe, upwards of 2,000 lb.; yet it is so admirably mounted, that it can be turned with the strength of a finger. Its magnifying powers are from 150 to 700; and with all the powers the image of the object viewed is perfectly distinct. Some reflecting telescopes have been made with greater magnifying powers (Herschel's great one, for example), but none of them can be compared with this splendid instrument in point of actual utility. Of many measures of small angles made with it, particularly of the outlines of double stars, the extremes did not differ from the means by more than the 14th part of a second of space, a degree of accuracy which has never before been approached. The most curious circumstance relating to the instrument, however, is, that it is moved by clock-work; so that when it is pointed to a celestial object, it moves as the object moves; and the observer continues his observations, as if the heavens, to which he is looking, were perfectly still. We may now hope to have more certain notions respecting the magnitudes of the bodies of our system, than we have ever before had the means of obtaining. Every thing indeed may be expected from M. Struve, that talent and assiduity can effect.

We are happy to learn that M. Struve's interesting description of his instrument is to be forthwith published.

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE OF STRAW BONNETS AND HATS, LIKE THE LEGHORN.

Among the many inventions and improvements of the present age, none appears more worthy of attention and encouragement than the rivalry recently attempted, with such promise of success, in the manufacturing of straw articles, after the superior manner of those imported from Italy. Whether regarded in a national or moral point of view, this branch of industry presents itself as offering to Great Britain benefits of incalculable importance. In order to promote so desirable an object, a premium of their large silver medal, or fifteen guineas, was last year offered by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, to the person who should produce a hat or bonnet, made from any native grass of this country, equal, in texture and colour, to those brought from Leghorn. The stimulus to ingenuity and industry given by the offer of this humble reward, may be perceived by the circumstance of its bringing forward eighteen candidates, to three of whom, it is gratifying to learn, that the *full premium* has been granted. And to the others were awarded such minor tokens of approbation as their several productions seemed to merit. Hence may it be seen, that, from the efforts of one year, a great progress towards perfection has been made; and if a speedy accomplishment of that high degree of superiority which the early specimens promise, shall, by a little farther experience, be attained, the results, commercially considered, will be extensively beneficial.

The desirable employment with which this rivalry bids fair to furnish our industrious females, together with the moral good which it is thus capable of promoting, is a subject of considerable importance. From the injurious fashion which has long prevailed among our nobility and gentry, of preferring foreign to native attendants, from the great numbers of male milliners and haberdashers behind our counters, to the almost total exclusion of the other sex; and from the few other eligible modes of giving scope to female ingenuity, in proportion to the numbers requiring employment, thousands of young women, virtuously disposed, are constantly being driven, by necessity, to a life of infamy. Labour, and the due reward of ingenuity and industry, is the remedy for this evil. Whatsoever, then, has a tendency to counteract, and prevent so lamentable an alternative, is certainly deserving of the attention of all who desire to promote the welfare of their country, and perhaps few opportunities could offer better calculated than the manufacture here suggested, for providing the present and future generations of our females with suitable and profitable employ. We hope, therefore, soon to see a laudable emulation in this ingenious use of straw or grass, already created in many counties of England, Scotland, and Wales, spread through every district of the United Kingdom, promoted by the liberality of the opulent, seconded by the advice of the scientific, and fostered, to full maturity, by the zealous aid of the patriotic and humane.

GEOLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE CONCERNING THE ENVIRONS OF CETTE, IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The formations of this district have been recently examined, by means of wells sunk at different distances from the shores of the Mediterranean. The strata are, for the most part, horizontal, and nearly parallel, and consist of two fresh-water formations, with an intervening stratum of marine origin. The upper fresh-water strata vary from 30 to 40 feet in depth; those of the lower from 13 to 28; and the marine beds, which are interposed, from 10 to 11.

The organic remains of the fresh-water strata, deposited in numerous alternations of calcareous and argillaceous marls and compact limestone, consist of bones of land quadrupeds, and terrestrial and fresh-water shells in great abundance, with some traces of vegetables, chiefly reeds.

The marine formations contain *ostreae*, *cerithia*, &c.

From the state of preservation in which the fresh-water shells are found, and from the resemblance of those in the upper to those in the lower beds, it is concluded that they were natives of the quarter where they are found; and that the two formations were deposited at periods not very remote from each other.

The alternations of marine and fresh-water strata, are attributed to a return of the sea; similar returns being known to still take place in certain parts of the Mediterranean.

THE DRAMA.

THE PATENT THEATRES

Have introduced to the public nothing sufficiently important to demand, this month, a distinct criticism.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.---MR. MATTHEWS.

THIS extraordinary performer is once more "At Home," and has once more received the calls of his numerous friends. His entertainment for this season is in no way inferior to those which preceded it; that is to say, Mr. Mathews is in no way inferior to himself---it is *he* that is the entertainment, and not the jokes which are put into his mouth. These we can meet in other places---for him we can find no substitute. His humour---his invincible gravity when every other person is in a roar---his powers of ventriloquism---and, above all, the extraordinary command which he has over his features, are such as will for ever make him a favourite with the public. It is impossible to look at him without a desire to laugh---there is wit in his every feature---the very deformity of his mouth is an embellishment---there is a vivacity even in his spindle legs---and his lameness is a *standing* joke. The following is a tolerably correct specimen of certain parts of his entertainment; although it must, as a matter of necessity, be taken without the aid of the variety of voice and countenance with which each expression is accompanied---and this aid is perhaps every thing.

There is a very effective dialogue between *Testy*, a surly passenger, whose peace and slumbers are destroyed by the incurable vocal propensity of his fellow-traveller, ycleped *Quiverton*.---Coachman: "You're never behind time, Sir."---*Quiverton*, singing: "Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair."---"The coach is ready, Sir."---"Hark! the hour of night approaches---Hark! I hear the sound of coaches."---"The coach is ready to go, Sir."---"Go, where glory waits thee."---*Testy*: "I hope that Gemman is not coming for to go to be arter singing all night; I always enjoys a nap in travelling; singing may be very agreeable for the first mile."---*Quiverton*: "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the rosy time of the year."---*Testy*: "Rosy time! I think the vind blows very vintry." "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind."---*Testy*: "This is very unkind of you, Sir." "Thou art not so unkind."---*Testy*: "I hate singing." "As man's ingratitude."---*Testy*: "Do put up the glasses." "A glass is good, and a lass is good, and a pipe in very cold weather."---*Testy*: "I have spoken to you five times, Sir." "Five times by the taper's light."---*Testy*: "Zounds, Sir, you'll never cease." "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer."---*Testy*: "There's no listening to a thing that's said." "List, ye landsmen, all to me."---*Testy*: "I can't get no sleep for you, Sir." "O sleep thee, my darling."---*Testy*: "Can't you down with that voice?" "Down, down, down derry down."---In short, no word that the tormented Mr. *Testy* can use to stop Mr. *Quiverton's* singing, does aught but occasion this vocalist a reminiscence of a song, which he pours forth with a sovereign contempt of harmony.

* * * * *

We have next the character of Mr. *Allbut*, who is always upon the brink of good fortune, and succeeds in every thing *all but* a trifle. He was "always happy, almost, but not quite---he was very near making his fortune, only he could not make his title good to an estate---very nearly elected member for Rottenborough, he gained the election all but *one* vote---his horse Standfast was the very best race-horse in England, only he shied; he was very near gaining the Derby last year, all but half a neck---was very nearly marrying the great heiress, Miss Moneyppenny, only she was previously engaged---was very near getting a £20,000 prize, was only short by one number." To all this his friend, a man of few words, is accustomed to listen with profound attention, and to make no replies, but an emphatic "*Indeed!*" and "*You don't say so?*" Thus, Old Allbut says, "I was very near finding out the perpetual motion." "Indeed!" "I constructed a clock." "You don't say so." "A clock that was to have gone nine years." "Indeed!" "Only it stopped at the end of the first year." "You don't say so." "I had nearly as good a voice as Mr. Braham." "Indeed!" "Only it broke in my youth." "You don't say so." "I found two hundred sovereigns in the street this morning, in a purse." "Indeed!" "Only another man, two yards before me, picked it up." "You don't say so." "Yesterday morning, I very nearly lost £5000, by the news from South America." "Indeed!" "But it

turned out not to be true." 'You don't say so.' "I was within an ace of making my fortune last week, by a capital scheme." 'Indeed!' "But it did not succeed." 'You don't say so.' The public will imagine the humour that would be given to such a dialogue by Mr. Mathews's change of voice and countenance.

* * * * *

Another scene relates to the *bubbles* of the day---Anglicè, the Joint Stock Companies, and many of the *hits* are very good, and are given in Mathews's best style: there is, however, too much of it, and some of the jokes are very poor. The first is, the "New London Adonis Hair Cutting Company---a machine for curling hair, twenty barbers' power, without the aid of steam; steam puts the hair out of curl." This is confessed to be a "*hair-brain* scheme." Next, there is "A New European, Asiatic, African, American, Antibilious Pill Company---A Bread Company, conducted by persons never bred to any thing---A Milk Company, involving all the pumps in the metropolis and environs---A Mining Company, calculated to undermine every thing---A Company for Boring the Thames, is for boring the whole town." We have now a wily Scotchman, who wants to establish "A New Water Company, and only to raise the small sum of £1,000,000, if he can find an attorney who will be prevailed upon to act for the Society. A Pickle Girkin Company---A London Smoke Company, capital £1,000,000, to supply iron pipes, to supply London smoke to all the watering-places and villages in the United Kingdom---[aside] this is one way to smoke a pipe---A Metropolitan Boring Company, for boring a proposed tunnel to the antipodes: it is proposed to carry passengers and parcels by an easy mode of conveyance (by supplying buckets) to pay a visit to the antipodes, so that any person may dine with a friend at Calcutta, and return in the evening. Ladies and gentlemen are to go down head foremost, and the motion will be so rapid, that they will not know their head from their heels.---Lord *Drowsy*, a peer, very rich, veay stupid, and very anxious to be engaged in business, is now introduced to receive the Scotchman's secret plan of a "Company to dig for a silver vein on Primrose Hill---the scheme a profound secret---and profits calculated to a fraction---the capital £1,000,000; no person to take more than five hundred, nor less than one hundred, shares---one pound deposit on every share, and the rest will never be called for---get so much silver that in ten years all Pancras parish will be lighted with silver lamp-posts." The Albion Anti-friction New Nut-Cracker Company had never succeeded since the *Colonel* left them. A Company for making Boots to carry the wearer one hundred miles a-day. "Oh," says Lord *Drowsy*, "you will have to drag the machine after you." 'Never mind, my Lord, we will make that a patent cooling-machine.' A Company for M'Adamizing all the roofs and chimneys, which will convert all the inhabitants into martyrs, like St. Stephen, stoning them to death. At this moment an unfortunate subscriber runs in breathless, and attacks Mr. *Fleece*, the proprietor, with---"Where is my fifty pounds?" 'What fifty pounds?' "The fifty pounds I paid you for the speculation." 'I will look in my book for it: but, hush! don't make a noise.' "You told me if I put fifty pounds in your hands, you would make a great deal of it." 'Oh, oh, I recollect; the scheme for building a bridge across the New River; that is all over; *the Bill was not carried* through the House.' "But where is my £50. bill?" 'Oh, *that bill was* carried through the house.' The last scheme is that of a sinking balloon for raising articles from wrecks. The machine to be made of silk, to keep the water out, and to be covered with nets to keep off the fishes. Suppose, says a subscriber, you are under water too long, what will you do for a bed and supper? Perhaps, says Mr. *Fleece*, you may light on a bed of oysters; then you'll have a supper and a bed too.

* * * * *

Now comes an Irish domestic broil between *Terence O'Fagan* and his wife---"What's the charge; what's against you, Mr. O'Fagan?" 'The iron bar is against me, plase your Honour, and that's all that's against *Terence O'Fagan*.' "Och, plase your Worship (roars Mrs. *O'Fagan*), he bates me blue, and I was kilt last night by him. Blow your nose, my boy (to her child), to plase his Worship, and spake like a man." 'Will your Worship hear *Terence O'Fagan*? 'Faith she gets no blows at all from *Terence*, but she gets so drunk that she does not know me from a pump-handle; and she takes two ounces of snuff a-day.' "Och, your Worship (dropping a curtsey), what is two ounces of snuff a-day for a poor cratur that gives suck?" But the difference between *Terence O'Fagan* and his wife is appeased, and the parties scud home to sin no more.

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

THE views at this delightful exhibition have been, within the last month, partly changed: that of the Harbour at Brest has been removed, and in its place we meet with a moonlight view of the Ruins of the Chapel at Holyrood House. The representation of the Cathedral at Chartres still remains, and is as inferior, in merit, to its new companion as it was superior to its former one. The Ruins at Holyrood are admirably adapted to produce the peculiar effect which is the object of this exhibition; and the artist has certainly made the most of his subject. The lights and shadows are managed with considerable skill; and, falling, as they do, upon the mouldering columns and decaying arches, produce an effect which is calculated to deceive the eye of the most acute observer. It is almost impossible to behold the crumbling monuments in this extraordinary painting, without believing them to be tangible realities. The great eastern window is the first object that attracts the beholder's attention; and it is, perhaps, the best specimen in the whole piece, of the remarkable illusion of which we have just spoken. The rising of the moon, the motion of the clouds, and the brilliant twinkling of innumerable stars, give a faithfulness to the scene, of which no one can have the slightest conception, who has not witnessed this truly magical exhibition. The spectral column on the right-hand side of the picture, and the flickering lamp upon its top, shedding "a dim religious light" upon the surrounding objects, considerably heighten the delusion. In the depth of the shadow, is seen the obscure form of a female figure, which appears as motionless as the monument near which it stands. This is, perhaps, a fault, for we are at once convinced that it cannot be a living thing; and to be possessed with such a belief at a time when, as far as the evidence of our senses is concerned, we place such credence in the reality of every other part of the scene, is a sad disturbance of our faith. We may also remark, that the shadows do not move with the same facility as the moon; that is to say, they do not move at all, and the moon does. These are sins for which we recommend the artists to obtain absolution as speedily as possible. On the whole, the Diorama is, by far, the most original and interesting exhibition in the metropolis; the pleasure we derive from it is new---it touches a chord which had never before vibrated in our bosoms---it has all the indefinable charms of some beautiful mystery conjoined with the force and truth of a splendid reality.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

IN the early part of the past month accounts were received from Carthage of the destruction of the Royalist Army in Peru; the last faint hopes of Spain are, therefore, at an end.

The war in India begins to assume an appearance of both sides being in earnest. Our successes have been rather considerable in number; although a little inferior in importance. We have taken, it appears, as many stockades as would supply half the timber-merchants in this country---our army, at least, will not be at a loss for sufficient materials to make bonfires in celebration of their future victories. On the other hand, it seems, the Burmese have taken nothing, unless it be that they have taken---themselves off. In the early part of November, a serious mutiny broke out among the sepoys of the 47th and 62d Regiments, which, we regret to say, was not suppressed without considerable bloodshed. Above a hundred of the mutineers were killed on the scene of their rebellion, and several others were subsequently tried and executed. How all this will end is a problem which cannot be solved until the appearance of Moore's next almanack.

Mr. Martin's bill for the protection of dogs and other unoffending animals has been barked out of the House.

The Chancellor's "Budget" of this year is quite as favourable for the country as its most sanguine friends could have anticipated. The reduction of the duties on wine and spirits has been hailed with a degree of enthusiasm that makes us tremble for the sobriety of the kingdom. The proper check upon the wits which might possibly have accrued from the circumstance is the reduction on the duty on hemp. There was never perhaps, in England, a more popular cabinet than that which has at present the management of public affairs. Every body feels the growing prosperity of the nation; and every body is loud in praise of the parties by whom that prosperity has been effected. A few substantial benefits are far better calculated to insure the popularity of ministers than idle declamation. These benefits have been conferred upon the people, and in the people's voice they will find their reward.

THE CITY OF ST PETERSBURG.

London. WILLIAM CHARLOTTE WRIGHT. 65 Paternoster Row.



Engd by W. Wright

W. Wright del.

ST. PETERSBURGH.

THE conspicuous part enacted by Russia in the late disastrous war, and the high tone which she has subsequently assumed in the diplomatic policy of the European nations, has rendered the history and aspect of this vast empire at once important to the politician, and interesting to the general reader. Its early history is, however, involved in much obscurity. We read of a prince named Rurik in the ninth century, and in the tenth, of Vladimir the Great; but the annals of these and the succeeding ages previous to the three last centuries, are only characterised by atrocious civil wars and sanguinary revolutions. Nor does it appear that any of the states existing in European Russia were considerable. Kief, a town never much larger than at present, was long the Russian capital. In the thirteenth century the seat of government was transferred to Moscow; in 1382 this ill-fated city was taken by Tamerlane, and in 1571 it was consigned to the flames by the Tartars. In 1598 the reigning dynasty became extinct by the death of the Czar, Feodor or Theodore; and hence ensued a long series of civil struggles; until, in 1613, Romanof was elected sovereign, and succeeded in restoring tranquillity to this distracted empire. He was succeeded by his son Alexis; who dying in 1675, left three sons, of whom the youngest was the celebrated PETER THE GREAT, who succeeded to the throne in 1693.

From this period the history of Russia is familiar to all. The illimitable and enterprising spirit of Peter; his coalition against Charles XII. of Sweden; and the disastrous invasion of Russia by the latter, so similar in its circumstances and results to the invasion of Bonaparte in 1812; the ever-memorable battle of Pultava in 1709; and the galaxy of conquest which shone around the arms of Peter, are also well known. Hence, in 1725, arose the splendid city of St. Petersburg, as an imperishable monument of the glory of its illustrious founder. It has since been progressively extended and embellished, particularly by the Empress Catherine II., who first made it the permanent abode of the court; and, in the language of a recent traveller, it is now "the fairest city of the world," and the magnificence of its streets, edifices, canals, &c., with the majestic Neva flowing between them, is not to be described.

St. Petersburg is situated in the latitude of $59^{\circ} 56' 23''$ north, and longitude $30^{\circ} 25'$ east, from the meridian of Greenwich. It stands upon the Neva, near the Gulf of Finland, and is built partly on some islands in the mouth of that river, and partly on the continent. The principal divisions are: 1. The Admiralty quarter; 2. The Vassili Ostrof, or Island; 3. The fortress; 4. The Island of St. Petersburg; and 5. The various suburbs, called the suburbs of Livonia, of Moscow, of Alexander Neuski, and of Wiburgh.

So late as the beginning of the last century, the ground on which Petersburg now stands was a morass occupied by a few fishermen's huts. The first building of the city is very recent, and its gradual progress is traced without difficulty. Peter the Great having wrested Ingria from the Swedes, and advanced the boundaries of his empire to the shores of the Baltic, determined to erect a fortress upon a small island in the mouth of Neva, for protecting his conquests, and opening a new channel of commerce. As a prelude to this undertaking, a small battery was raised on another island of the Neva, upon the spot now occupied by the Academy of Sciences, and was commanded by Vassili Demitrievitch Kotshmin. All the orders of the emperor sent to this officer being directed *Vassili na Ostrof*, To Vassili upon the island, this part of the town was called *Vassili Ostrof*, or the Island of Vassili.

The fortress was begun on the 16th of May, 1703; and, notwithstanding the obstructions arising from the marshy nature of the ground, and the inexperience of the workmen, a small citadel surrounded with a rampart of earth, and strengthened with six bastions, was completed in a short time. An author*, who was in Russia at that period, informs us, "that the labourers were not furnished with the necessary tools, as pick-axes, spades and shovels, wheelbarrows, planks, and the like; notwithstanding which, the work went on with such expedition, that it was surprising to see the fortress raised within less than five months, though the earth, which is very scarce thereabouts, was, for the greater part, carried by the

labourers in the skirts of their clothes, and in bags made of rags and old mats, the use of wheelbarrows being then unknown to them."

Within the fortress a few wooden habitations were erected. For his own immediate residence Peter also ordered, in the beginning of 1703, a small hut to be raised in an adjacent island, which he called the island of St. Petersburg, and from which the new metropolis has derived its name: this hut was low and small, and is still preserved in memory of the sovereign who condescended to dwell in it. Near it was soon afterwards constructed another wooden habitation, but larger and more commodious, in which Prince Mentchikof resided, and gave audience to foreign ministers. At a small distance was an inn, much frequented by the courtiers and persons of all ranks; to which Peter frequently repaired on Sundays after divine service; and caroused with his suite and others who happened to be present, as spectators of the fireworks and diversions, exhibited by his orders.

On the 30th of May, 1706, Peter demolished the small citadel, and began the foundation of the new fortress on the same spot. In 1710, Count Golovkin built the first edifice of brick, and in the following year the Czar, with his own hand, laid the foundation of a house to be erected with the same materials. From these small beginnings rose the present metropolis of Russia; and in less than nine years the seat of empire was transferred from Moscow to Petersburg.

The despotic authority and zeal of Peter for the improvement of the new capital, will appear from his mandates. In 1714 he enjoined, that all buildings upon the island of St. Petersburg, and in the Admiralty quarter, particularly those on the banks of the Neva, should be constructed after the German manner, with timber and brick; that the nobility and principal merchants should be obliged to have houses in Petersburg; that every large vessel navigating to the city should bring thirty stones, every small one ten, and every peasant's waggon three, towards the construction of the bridges and other public works; that the roofs of the houses should be no longer covered with birch planks and bark, so dangerous in case of fire, but with tiles or clods of earth. In 1716, a regular plan* for the new city was approved by Peter; the principal part of the new metropolis was to be situated in the island of Vassili Ostrof; and, in imitation of the Dutch towns, canals were to be cut through the principal streets, and lined with avenues of trees; but it was never carried into execution; and under the Empress Anne, the imperial residence was removed to the Admiralty quarter.

PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS.

The Admiralty or central quarter is about two miles in length, and in breadth from one-half to three-quarters of a mile. The part adjacent to the river combines fashion and business in a way to which no part of London exhibits a parallel, but which will be easily understood by those who have visited Paris and become familiar with the *Palais Royal* and the Tuilleries. Here are the winter palace of the Czar, above twenty public buildings of magnitude, and the residences of the chief merchants. The second and third Admiralty quarters are less elegant, but well built, and extend in lines parallel to the first, but are more distant from the river. They are chiefly inhabited by merchants and tradesmen. The quarters between the Admiralty and the country to the south and east is very extensive, and though termed the suburbs, is for the most part well built, and tenanted by many of the nobility. The original quarter, distinguished by the name of St. Petersburg, comprises several islands, of which only the one adjoining the city is thickly inhabited.

The Vassili Ostrof is the seat of commerce, and here are the Exchange, the Custom-house, the warehouses of entrepot, the Academy of Sciences, a spacious edifice allotted to cadets, and a number of churches.

STREETS AND SQUARES.

No European city can compare with the width and uniformity of the streets of St. Petersburg. Florence, Dresden, and even Berlin and London, are inferior to it. In the fashionable quarter of the Admiralty the streets are fully two miles in length, and the Vassili Ostrof consists of three wide and parallel streets, intersected by twelve smaller streets in successive openings, as in the New Town of Edinburgh. The squares are less numerous and spacious than might have been expected in a city of such recent erection. There are, however, four in the first Admiralty quarter, and to the eastward of these, near the Marble Palace, is an extensive public garden with beautiful alleys, which, from its central situation, is generally well frequented. The streets are for the most part paved with stone, but a few are still floored with logs. The foot pavement is generally good, but in wet weather the carriage roads resemble a marsh, the soil being generally found to contain water at the depth of two or three feet.

* The reader will find a delineation of this plan in Perry's State of Russia.

THE NEVA.

The course of the Neva through Petersburg is nearly as straight as that of the Thames through London, or of the Seine through Paris. It is in most places broader than the Thames in London, and is deep and rapid, with water clear as crystal. There are two bridges over the main stream, and three over its branches; which are all of boats, and are removed whenever danger is apprehended from the ice rushing down the stream. The force of these shoals, not only in the general thaw of spring, but in the beginning of winter, before the river is frozen over, is such as would destroy any stone bridge. In 1775 it was proposed by a Russian peasant to throw a wooden bridge of a single arch across the river, which in its narrowest part is 980 feet in breadth. This extraordinary project was considered practicable, but never put in execution, and the first arch that will cross the Neva, will probably be of iron.

The Neva, soon after entering Petersburg, sends off a branch, and from the middle of the city another branch, both to the northward. These fall soon after into the sea, and form the insulated tracts on which the northern part of the city is built. The main stream, however, flows through the middle of the city, and has along its south side a quay three miles in length, and embanked in all its extent with a wall, parapet, and pavement of granite. This long and beautiful structure is divided into two parts---the *Quay of the Court* to the east, and to the west the *English Quay*, so called from the number of our countrymen residing there.

INUNDATIONS.

Petersburgh, from its low and marshy situation, is subject to inundations, which sometimes threaten the city with a total submersion. These floods are chiefly occasioned by a west or south-west wind, which, blowing directly from the gulf, obstructs the current of the Neva, and causes an accumulation of waters. In September, 1777, the effects of one of these inundations are thus described: "In the evening of the 9th, a violent storm of wind blowing at first S.W. and afterwards W. raised the Neva and its various branches to so great a height, that at five in the morning the waters poured over their banks, and suddenly overflowed the town, but more particularly the Vassili Ostrof and the island of St. Petersburg. The torrent rose in several streets to the depth of four feet and a half; and overturned, by its rapidity, various buildings and bridges. About seven, the wind shifting to N.W. the flood fell as suddenly; and at mid-day most of the streets, which in the morning could only be passed in boats, became dry. For a short time the river rose 10 feet 7 inches above its ordinary level." In 1824 the city was visited by tremendous inundations, and the extent of their devastation can scarcely be calculated at this moment.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER.

The noblest monument of the gratitude and veneration paid to Peter I., is his equestrian statue in bronze, of colossal size, by Falconet, the celebrated French statuary, cast at the expence of Catharine II. in honour of her great predecessor. The monarch is represented in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. His head is uncovered, and crowned with laurel; he wears a loose vest in the Asiatic style, with half-boots, and sits on a housing of bear-skin; the right hand is stretched out, as in the act of giving benediction to his people, and the left holds the reins. The design is masterly, and the attitude bold and spirited. The flat position of the right hand is deficient in dignity, and has an unpleasing effect; for which reason, the view of the left side is most striking, where the figure is graceful and animated.

The artist has, in this noble essay of genius, represented Peter as the legislator of his country, without allusion to conquest and bloodshed; wisely preferring his civil qualities to his military exploits*. The contrast between the composure of Peter (though perhaps not characteristic) and the fire of the horse, eager to press forwards, is very striking. The simplicity of the inscription corresponds to the sublimity of the design.

PETRO PRIMO†
CATHARINA SECUNDA,
1782.

PETRU PERVOMU
EKATHERENA VTORAIYA,
1782.

* Falconet has ably refuted the censures urged against his statue on this account. See his Letter to Diderot, in "Pieces written by M^{ons}. Falconet," translated by Mr. Tooke, p. 47. Where the reader will also find an engraving of the statue.

† Catherine II. to Peter I.

Falconet having conceived the design of placing the statue on a huge rock instead of a pedestal, carefully examined the environs of Petersburg for a detached mass of granite, of magnitude correspondent to the dimensions of the equestrian figure; and after considerable research, he discovered, near the village of Lachta, a stupendous crag, half buried in the midst of a marshy forest. The expense and difficulty of transporting it were no obstacles to Catherine II.: the morass was drained, the forest cleared, and a road four versts in length formed from the shore to the Gulf of Finland. It was set in motion on large friction-balls, and grooves of metal, by means of pulleys and windlasses, worked by four hundred men. In this manner it was conveyed, with forty men seated on the top, twelve hundred feet a day to the shore, then embarked on a nautical machine*, transported eight versts by water, and landed at Petersburg near the spot where it is now erected. This more than Roman work was accomplished in less than six months; the rock when landed was forty-two feet long at the base, thirty-six feet at the top, eleven feet broad, and seventeen feet high, and weighed fifteen hundred tons.

The statue was erected on the pedestal on the 27th of August, 1782, near the Admiralty and the pontoon bridge over the Neva. The ceremony was performed with great solemnity, and accompanied with a solemn inauguration.

COSTUME.

The costume of the country is thus described by a recent traveller. When the frost was not severe, namely, when the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer was not below 10, I frequently walked out in a common great coat. When the cold was more intense, I was dressed in the manner of the natives; and wore, in my daily excursions, a *pelisse*, or large fur cloak, fur boots or shoes, a black velvet or fur bonnet, that prevented the frost from nipping my ears, the part which I found the most liable to be affected. During the 9th, 10th, and 11th of January, the frost was nearly as intense as it was ever felt at Petersburg; the mercury in the thermometer falling at one time to 63 below the freezing point, or --- 31. This cold, however, did not detain me at home; but I walked out, as usual, with my *pelisse*, boots, and cap, and found it by no means unpleasant, the sun shining with great brightness. As I traversed the city on the morning of the 12th, I observed several persons whose faces had been bitten by the frost: their cheeks had large scars, and appeared as if singed with a hot iron. As I was walking with an English gentleman, who, instead of a fur cap, had on a common hat, his ears were suddenly frozen: he felt no pain, and would not have perceived it for some time, had not a Russian informed him†, and assisted him in rubbing the affected part with snow, by which means it was instantly recovered. This, or friction with flannel, is the usual remedy; but should the person in that state approach the fire, or dip the part in warm water, it immediately mortifies and drops off.

The common people continued at work as usual, and the drivers of sledges plied in the streets, seemingly unaffected by the frost; their beards were incrustated with clotted ice, and the horses covered with icicles. Even during this extreme cold, the people did not add to their ordinary clothing, which is at all times well calculated for the severities of their climate. They are careful in preserving the extremities against the cold, by covering the legs, hands, and head with fur. The upper garment of sheep-skin, with the wool turned inwards, is tied round the waist with a sash; but the neck is bare, and the breast only covered with a coarse shirt; these parts, however, are well guarded by the beard. I observed with much surprise, several women engaged in washing upon the Neva or on the canals. They cut holes in the ice with a hatchet, dipped their linen into the water with bare hands, and then beat it with flat sticks. During this operation the ice continually formed again, and they were constantly employed in clearing it away. Many of them passed two hours without intermission at this work, when the thermometer was at 60 below freezing point; a circumstance which proves that the human body may be brought to endure all extremes.

* This nautical machine was constructed on the principle of the camel, which is used to convey ships over the bars, both at Amsterdam and St. Petersburg. It was hollow, and being sunk to the water level, the stone was placed upon it, the water was then pumped out, and it rose and floated. The stone, supported by this machine, appeared like a moving mountain on the surface of the gulf.

The machinery for the transport of this enormous mass was constructed under the direction of Count Carhuri, who was known in Russia under the name of the Chevalier Lascaris, and the process is described in a superb work, illustrated with engravings, under the title of "Monument élevé à la gloire de Pierre le Grand, 1777."

† The part frozen always turns quite white, a symptom well known, and immediately perceived by the natives.

It sometimes happens that coachmen or servants, waiting for their masters, are frozen to death: to prevent as much as possible these dreadful accidents, great fires of whole trees piled one upon another, are kindled in the court-yard of the palace, and the most frequented parts of the town. As the flames blazed above the tops of the houses, and cast a glare to a considerable distance, I was much amused with contemplating the picturesque groups of Russians with their Asiatic dress and long beards, assembled round the fire. The centinel's upon duty, having no beards, which are of great use to protect the glands of the throat, generally tie handkerchiefs under their chins, and cover their ears with small cases of flannel.

AMUSEMENTS ON THE NEVA*.

Nothing can be more lively and diversified than this scene. Many carriages and sledges, and foot passengers perpetually crossing, afford a constant succession of moving objects; the ice is also covered with different groups of people, dispersed or gathered together, and variously employed as their fancy leads them. In one part are several long areas railed for the purpose of skating; a little farther is an enclosure, where a nobleman is training his horses, and teaching them the evolutions of the manège. In another part the crowd are spectators of a sledge race. The course is an oblong space about the length of a mile, and sufficiently broad to turn the carriage. It can hardly be denominated a race, for there is only a single sledge drawn by two horses, and the whole art of the driver consists in making the shaft-horse trot fast, while the other is pushed into a gallop.

The ice-hills afford a perpetual fund of amusement to the populace. A scaffolding is raised upon the river thirty feet in height, with a landing place on the top, to which the ascent is by a ladder. From this summit a sloping plain of boards, four yards broad and thirty long, supported by strong poles gradually decreasing in height, descends to the superficies of the river, and the sides are defended by a parapet of planks. On these boards are laid square blocks of ice chipped with the axe, and sprinkled with water; by which means they coalesce, become smooth, and form an inclined plain of pure ice. At the bottom the snow is cleared away for the length of two hundred yards, and the breadth of four, and the sides of this course, as well as the sides and top of the scaffolding, are ornamented with firs and pines. Each person being provided with a small sledge, mounts the ladder to the summit, seats himself on his sledge, and glides down the inclined plain; when the velocity, acquired by the descent, carries the sledge above one hundred yards on the level ice of the river. At the end of this course is usually a similar ice-hill, nearly parallel to the former, which begins where the other ends; thus the diversion may be perpetually renewed without intermission. The chief difficulty consists in poising the sledge in its rapid descent down the inclined plain; for if the pilot is not steady, but totters either through inadvertence or fear, he is liable to be overturned, and incurs no small risk of breaking his bones, if not his neck. I have frequently stood above an hour at the bottom of these ice-hills, observing the sledges follow each other with inconceivable rapidity; but never had sufficient courage to try the experiment, as one failure might have proved fatal.

Boys also continually amuse themselves in skating down these hills: they glide chiefly upon one skate, being better able to preserve their balance on one leg than on two. These ice-hills exhibit a pleasing appearance, as well from the trees with which they are ornamented, as from the moving objects descending without intermission, which Richter, in his sketch of Moscow, not unaptly compares to a cataract of human figures.

Another striking object is the market on the Neva. At the conclusion of the long fast, which closes on the 24th of December, O.S., the Russians lay in their provisions for the remainder of the winter. For this purpose an annual market, which lasts three days, is held on the river near the fortress. A long street, above a mile in length, was lined on each side with an immense store of provisions, sufficient for the supply of the capital during three months.

Many thousand carcasses of oxen, sheep, hogs, pigs, together with geese, fowls, and every species of frozen food, are exposed for sale. The larger quadrupeds were grouped in various circles upright; their hind legs fixed in the snow, with their heads and fore legs turned towards each other; next to them succeeded a regular series of animals, descending gradually to the smallest, intermixed with poultry and game hanging in festoons, and garnished with heaps of fish, butter, and eggs.

RATS.

These destructive animals abound in Petersburg, and if we may judge from the following

* Coxe's Travels.

anecdote related by Dr. Lyall, they must prove serious enemies to the domestic comforts of the inhabitants.

A gentleman, formerly a resident in Russia, was engaged to go to that country as physician to a nobleman, a descendant of one of the highest families in the empire. Having arrived at Petersburg, he entered a vast and magnificent palace, in which he was splendidly entertained, and was led to form one of the most agreeable predictions with respect to the comfort of his situation. Judge then of his astonishment in the evening, after the descent of a number of stairs, when he found himself lodged in the *sousbasement*, which is generally occupied by the servants, or at least a part of them in the houses of the nobility of Russia. After gazing all round a small dirty apartment which was dignified with the appellation of a *spalnya*, or bed room, and being quite disgusted, he knew not what to do, as the family with whom he spoke French had retired to rest, and he could not hold any communication, except by signs, with the servant who had accompanied him. However revolting to his feelings, he therefore determined to pass one night in the said *bed room*, and then to make a representation. He went to bed, but not to sleep, for the privacy of his apartment was soon disagreeably intruded upon by formidable enemies, who made their approach on all sides, and traversed the bed in every direction. After vainly attempting to set them at defiance, he put himself upon the defensive, and by the vigorous use of a cane, he convinced himself that the enemies with whom he had to contend were rats, and put them to flight for the moment; but they retreated only to renew the contest each time that he had begun to compose himself to sleep, and the night was passed in a state of constant warfare with these unwelcome intruders.

THE ICE PALACE

Constructed at Petersburg in 1740, has frequently been noticed by chemical writers, and is referred to as a curious illustration of the power of cold, and the density and application of ice. Seven years anterior to the erection of this palace, an ice castle and garrison had been built upon the river Neva, but the ice bent under their weight, and that of the soldiers who guarded them. At the whimsical marriage of Prince Gallitzin, it was resolved to erect a palace of ice; and to avoid the same occurrence, a situation, between the Admiralty and Winter Palace, was chosen for its foundation on *terra firma*; and Mr. A. D. Tatistchef, one of the lords of the bed chamber, was instructed to superintend the execution of the scheme according to a regular plan. The palace was constructed of blocks of ice, cut out of the winter covering of the Neva, which were from two to three feet in thickness, according to necessity. Being properly formed and adjusted to each other, water was poured between them, which being soon frozen, acted the part of cement; so that the whole edifice, with its furniture, may be said to have consisted of one immense mass of ice. The length of the edifice was fifty-six, its breadth seventeen and a half, and its height twenty-one feet. It was constructed with architectural symmetry, and was adorned with a portico, columns, and statues. It consisted of a single story, whose front was provided with a door and fourteen windows, the frames of the latter, as well as the panes, being all formed of ice. The sides of the doors and of the windows were painted in imitation of green marble. On each side of the door was a dolphin, from the mouth of which, by means of naphtha, volumes of flame were emitted in the evening. Next to them were two mortars, equal to eighty-pounders, from which many bombs were thrown. On each side of the mortars stood three cannons, equal to three-pounders, mounted upon carriages and with wheels, which were often used. In the presence of a number of persons attached to the court, a bullet was driven through a board two inches thick, at the distance of sixty paces, by one of these cannons; a quarter of a pound of powder being used for a charge.

The interior of the edifice had no ceiling, and consisted of a lobby and two large apartments, one on each side; which were well furnished and elegantly painted and decorated (though merely formed of ice): tables, chairs, statues, looking-glasses, candlesticks, watches, and even plates, with provisions, were seen in one apartment, also formed of ice, and painted in their natural colours; while in the other was remarked a state bed, with curtains, bed, pillows and bed-clothes, two pair of slippers and two night-caps, of the same cold material. Behind the cannon, the mortars, and the dolphins, stretched a low balustrade. On each side of the building was a small entrance, pots with flowers and orange trees, partly formed of ice, and partly natural, on which birds sat. Beyond these were erected two icy pyramids, on the right of one of which stood the *ne plus ultra* of this icy folly, an elephant, which was hollow, and so contrived, as to throw out burning naphtha, while a person within it, by means of a tube, imitated the natural cries of this animal. On the left of the other pyramid was seen, the usual concomitant of all princely dwellings in Russia, a *banya* or bath, apparently formed of barks, which was occasionally heated, and even appropriated to use; rivalling even the Eastern luxury of shampooing!

In short, the Ice Palace resembled a grotto; and when lighted up in the evening the effect was beautifully resplendent. Emblematic transparencies were usually suspended as window blinds, and the dolphins and elephant gulphing out flames, threw an air of enchantment about the crystalline mass. Crowds of visitors flocked to view this fantastic pile of princely caprice, which remained entire from the beginning of January to the middle of March; when, like the more splendid labours of human skill, of which it was a mimic epitome, the fabric began to melt, and was broken in pieces, which were carried to the imperial ice-cellar.

In England, we have heard much of the eccentricities of country gentlemen in the erection of their villas, generally termed *follies*; but however celebrated they are, they must yield for oddity and whim to this frail specimen of princely amusement---forsooth a whimsical occupation for a honey-moon!

THE FORTRESS.

The origin of the fortress, which occasioned the foundation of this capital, has been already related. Massive walls of brick, faced with hewn granite, and strengthened with five bastions, encircle a small island not more than half a mile in circumference, formed by the Great and Little Neva. Within the governor's house are barracks for a small garrison, several wards used as a common gaol, and dungeons for the confinement of state prisoners.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND PAUL

Is built in a different kind of architecture from that usually employed in the construction of churches for the service of the Greek religion. Instead of domes, it is surmounted with a spire of copper gilt, 240 feet in height. The interior decorations are more elegant and less gaudy than those in the churches of Novogorod and Moscow, and the paintings are executed in the modern style of the Italian school.

In this cathedral are deposited the remains of Peter the Great, and of all the successive sovereigns, excepting those of Peter II. buried at Moscow, and of the unfortunate Peter III. interred in the convent of St. Alexander Neuski. The tombs are of marble, in the shape of a square coffin; and have inscriptions in the Russian tongue.

ORIGIN OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

Within the fortress is a four-oared boat, secured with great veneration, in a brick building, and preserved as a memorial to future ages of its being the origin of the Russian fleet. Peter I. used to call it the *Little Grandsire*, and, in the latter part of his reign, ordered it to be transported to Petersburg: it was conducted in solemn procession, to excite the admiration of the people, and exposed to view, that they might compare the former condition of the marine, with the improved state in which he left it. The history of this little boat is worthy of notice; not only as it comprehends the first rise of the navy, but because, during the course of the narrative, sundry errors advanced by several historians of Peter the Great are easily detected.

There is not the least foundation for the report that Peter was naturally afraid of the water, and had the utmost difficulty in surmounting this aversion: on the contrary, he always expressed a strong attachment to that element. The boat, which has given rise to this detail, was constructed during the reign of Alexèy Michaelovitch, by Karstens Brandt, a Dutch shipwright, whom Alexèy Michaelovitch invited into Russia. Peter, about the year 1691, accidentally seeing this boat at a village near Moscow, inquired of Timmerman, who taught him fortification, why it was built in a different manner from other vessels? Timmerman replied, it was a vessel contrived to sail against the wind. Peter's curiosity was roused by this intelligence, and Brandt being instantly summoned, repaired it without delay, provided a mast and rigging, and, having launched it upon the Yausa, sailed in it, to the surprise and astonishment of the young Czar, who immediately embarked, and, under the direction of Brandt, soon learned the management of the vessel.

In 1723, at the close of the Persian expedition, it was transported from Moscow to the new metropolis, and Peter gave a public entertainment, which was called the *Consecration of the Little Grandsire*. Twenty-seven men of war, being ranged at Cronstadt in the form of a crescent, the emperor embarked in this boat, himself steering, while three admirals and Prince Mentchikof performed the office of rowers: being then towed by two sloops, it made a small circuit in the gulf; and, returning by the fleet, the ships struck their flags, and saluted with all their guns; while the *Little Grandsire* returned each salute by a discharge of three small pieces. It was then brought into the harbour, and surrounded by the men of war. A few days afterwards the *Little Grandsire* was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and its

arrival solemnized by a masquerade upon the water*. This memorable boat, freighted with the emperor, proceeded to the fortress, and was conducted, under the discharge of all the artillery, to the place where it now remains enshrined as a memorial to posterity.

STATE OF LITERATURE.

Within the last few years St. Petersburg has materially increased in its literary institutions. It now contains several large collections of books; particularly those of the Academy of Sciences, of the Societies of Medicine and Economics, of the Monastery of St. Alexander Neusky, and the two Imperial Libraries: but none of these were open to the public until 1812; and even at present these collections are very imperfect. The number of booksellers' shops is from thirty to forty, and of printing houses about half as many. The University was founded so late as 1819, and the schools are all of very recent date.

Such is the brief outline of this fair city, which may as yet be considered in its youth. It is, however, to be regretted that more advances have not been made to improvement in the manners of the citizens, especially when it can only be attributed to the narrow policy of their emperor. The lessons which he derived during his visit to England, may, however, still prove a golden treasury to him in promoting the prosperity of his own empire. Unfortunately, there is too much of the soldier in the character of the Russian; and where ambition for military fame is the only incentive, domestic peace, or the internal welfare of a nation, is too often sacrificed. History testifies this assertion in hundreds of examples, but never perhaps more powerfully than in contemporaneous events. Military ambition is, therefore, the rock on which rulers often are wrecked; but every prudent prince, if he consult the happiness of his subjects, will consider war as the most odious of defensive systems, and will regard the laurels and trophies of victory with disgust, when they are purchased with the dear lives of his fellow-creatures.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE LEADING EVENTS OF THAT GREAT MAN'S LIFE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

THE elevation to which the talents of Napoleon raised him, the great actions which he achieved, the glory which he obtained for France, and the lustre which adorns, and ever will adorn, the period during which he administered her resources, have caused it to be very generally believed that he adopted and pursued a plan of aggrandisement essentially different from all the former governors of the country.

Nothing can be more ill founded than this supposition. The powerful mind of this great man raised him from the rank of a Subaltern of Artillery, to the proud distinction of filling the throne of France; of giving law to the haughtiest, as well as the mightiest, monarchs of Europe; and of uplifting the power of France to a degree of superiority which the most sanguine of her former statesmen never dared to anticipate. The plan by which this was accomplished had been conceived by former administrations, and only remained unattempted, or rather unexecuted, because the monarch possessed neither the talents necessary for the undertaking, nor the means of advantageously employing the resources of that mighty empire for the purpose.

It was the policy of Louis the Fourteenth, if not of earlier monarchs, to attach the second-rate powers of Europe to France, more especially those whose territories extended to his own frontiers. Binding these by treaty to his own kingdom, he increased the military strength of the latter, and added to her security by removing the operations of war, should such an event occur, farther from her borders. The minor states became accustomed to respect her superior power, and yield to her authority. The measure really

* Consett's Present State of Russia, p. 218.

enlarged her influence, and paved the way for its yet farther extension ; whilst, as it exhibited no manifest increase of territory, it did not awaken the jealousy, or justify the interference, of foreign princes.

To have attempted the annexation of any neighbouring state to the dominion of that country, would not have failed to have excited a spirit of opposition which might have proved highly dangerous. The invasion of the Netherlands by Louis the Fourteenth, and the event consequent to it, which threatened so much injury to his government, taught the French cabinet a lesson of restriction, which long prevented any open attempt to unite any considerable portion of foreign territory to their own. Fertile in expedients, and wary to obtain by intrigue what was denied, or difficult to acquire, by force, they found means to join Spain, Naples, and Parma to the crown of France, by imposing on each a sovereign of the Bourbon family : thus uniting these countries to their own by a tie of blood which, however weak and feeble in its usual operation, has been productive of the most powerful effects in these instances. A feeling of a communion of interests, strengthened by a superstitious attachment to the papal doctrines, and a close alliance, bound these states to each other, and made the smaller subservient to the views and operations of the larger ones.

Acting upon this principle, France never let slip any opportunity of interfering in the general affairs of Europe, and particularly those of Germany. The number of separate states and interests in that naturally rich country, afforded her the fairest opportunity of doing so ; and never losing sight of that political wisdom which teaches to divide and conquer, she rarely failed of securing some addition to her strength from these measures.

The peculiar temper and disposition of the French people very much favoured these plans of their government. Vain, ardent, and thoughtless, they were easily impelled to sacrifice every object of their desires, even their own advantage---the one to which a Frenchman is for the most part particularly sensible---to support the glory of the grand monarch ; fondly believing, that whilst they wore the chains of their master, they shared the splendour of his achievements. The sovereign considered the country as his patrimony, and the people as his property, whom he was entitled to use for the furtherance of those designs which promoted the successful pursuit of his ambitious schemes. The foreign branches of his family cherished the same idea, and supported the aggrandisement of the parent.

The assumed independence of the United States of America, gave an opportunity too inviting to be overlooked of humbling England, the great rival power of France. To deprive a foe of an important source of her prosperity, promised at least a relative increase of her own, and the attempt was eagerly made. It succeeded so far as the separation of Britain and her colonies was concerned ; but it involved France in such an overwhelming debt, as to cripple her future exertions. The weakness of the court, and the mal-administration of public affairs, increased the party spirit which prevailed under these circumstances, and finally proved the destruction of that government.

The Revolution, and the perplexity of events that followed for a time, suspended the prosecution of those schemes of ambition, but did not suppress them. Whatever might be the change in the constitution of the country, no great alteration could take place in the political views of the authorities by whom it was exercised. They succeeded to the plans as well as the power of their predecessors, and time was sure to develop their pursuit of similar measures.

The instability of the different factions which exercised the supreme power during the years immediately following the subversion of the monarchy, and the violence and disorders which arose from those rapid changes, had brought France to the brink of ruin. The limits of this sketch do not admit of our entering into a detail of her then situation. Thus much it was necessary to premise, in order to estimate correctly the character of Napoleon, the influence he exerted on the affairs of Europe, the energy with which he employed the resources placed at his disposal, the effects that might have been expected from them, and how far his removal may have prevented their succession, or the farther pursuit of the same plan.

The hero by whose activity and ability these plans were executed, was the second son of an Advocate at Ajaccio in Corsica. He spent his early years in the Military School at Brienne ; from whence he was removed to that of Paris ; where he remained until he received a commission in the French artillery.

It was during this period that he laid the foundation of his potent greatness. Diligent in his studies, but particularly so in that of mathematics, he became eminently qualified to undertake those services which were to be conducted on scientific principles ; and the advantages he derived from these attainments, are evident throughout the whole of his military history.

In these military establishments he also learned to know his own powers, and compare them with those of his own school-fellows ; to consider, determine, and act for himself upon

a practical acquaintance with human nature, which kings never can acquire. Princes, born in a rank which excludes them from all familiar intercourse with mankind, surrounded by those whose interest it is to flatter and deceive, and constantly addressed in language which cherishes their vain notions of superiority, grow up under a fatal delusion, which more or less affects every feeling, judgment, or action of their lives, and which no sort of experience, not even adversity itself, is able completely to remove.

During the first years of his military life, his strict attention to his duty, and ready obedience to his superiors, marked him as an officer deserving of trust, and recommended him to promotion. There, under the old regime, he would probably have remained. However great might have been his talents, or excellent his conduct, without powerful interest he would never have obtained any distinguished rank in the service; but the levelling principles of the Revolution had opened the road to honour and command to every individual whose abilities entitled him to share the dangers of the period, or exercise the authority which he could wrest from the numerous competitors who sought to obtain it.

Whatever success had attended the first campaigns of the revolutionary war, the tide of fortune had turned strongly against France; and in the year 1793, she was closely pressed by the allied powers on her northern and eastern frontiers. Spain, if not formidable in herself, helped, by a show of hostility, to divide her attention and her forces. The discontent of the inhabitants in the south of France had broken out into open revolt; Toulon, with a large fleet and an immense quantity of naval stores, had been delivered up to the British; whilst the western departments maintained an insurrection which threatened eventually to carry the war even to the gates of Paris.

It became an object of the first consideration to regain possession of Toulon; and the command of the artillery destined for that service was entrusted to Napoleon. He had many and great difficulties to encounter: to form the soldiery; to collect the officers who were dispersed in different places, and on other services; to gain the confidence of the civil commissioners appointed to attend the army, and contrive the operations of its generals, was the mighty task imposed upon him. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, he succeeded. After he had effected the formation of his corps, and convinced the commissioners of the feasibility of his plans, a very few days served to realize his expectations, and again restore that important harbour to France.

The success attending these services procured him the command of the artillery of the army of Italy. Here he displayed the same boldness and decision of plan, and rapidity of execution, as on the former occasion, and they were attended with the same success. He obtained that local acquaintance with the country which is so necessary in conducting ably military operations, and which he turned to so good an account at a subsequent period, when entrusted with the chief command in this quarter.

The freedom with which he exposed the errors, and the boldness with which he contended against the foolish and absurd plans of those with whom he had been appointed to serve, created him many enemies, whose animosity increased by his success; and at that period no charge operated so effectually to remove an object of jealousy as that of treason. He was accused of it. It failed of sending him to the guillotine, but it succeeded in depriving him of his appointment, and reducing him to half-pay. He was, consequently, compelled to return to Paris.

At this crisis, parties were so nicely balanced, that an important change was evidently about to take place. Napoleon patiently waited for it; and when the moment arrived, his promptitude and abilities secured the safety of that party to which he lent his aid; and in return for which, he received the command of the army in Italy, to which he had also been recommended by the commissioners, who had not only the acuteness to discern, but the integrity to recommend, the zeal and talents of an officer who had been so serviceable to their country during the preceding campaign.

Napoleon now commenced a career of successes, for which we may search the annals of history without finding a parallel. The means placed at his disposal seemed very inadequate. The numerical force of his army was inferior to that of the enemy, and in such an imperfect state of discipline, as to be unequal to execute the commonest manœuvres with tolerable precision; the officers were violent jacobins, more ready to dispute than obey his orders; whilst the means of supplying and supporting the army were so ill furnished to him, that they may be said to have existed only in the almost unlimited powers with which he was invested.

With the Austrians, almost every particular was reversed: they were among the best soldiers in Europe, and commanded by officers habituated to yield the most implicit obedience to their general; they were plentifully supplied with every thing likely to contribute to their success; they served in their own country, an advantage so great, that Frederic the Third

of Prussia said, "If he fought for glory only, he would never fight any where else;" and they were commanded by Beaulieu, a general of great reputation.

Napoleon soon convinced his army that he would fully exercise the authority with which he was entrusted; and scarcely a month had elapsed before he had placed them on a footing that enabled him to begin operations. He commenced hostilities on the 9th of April, and on the 29th of the same month he forced the King of Sardinia to sign a separate peace.

This event enabled him to turn his whole force against the Austrians. The latter were intent on defending the passage of the Ticino, when their active adversary baffled all their plans, by suddenly passing the Po near Piacenza. Beaulieu took a position on the Adda. Napoleon attacked and carried the bridge of Lodi under difficulties which many would have deemed insurmountable; but he well knew that the human mind rises in proportion to the obstacles that seem to oppose its exertions. His soldiers were elevated with their late success, and began to place confidence in their commander. He knew that a victory gained under such circumstances would not fail to make an impression on the enemy highly favourable to all his future operations. The contest was obstinate and bloody, but successful; and almost the whole of the Milanese fell immediately into his hands.

After a short period of apparent inaction, but which was really employed with great diligence in raising contributions necessary for the existence and future activity of his army, the French general pursued the Austrians, and drove them into the Tyrol. He then turned his arms to the south; invested Mantua; compelled the Pope to agree to pay him twenty-one millions of livres to obtain an armistice; and occupied Leghorn and Ancona. Secure in this position, he exacted supplies from the country, not only sufficient to support his troops, but to enable him to remit large sums to Paris, imposing on the enemy the burden of maintaining his own war from diminished resources, and converting the means extorted from him to his own injury.

The Austrian general Woronzow, with an army of nearly one hundred thousand men, was now advancing for the purpose of driving the French back to their own frontiers. Napoleon was obliged to break up the siege of Mantua; and leaving his battering cannon behind him, he proceeded northward, and attacked the superior forces of the enemy near Casteiglione. In this measure he was opposed by his chief officers, but in vain. He acted with his usual resolution, and the result confirmed the wisdom of his determination. The battle began on the 6th of August, and continued till the 9th, when the Austrians were completely defeated.

Woronzow retreated upon Mantua, which he entered on the 12th of September. This fortress, the most important in Italy, could not be given up whilst an effort remained to be made for its preservation. The court of Vienna entrusted an army sent for its relief to Count Alveria, and he met with no better success; Napoleon defeated him at Rivoli, and intercepted the supplies that Provera was endeavouring to throw into Mantua; which, thus left to its state, was obliged to capitulate on the 30th of January, 1797.

A general so successful at the early age of twenty-seven years, could not fail of gaining the admiration, and receiving the confidence, of his masters. They resolved to support him, and sent him a re-enforcement of thirty thousand veteran troops, drawn from the fortresses of the north.

His Holiness, whose fidelity to his engagements was exactly commensurate with his fears, no sooner heard of the approach of the Austrians under Woronzow, than he resolved to break his treaty with France. The general of the latter power found himself too closely occupied to attend to this at the moment; but immediately on the fall of Mantua, he dispatched General Victor to compel the submission of the Pontiff. This officer having taken possession of Lovelto and its fancied treasures, it appeared that most of the real ones had been privately withdrawn long before, and their place supplied by baser materials; he then advanced towards Rome, but was stopped in his march by the submission of the Pope, who agreed to yield part of his dominions to the republic, and to pay down ten millions in cash, and five in diamonds; the latter were offered by the French government to Napoleon, for his own private benefit, who immediately declined accepting them.

The court of Vienna now became sensible that it fought for safety rather than conquest. The Archduke Charles, whose military talents were allowed to be of the very first order, was appointed to command this last effort for the recovery of its influence in Italy; but this attempt was attended with similar misfortunes. Napoleon directed his march towards the Austrian capital, after having destroyed a part of the archduke's army, nor could the Imperialists calculate upon any farther means of successful opposition. The French general offered terms highly honourable to his moderation; they were accepted, and the preliminaries of peace were signed at Lesben, on the 14th of April following.

It perhaps never happened to any one man to effect such important changes in the short space of time which was occupied by these transactions. In little more than twelve months

he had disciplined numerous armies, fought many battles, reduced the strongest fortress in Europe, Gibraltar excepted, broke the power of Austria, and forced her to sue for peace, in order to save her capital from immediate occupation ; and in the career of victory he had exercised a moderation of which history furnishes us with very few examples.

He turned from these engagements to one of quite a different character, and we find him as actively engaged in the civil, as he had been in the military, service of his country. To his care was committed the difficult task of forming the northern part of Italy into one republic.

It is evident that this state could only exist in close connexion with France ; every other power must have been under the influence of causes hostile to it, and an alliance between a strong and a feeble people is always formed on conditions unfavourable to the latter. The rage of party feeling, suppressed by the iron hand of Austria, broke out with violence, and concurred, with other circumstances, to increase the labour imposed upon him. His energies, decision, and moderation triumphed over all these obstacles, and laid for him the foundation of that esteem and attachment which years of subsequent rule confirmed. It yet remains ; his name is venerated amongst a people grateful to that conqueror, whose care was earnestly employed to heal the wounds it had been his duty to inflict, and to cherish as subjects those people whom he had first known as enemies. The tyranny of former governors taught them to know the value of liberty under any form, and the return of their oppressors teaches them to lament a change which has deprived them of a paternal government, to inflict on them all the miseries of a foreign military despot.

More than a century had elapsed since the famous philosopher Leibnitz submitted to the French government a plan for the annexation of Egypt to France. The cabinet easily perceived that such an ascendancy would be of infinitely greater value than all their foreign possessions united ; but to effect it, promised difficulties which they possessed neither the courage to encounter, nor the skill to elude. It was laid aside for adoption when circumstances might be more favourable to its execution.

The active minds necessarily roused by a period of revolution, and now rendered more alive than ever by the successes they had gained, recurred with avidity to an undertaking which seemed not to oppose any obstacle insurmountable to their resources, and which, if it succeeded, must add greatly to the power of the government, and the strength of the nation. Napoleon was evidently the man fitted to conduct such an enterprise, and he sailed accordingly from Toulon, 19th of May, 1798, as the chosen commander of the forces destined for this service.

To have proceeded to Alexandria, leaving behind him the important port of Malta, and a hostile fleet manned by the best sailors, and commanded by the bravest and most skilful officers in the world, would have been an act of the greatest military imprudence. He arrived there on the 8th of June, commenced his attack on the 10th, and in two days became master of this celebrated fortress, which had for ages withstood all the efforts of the most warlike and powerful foes to which it had been so long opposed as a barrier.

After a short stay, he pursued his voyage, and landed in Egypt without any interruption. The fine army placed under his command enabled him to occupy the country without any serious opposition : but the disastrous loss of his fleet, which was shortly after attacked and destroyed by Lord Nelson, completely altered the case. He was master of Egypt, and almost a prisoner within the limits of his conquest---cut off from communication with France, and without any prospect of its being re-opened.

But Napoleon could not long remain in a state of inaction. The territory to the north-east of Egypt was of infinite value to that province, and possessing an extensive sea coast, might afford great facilities of operation to an enemy who should wish to attack him in his present situation. It was always the plan of this commander to anticipate the operations of his adversaries, and he now acted upon the same principle, but under circumstances so hostile, that he was obliged to yield to necessity, and retire to the borders of the Nile.

To remain here inactive, when all the powers of Europe, encouraged by the disasters which had befallen the French fleet, and which seemed to forbid the return of Napoleon to Europe, were conspiring to force France to submit to her former despotism, was impossible. The army was safe from any immediate danger, and his presence in Paris alone could lead to the adoption of such measures as might tend to their future safety, or further the success of the undertaking.

But upon his arrival in France he found the situation of public affairs very different from what it had been at his departure. Austria had renewed the war, and regained possession of Italy ; the combined powers had a superior army upon the Rhine ; faction, oppression, and misrule, prevailed every where. The people and the army alike hailed his return, and vied with each other in their demonstrations of joy.

It was a rule with Napoleon not to act against, or anticipate, public opinion ; to regulate

his measures by it, not in opposition to it. He found it on the present occasion firmly inclined to a change of government, chiefly from the conviction of the incompetency of those who then administered it, and whose selfishness and inability had once more brought their country to the brink of ruin.

To decide and to act were the same things with Napoleon. He assembled those around him whose vigour, ability, or intelligence, he expected might be useful to him; Moreau voluntarily offered his services, and after a few hours of storm and tempest, Napoleon effected a revolution, without bloodshed, as beneficial to France as it was glorious to himself.

The permanency of any government is essential to the welfare of those who are its subjects. Napoleon had seen the frequency of change which had taken place in that of France since the revolution, and that power had been constantly transferred from one party to another, only that it might be abused, to qualify the tyranny of those who exercised it, and to serve their private ends. He was convinced that the republican form of government was not suited to the genius of the French nation, nor calculated for an empire so extensive in its dominions, interests, and influence: in fact, he was aware that a monarchy alone could be efficient under such circumstances; but the national prejudices created by the partial government of the old regime, the oppression and misery that had thence arisen, were too strong to admit of any direct approach to it. He therefore adopted a form of government as nearly similar in effect as could be contrived, without awakening a jealousy or suspicion of a recurrence to any thing resembling a monarchy. He called himself the First Consul, and under that name became in fact King of France.

Above the fears and alarms of such men as had preceded him, this change produced none of the violent and harsh measures which had universally followed former ones. Persons of all parties found themselves protected as long as they quietly followed their own business, and political characters were alone exposed to the surveillance of the police, a step of the first necessity after every great change.

The activity, confidence, and moderation of Napoleon were ably displayed at his entrance upon the duties of his new station. Every exertion was made to raise and provide for the armies necessary for the defence of France, and the recovery of that superiority which she had lost. The command of that on the Rhine was entrusted, with almost unrestricted powers, to Moreau, who finally succeeded in driving the Austrians towards their capital, while the First Consul, leaving Paris as soon as the army of reserve was fit to act, passed over into Italy, attacked the Austrians on the plains of Marengo, routed them, and compelled their general, Melos, to sign articles, by which he agreed to evacuate all the north of Italy, on being permitted to retire, with the remainder of his army, behind Mantua.

These reverses compelled the court of Vienna to sue for peace on such terms as the conqueror thought fit to offer. The conditions imposed at Lesben, and confirmed at Campoformio, were still fresh in her recollection; but could she expect to receive the boon upon equally favourable terms, after her recent violation of that treaty? The forbearance of Napoleon was again displayed, and the hostility of the imperial court was only punished by being deprived of a small portion of her frontier.

The peace of the continent was followed by one between France and Great Britain. The superiority of the latter on the ocean, gave her such a decided advantage over her adversary, that she had all to give and nothing to receive. A relation like this may be most favourable to negotiation; on the reverse, if the rivals are nearly equal in other respects, this difference will not moderate the demands on one side, nor facilitate compliance on the other. An equitable treaty must proceed upon reciprocity of concession, and the state of these parties was certainly unfavourable to such a course of measures. That a successful termination resulted from their negotiations, is a fact highly honourable to both parties.

We now see Napoleon divested of all military employment; the occupations of peace, and the cares of state, alone engaging his attention.

Amongst these, the gradual improvement of the government, claimed the first place; the consulate, at first bestowed for a term of fifteen years only, was made permanent for life; public works of importance were begun and carried on with a vigour never before known; a new code of laws was compiled and promulgated, which men of the highest legal authority in other countries have pronounced to do more honour to the ability of the legislator, than the career of conquest, brilliant as it had been, conferred upon the talents of the general.

In the early stage of the revolution, a decree had passed the National Assembly, giving freedom to the Negroes in the islands of the West Indies belonging to France. The consequences of that decree, either in a national, commercial, or political view, had neither been considered nor anticipated. A short period only had elapsed, before the interest of a large class in the community connected with these plantations, stimulated them so actively to exert themselves, that they succeeded in procuring this law to be repealed.

The return from liberty to slavery, especially West Indian slavery, with the horrors of which the public are only very imperfectly acquainted, but which were too well known to the subjects of these decrees, was an event too much to be dreaded to be easily complied with. The Negroes, who had tasted the sweets of freedom, resolved to defend it, and took up arms for that purpose.

The cupidity of men rarely suffers them to relinquish the hope of gain under any circumstances, and in this instance they hesitated not to adopt any means which might promise the recovery of that wealth of which they had been deprived by the liberation of their slaves. Their applications, seconded by the representations of some members of the government, induced the First Consul to adopt a measure which he afterwards acknowledged to have been wrong, and for complying with which he severely condemned himself.

The expedition was not successful. The commander, who was the First Consul's brother-in-law, together with a large part of the army under his orders, fell a prey to the climate, and the few who escaped the pestilence and the sword, returned home to testify the failure of their unhallowed enterprise.

One of the conditions of the treaty of peace between France and Great Britain, provided for the restoration of the Island of Malta to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the former occupiers. The return to pacific relations of the two hostile powers, had not imparted confidence to either. It was an avowed neutrality more than a peace, and each watched the other with anxiety and distrust. Great Britain showed no haste to restore Malta to the Knights of St. John, and as a matter of course it follows that the First Consul would be more anxious to require it; their discussions readily assumed an angry tone, and terminated in rupture. Each party endeavoured to throw the blame upon the other; it remains for posterity to decide; but thus much must be admitted, the British ministers did not know the existence of armaments privately fitting out in the French ports, which they had announced when commencing warlike preparations.

The feeling of all the great European powers was hostile to France, nor had the liberal terms of a treaty with Austria twice repeated, induced her to abate her jealousy of her rival power, or her hostility to her ruler: she prepared to renew the war, and the flames of discord again spread themselves over the finest parts of Europe.

The pretence offered by Austria for this line of conduct, was the union of Italy, or rather the northern part of it, with France: that this was only a pretence, will appear from these considerations. This country, under the denomination of the Cisalpine republic, we have seen in close union with France under the Directory; lost by their mismanagement, and recovered again by the First Consul. The latter had, with the approbation of the nation, assumed the title of Emperor of France; the Italians, who felt the benefits of his government, were desirous of receiving his personal attention to their welfare, by choosing him for their sovereign. Every principle of policy demanded his compliance. He was crowned at Milan, and became avowedly, what he had evidently been from the period of the restoration of the republic, the real head of both governments. To quiet the minds of the neighbouring states, he published a manifesto, declaring that this union only subsisted during his life, and that upon his death, the crown of Italy, called the Iron Crown, should be separated from that of France, in favour of a younger or an adopted son.

It is now worth while to pause for a moment, and compare the state and relations of France as they stood towards the close of the year 1804, with the situation in which Napoleon found them when he assumed the government in December, 1799.

The misrule of the Directory had then occasioned the entire loss of Italy, and all the fine armies which Napoleon had left in complete occupation of that country. All the friends of the new order of things established there, were proscribed, killed, or dispersed; their wealth confiscated, and no measure left unemployed that might serve to rivet the chains of despotism on that unhappy country, which, from having been the mistress of the world, seemed doomed to become the prey of every bordering power. The Austrians had got military possession of Switzerland, and had assumed a threatening attitude on the north-east position of France. Holland was still occupied by French troops, but under such dubious circumstances, as to lead the court of Great Britain to indulge the hope of driving them out by force. An expedition was sent for that purpose, and the Directory, expecting that its first operations would be directed against Zealand, where the people, strongly attached to the family of the Stadtholder, would have given it every assistance in their power, had ordered their troops to fall back towards France. Before this evacuation could be effected, the British fleet appeared before the Helder, and it was discovered that the northern provinces would be the first objects of their attack. This induced the Directory to rescind their former decree, and to instruct their general in that quarter obstinately to defend the occupation of that country. The difficulty of acting where the numerous dikes and canals continually intersect the ground, affording a constant succession of barriers to the advancing, and of

defence to the retiring parties, enabled the French general to baffle the operations of his assailants, and receiving some additions to his troops, he finally compelled the British general to purchase the safe retreat of his army by the liberation of eight thousand French prisoners, without exchange or ransom.

Affairs at home were equally desperate with those abroad; the finances were in the utmost confusion; the people, suffering from want and oppression, were turbulent and discontented; and the foreign trade of the country was annihilated by the strict blockade maintained by the British fleet along the whole extent of the French coast.

In this situation Berthier was appointed minister of war. He applied to his predecessor for information as to the state of the army, but he could not give him any. "You pay the army," said the new minister, "you can surely give us a return of the pay?" "We don't pay it," was the reply. "You victual the army; let us have the return of the victualler's office." "We don't victual it." "You clothe the army; let us have the statements of the clothing." "We don't clothe it."

It is hardly possible to conceive a powerful and extensive kingdom reduced to a more disastrous situation. The measures adopted by Napoleon rapidly removed these evils, and restored confidence to the people, and activity to the armies, so that in the short space of four years he had recovered Italy from her oppressors, compelled Austria to relinquish Switzerland, and limit her authority by the Rhine and the Adige. He had abolished the fifty-four custom-houses on the banks of the former river, and the severe duties levied at them, which almost destroyed the commerce that might otherwise have been carried on by it, and making its navigation free, rendered it a source of wealth and prosperity to the countries through which it flows. The finances were well ordered; justice equitably administered; the people quiet; the army well paid, clothed, and appointed. Fortresses repaired and supplied; Spain under a subjection which made her almost a province of France; and no power declaredly hostile save that of Great Britain.

But this state of foreign repose was not permitted to last long. The emperor made a show of invading England; that he ever seriously thought of putting this threat into execution, admits of much doubt; without a fleet, or the means of preparing one, the most he could contemplate was that of one or more small expeditions to alarm or annoy the coast as time and circumstances might allow. To throw away an army on an enterprise surrounded with difficulties, and which, if it reached its destination, could only expect to perish under a series of disasters, was not likely to engage the attention or approbation of a leader, whose former operations had covered him with glory, and whose experience well qualified him to distinguish between the possible and the probable.

But the English have ever been prone to take the alarm when threatened with danger at home; and in this instance they did not depart from their usual display of feeling on this subject. The idea of a French invasion by means of a rope of wonderful dimensions, which should land an army without difficulty, ready prepared and provided to march to London and seize the capital, threw the nation into an alarm that will not be soon forgotten. Preparations of a formidable nature were undertaken, and carried forward with zeal and energy. Armies were assembled, the coast fortified, magazines provided, beacons erected, and every measure adopted that would be necessary to repel the most formidable foe that ever approached the British shores. The fears of the government suggested that these precautions were not sufficient. The enemy might effect a landing, repel the defenders, and march upon London without finding any effectual opposition. It was, therefore, only prudence to provide against this possible evil. Military officers of experience were appointed to survey the district, and prepare plans for the defence of the metropolis; and works were actually carried on, until a fact was ascertained, which ought to have suggested itself in the first stage of the business, that the number of troops necessary for the defence of these fortifications would triple, or quadruple, any army that could be expected to arrive from the opposite coast.

It was necessary for Napoleon to maintain an army, even if France had been in a state of profound peace with all her neighbours. The security of the empire depended on its being prepared for war. To assemble a portion of these on the coast opposite to that of England, was as convenient to Napoleon as any where else; and by alarming his adversary, would operate powerfully to his advantage. The expences sustained by Great Britain were enormous; every addition to the burden increased her present difficulties, and imposed a clog upon the industry of her inhabitants. The emperor perceived this, and pursued the scheme until circumstances called his troops to more active services in another quarter.

It has been the general warlike policy of every British administration to direct the operations of war to parts or countries remote from home, and to spare no expence in the shape of subsidies to accomplish this purpose. Austria, twice humbled, burnt to try again the fortune of war; Russia appeared in the field as her ally, and Sweden lent her humble aid to strengthen this now quadruple alliance. Francis pushed forward an army of one hundred

thousand men, under the orders of Mack, to enter the French territories; whilst another and larger force of Austrians and Russians were to advance, to support any measures which circumstances might render necessary. Napoleon proceeded to try his fortune against the former army, the abilities of whose general were reputed to rival those of any military leader, either of ancient or modern times. He advanced to Ulm, but the French emperor contrived so to occupy the neighbouring positions, that his adversary was obliged to capitulate, and, to save his army from destruction, he was compelled to submit to such terms as paralyzed their future services. Napoleon advanced upon Vienna, which he entered twenty-five days after the capitulation of Ulm---this was on the 13th of November. On the 2nd of December he engaged the Austrian and Russian forces, commanded by their respective sovereigns, at Austerlitz, routed them, and compelled the former to sign a peace on the 26th of the same month.

If ever a monarch could be said to return to his capital covered with glory, it applied peculiarly to Napoleon at this period. The formidable confederacies which four months before had threatened to hurl him from his throne, and restore the affairs of Europe to their former footing, had been gallantly met, and as gallantly broken; and the man whose power it was intended to crush, had the satisfaction of dictating the terms of peace to his enemy, after he had driven him from his metropolis.

To conclude this treaty, Napoleon admitted Francis to an interview with him at his headquarters, which were in a mill. "These," said the former, "are the palaces you compel me to inhabit." The terms were soon concluded: where one party could enforce every thing, and the other could not defend any thing, it required little skill to bring the negotiation to a conclusion; and Austria again received from the prince whose ruin she had so earnestly sought, favourable conditions, far more so than were consistent with the safety or security of the latter.

These events again deprived Great Britain of her allies, except the *magnanimous* King of Sweden, who, secure by the remoteness of his situation, continued to *play* at war with Napoleon. The odds were fearfully in favour of the latter, though his competitor could not perceive it. The former first lost Pomerania and Burgen; and the consequences of the contest were finally, though not immediately, his own deposition, and the transfer of his crown to Bernadotte, then one of Napoleon's generals.

The cannon taken at Austerlitz supplied the materials from which reliefs were formed to perpetuate the glories of this campaign, on a triumphal column in the Place Vendôme at Paris.

For a number of years Prussia had maintained a neutrality. She had seen her great rival, Austria, humbled before the banners of France; and secretly rejoiced at those events which indirectly tended to advance her preponderance in the affairs of Germany. But when the influence of France seemed to continue rising, and threatened, as it approached the north, to become dangerous to her importance, she viewed her successes with jealousy. The instigation of Russia to urge her to assert her claims to an indemnification for a violation of her neutrality in the late campaign, and for greater compensations than she had as yet received for certain cessions made in compliance with the terms of some of these treaties, led her into angry discussions, which soon terminated in hostilities.

The armies of Prussia encountered those of France at Armstadt and Jena, and victory declared for the latter. The Prussians were defeated with severe loss; dispersed, and never able to rally again. All the strong fortresses fell into the hands of France, together with the immense treasures which the Prussian monarchs had been accumulating for above forty years. These are said to have exceeded thirty millions sterling, and had been cruelly extorted from the people by an oppressive system of taxation, or gained as subsidies for the blood of her soldiers expended in foreign contests.

The monarch, stript of his power, and driven from his capital, retired towards the frontiers of Russia, whose sovereign poured forth his armies to sustain the cause of his fallen ally. The soldiers of Napoleon braved the horrors of a winter's campaign, and endured all the severities and privations incident to an army acting at that season, in a country so barren of resources, and in a climate so vigorous, with a spirit and energy which will bear comparison with those exemplified in the conduct of any northern nation. The battles of Paltushe, Eylau, and Friedland, fought early in the year 1807, added three victories to those already won by the eagles of France. On the 25th of June the sovereigns of France and Russia met on a raft in the middle of the river Niemen, to treat of a peace; and it was concluded under terms which must ever disgrace the memory of the Russian autocrat.

Why France should treat Prussia with greater severity than she had practised on other occasions towards Austria, seems inexplicable. No principle of prudence or policy could dictate such a line of conduct. It was required by Napoleon, and sanctioned by Alexander, that Prussia should relinquish one half of her territories. Frederic, of course, had no alter-

native: he complied. The larger portion of his spoil fell to the share of Napoleon, and was distributed by him among his allies. Alexander received a portion; and, as if his empire was not sufficiently extensive, he kept that portion for himself.

For the last two hundred years the increase of territory has been the ceaseless policy of Russia; and she has never terminated any war without obtaining some addition to her empire. The principle may not be unjust when applied towards a foe; but in this case it is difficult to conceive any thing more base and ungenerous. Prussia had been urged by her ally to commence the war; and that ally, to extend her own empire, availed herself of the calamities, and increased the distresses, of her neighbour.

The weakness of the Bourbons had been evident in every branch of that family; but it was reserved for the year 1808 to exhibit to the world the utter incapacity of the Spanish branch to direct the affairs of the Peninsula. The king, old and imbecile, left all the cares of government to his queen and Emanuel Godoy, who had been a private garde du corps; but having attracted the notice of the queen, he had been elevated to the post of prime minister, and dignified with the title of Prince of Peace. This monarch, from motives which we have not here room to investigate, first resigned his crown to his son; then revoked the act; and then again, in conjunction with this very son, resigned Spain and all her dependencies into the hands of Napoleon. The latter immediately declared his brother Joseph King of Spain and the Indies.

Of all nations in the world, the Spaniards are most averse to changes; and this transfer of their crown to a new family, and a member of it entirely unknown to them, became unpopular in the extreme. The influence of the church, both from the number and wealth of her institutions, is also more predominant there than in any other Catholic country, Italy not excepted. These, dreading any alteration in their establishment, or any reformation in their church, united all their influence to rouse the people to take up arms against their new sovereign. The call was obeyed with a promptitude which probably surpassed every expectation of those by whom it had been made. The whole nation was prepared to resist; and though disunited by the circumstance of their acting under local authorities, no supreme one being left, yet these being animated by the same spirit, produced an ascendancy of action highly favourable to the common cause.

Two particulars were strongly opposed to these efforts---the strong places of the kingdom being occupied by the French troops, and the want of arms. The latter was speedily removed. The news of the determination of the Spaniards was no sooner known in Great Britain, than it produced a burst of feeling highly honourable to its inhabitants. There was only one expression---that of friendship and assistance. Had the Spanish nation been the oldest and most faithful ally of the British, there could not have existed more intense desire to sustain the efforts they were making to secure their independence. The government seconded the views of the people: supplies of arms and stores were immediately sent to the Peninsula; and the subsequent conduct of Great Britain fully realized all the expectations which could have been formed from so favorable a commencement. During a long and arduous struggle of some years continuance, the bravest troops, the treasures, and the councils of Britain were employed in the support of Spanish liberty; and which they finally established, though it has since withered on the soil watered with their blood.

Transactions in Spain had not yet required the presence of Napoleon; but no sooner did the Spanish nation fly to arms, and receive assistance from Great Britain, than he made preparations every way suited to the magnitude of the contest and spirit of the nations he had to encounter.

Towards the conclusion of the year (1808), he entered the Peninsula at the head of a formidable army, whose operations were conducted by officers of tried abilities. Victory attended his footsteps. The Spaniards were in great force, but their troops were ill disciplined, and badly officered. They showed their bravery and resolution, but these qualities alone could not enable them to cope with their enemies. The latter continued to advance in spite of all opposition, and Madrid received the conqueror within her walls on the 4th day of December.

The facilities of obtaining information concerning the movements of the enemy, are never so great as when the latter fights in a country hostile to him. It might, therefore, have been expected that every event in these campaigns would have been immediately known to the allied generals; but this was so far from being the case, that the occupation of Madrid was only known to Sir John Moore, the commander of the British troops, by the accidental capture of a courier, whose dispatches communicated the intelligence.

Adverse as the British general appears to have been to have acted on the offensive in a war where he seems to have foreboded no very favorable result, yet he now advanced towards Madrid. Whether it was his object to endeavour to reach that capital or not, is hardly known; certain, however, it is, that before he could put into effect such a measure,

he found himself so completely hemmed in and pressed by the enemy, that a rapid retreat seemed the only resource that remained for the preservation of his little band, who, worn out by fatigue and want of the necessities of life, would, had a battle under such circumstances taken place, most probably have severely suffered, if they had not been totally destroyed. True, indeed, it is, that the British soldiers called loudly for a general engagement, not conceiving that the vessels which were expected off Corunna in a few days would arrive in time for their embarkation. It seems that Sir John had been most egregiously led astray by some Spanish picquets as to the actual position of the hostile troops; and considering that such was the case, the retreat has been generally allowed to have been as good as circumstances would permit. The chief reason why the soldiers under his command were so clamorous to engage was, that seeing no hopes of safety in a retreat (the transports not being expected for some time, and the enemy every day closing in upon them), they wished by one effort of rash despair to gain at once or lose all. The commander, however, well aware at the same time of the dispiriting effect of such a measure, endeavoured, by skirmishing, to give the transports every possible chance of arriving; and such, at last, was most fortunately the case; and though the hostile troops, taking advantage of this dilemma, forced him into a battle, yet the result of it was so far favorable, that it operated as a check to the enemy, who, ere he recovered from so unexpected an event as defeat on his side, saw the vessels sailing away with those very troops whom, but the day before, he deemed completely overcome. The death of Sir John Moore on the field of battle was a circumstance that threw an universal gloom over the whole army; and though perhaps from over caution he had been led into the trap, he certainly escaped its apparently inevitable results in a masterly manner. Had a battle been hazarded at the time his soldiers wished it, and by possibility (for of course under such circumstances it could have hardly been deemed by them as a probable event) a defeat been the result of it, not even the throwing themselves into Corunna could have warded off either immediate destruction, or a total surrender.

The government of France appeared from this circumstance to be entangled in difficulties that must engage her armies, and exhaust her resources, for a long time. The thrice vanquished and thrice spared Austria longed to renew the combat, and thought this a fit opportunity for re-engagement. Every exertion which that power could make was employed to direct her whole military strength against France. It was met with equal energy by the emperor of the latter, who during the spring of 1809, defeated the Austrians at Abersberg, Echemuhl, and Ratisbon; drove Francis II. from Vienna; and engaged his army at Asperne, where his usual good fortune forsook him---and the victory remained with his adversaries. They knew not how to improve it; a pause of seven weeks succeeded, when Napoleon again attacked them at Wagnam; and after two days hard fighting, gave them a complete overthrow. They sued for peace, and appealed to the mercy of the conqueror, nor did they appeal in vain. Peace was again granted, and on such terms as left the strength of Austria unbroken.

We may applaud the magnanimity of the hero who could thus spare an enemy whose inveterate hostility had been so often manifested, and of whom it could not be reasonably doubted, that whenever circumstances should permit, she would manifest it again. The statesman ought to have foreseen this, and reduced her power within such limits as would have effectually prevented her becoming a cause of annoyance at any subsequent period. The certainty of a long war in Spain and its dependencies; that Russia was hostile in spirit, and only waited a favourable opportunity of being so in action; also that the resources of Great Britain would be actively employed both in the north and south of Europe, to support another confederacy against France, conspired to mark out the necessity of crushing the power of Austria, as he had done that of Prussia; perhaps he relied on the matrimonial connexion he now formed with the Archduchess Maria Louise, to effect a change of feeling in the bosom of her father. The event proved in this case, as it has done in every other, that the ties of blood oppose no effectual bounds to the ambition or revenge of princes.

It had been one of the plans of the old French monarchy to make the Rhine the northern boundary of their kingdom; but they possessed neither the audacity to announce, nor the force required to effect, such a measure. The situation of Napoleon enabled him to accomplish this whenever circumstances should occur to render this step easy. In the year 1806, he raised his brother Louis to the throne of Holland, which he had formed into a kingdom for that purpose; but early in 1810, Louis took the precipitate step of abdicating the sovereignty, and retired into private life. This vacancy, together with the disposal of certain countries bordering on the Rhine, which had been yielded to France by her treaties with Austria, enabled Napoleon, by a simple edict, to extend the empire of France beyond that river. The princes of Germany, with scarce an exception, acceded to the league called the confederation of the Rhine, of which Napoleon was the head and director, and by the influence of which his authority might be fairly said to prevail from the Mediterranean to the Baltic Seas.

Whilst conducting these measures, the war continued to rage in Spain, and though considerable armies were sent thither, yet nothing was done that promised to bring that contest to a conclusion. On the contrary, the hostile feeling of Russia became every day more evident. Discussion produced opposition and remonstrance, and these ended in a threat from the Russian ambassador, that if the demands of his master were not complied with, he would immediately leave Paris. Unused to this tone of defiance, and from one who had already felt the superiority of the sovereign whom he now threatened, Napoleon resolved to carry his measures by force, and appeal to arms if necessary. He foresaw the magnitude of the undertaking, and prepared accordingly. Spain became only a secondary object, one that might be pursued at any time, as leisure or circumstances permitted. The war with Russia, if successfully terminated, would probably settle the affairs of the north of Europe for ages. It therefore required every exertion, and every other demand on the attention of Napoleon was sacrificed to ensure its success.

The immense power of the Emperor of France was now displayed, and exhibited to an astonished world the extent of his authority. Not only his national troops, and those of his dependent princes, assembled at his command, but the armies of Austria and Prussia marched at his orders to invade the territories of a monarch whose strength had been employed more than once to support them against that sovereign in whose cause they now engaged. With similar discordance Bernadotte, whom Napoleon had raised to the throne of Sweden, seemed inclined to desert his late master, and finally became the foe of the benefactor to whom he owed his kingdom.

The forces thus assembled amounted to about five hundred thousand men, and were intended to have acted against Russia in ten sections of fifty thousand each; but the defection of Sweden, and the movement she threatened to make on Germany, caused two divisions to be left on the Elbe and the Oder, and only eight sections, amounting to about four hundred thousand men, approached the confines of the Muscovite empire.

With these forces Napoleon passed the Dwina, on the 20th of June, 1812. Two divisions, of which the Prussians formed the chief part, were destined to act in Livonia, and towards the north; the Austrians marched by Volignia, towards the southern provinces of Russia; whilst the centre of the French army proceeded by Smolensko to Moscow. Napoleon having routed his enemies at this place on the 17th of August, attacked them on the 7th of September near the village of Borodino, where the action was fought on both sides with the most determined bravery. Victory declared for the French, who entered Moscow on the 10th.

Here terminated the successes of Napoleon; the next day the town was discovered to be on fire in various places, and in spite of every endeavour to extinguish the flames, the materials of which the houses were built being chiefly wood, the conflagration spread with violence, and continued to rage until the 20th of September, when it ceased for want of combustible matter to support it.

The French army remained here till the 19th of October, when it appeared evidently impossible to maintain the position during winter. The Austrian division in Volignia made no effort to create any diversion. The Russian troops were assembling in superior numbers from all parts of the empire. The Czar had concluded peace with Turkey, and the armies employed on that frontier were approaching by forced marches to join their brethren in the neighbourhood of Moscow.

All the superfluous stores and baggage being destroyed, that the army might be as free from incumbrance as possible, the French commenced their retreat. The difficulties arising from the superior force of the enemy, the exhausted state of the country, and the hostility of the peasantry, were great, but surmountable, and the French continued to retire in good order, and without material interruption, till the 7th of November; from whence to the 10th, the snow fell incessantly. The disasters arising from the severity of the weather, increased toil, with diminished strength, want of food and rest, and the continued annoyance of a foe ever on the alert, began to produce that destruction which finally annihilated this fine body of men, and again changed the state of affairs throughout Europe. On the 28th of November, Napoleon recrossed the Beresina by the only bridge over that river, and under circumstances which rendered it impossible to preserve any order or regularity; the roads were blocked up by broken carriages, and the crowd that pressed forward, each one anxious to save himself from the attacks of the Russian army, whose artillery cannonaded them the whole day, produced a scene of confusion, dismay, and wretchedness that beggars all description.

With the miserable remains of this once formidable force, Napoleon continued until the 6th of December, when confiding them to the care of his brother-in-law, Murat, he returned to Paris.

The Austrians and Prussians immediately withdrew from their connexions with France, and threw themselves in the arms of Russia. Their influence was employed throughout

Germany to prepare for following up the advantages of this campaign; whilst, on the side of Spain, the united efforts of the British and Spanish governments had brought the war towards the frontiers of France.

The nature of the contest was now completely changed. Napoleon fought for existence, which conquest alone could secure him. Deserted even by those whose safety or elevation had been the effect of his moderation or patronage, but supported by the attachment of his people, he made fresh exertions to retrieve the state of his affairs. He encountered the forces of his enemies at Leipsic, and was defeated by the hostility of Bernadotte, whom he had raised from obscurity to honour and distinction.

His reverse now began to press closely upon him. Of all those who were most indebted to him for their prosperity, the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnois, alone continued faithful. He withstood all the attempts to seduce him from his duty, and inflexibly preserved his fidelity to the last.

The allies poured troops into France to the number of more than six hundred thousand men. Paris was put into a state of siege, and every prospect of delivering the kingdom was hopeless. Napoleon, with a greatness of soul that will be duly estimated by posterity, relinquished his crown, to recover the peace of his country, and retired to the Isle of Elba, the sovereignty of which was guaranteed to him by the great powers whose arms had gained military possession of his empire.

But in this retreat he was not permitted to remain. His talents and activity were known and dreaded; and at the conferences at Vienna, it became the subject of serious consideration to remove him to a more secure and severe confinement. The sovereigns who had experienced his clemency, knew not how to imitate it, and therefore dreaded his resentment. Assured of the affections of France, he acted with his former decision, and sailing from Elba with six hundred men, he again landed in his former dominions.

He was received with extasies. His march from thence to Paris surpasses any triumph recorded in history---the people and the soldiers as he proceeded vied with each other in their expressions of attachment and devotion to him---armies were sent to oppose---he advanced, attended by a single aide-de-camp---they presented their arms, saluting him as their Emperor, and placed themselves under his banner---Paris opened her gates, and once more received as monarch, the hero whom she adored.

Had Napoleon deferred this expedition a month longer, it would probably have placed him permanently on the throne of France. The allied powers, whose troops were then returning to their respective territories, would have reached their destination, and many of them would have been reduced and disbanded. They were now recalled and re-assembled in superior force to Napoleon. The latter found nothing prepared for war, but the hearts of his soldiers; he had to provide every thing---to encounter difficulties which would have paralysed the efforts of any other man: he was not to be depressed; he fought, and as far as the talents of a general could give a claim to victory, he had a right to it; though the fact disposed it otherwise. With that skill which he always displayed so eminently at the commencement of a campaign, he had nearly captured the person of his opponent; whose want of vigilance, a talent which every soldier may and ought to exercise, had as nearly proved the ruin of the cause he was sent to support.

On this, as on other occasions, the valour of the British soldiers retrieved the blunder of their general: they secured the conquest, and the consequences of it led to the second military occupation of France.

The conduct of Napoleon at this juncture marks the man. An army still remained which would have shed its last blood to maintain the united cause of France and her Emperor; he saw that he might carry on a war, but that it would not succeed against the military superiority of his enemies; he therefore voluntarily placed himself in the hands of one of them, on whose generosity he fancied he might confide.

The generosity of governments is *ideal*; Napoleon found it so. He was treated with more severity than has sometimes been exercised against criminals; meanly deprived of his title, imprisoned, and finally banished; deprived of the privilege of corresponding with his nearest relations, unless that correspondence was submitted to inspection; precluded the enjoyment of his private property; banished to an insulated rock; and, as if that was not sufficient to mortify his feelings, or secure his person, commissioners were appointed to watch over his actions.

Which was the party degraded by this conduct? There is one parallel for it in history. Rome never felt herself secure whilst Hannibal survived---Carthage was destroyed---her hero, old and in exile, sought a precarious subsistence from the capricious bounty of a foreign prince---age, poverty, and exile, were no protection against Roman alarm---the death of their enemy alone could give them repose. Napoleon, the only hero who deserves to be compared with Hannibal, was equally honored in his end. Four mighty monarchs

trembled for their safety before him, when stripped of all adventitious power. A sea-girt prison---a fleet---a garrison---and commissioners, poorly assured them of their security, until his death relieved them from their anxiety.

VIEW OF THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF PERSONAL NAMES,

INCLUDING THAT OF THE GUELPHIAN FAMILY.

To give to every thing some name by which it might be discoursed of, and distinguished from every other kind of thing, was evidently one of the earliest tasks in which the human faculties must have been employed. Without proceeding through a dissertation on the names severally given to light, darkness, heaven, earth, waters, &c., previous, as we are informed, to the creation of man, we are led to understand that ADAM, *whose name comprehended a testimony of the elementary material of which he was created*, was spiritually endowed with an intuitive capacity, by which he was enabled to call every creature and thing, each by some distinct and appropriate name, indicating something of either its special nature or peculiar character.

Though we are not furnished with the means of understanding how the communication of a gift so supereminent, and seemingly preternaturally matured, could have been inspired and immediately employed, yet is our faith in his being, at once, so especially qualified for, ably stimulated, when we take into consideration the significant appellations found to have been conferred upon his female partner and their offspring.—EVE, or EVAH; *the mother of all living*.—CAIN; *possession, or a gift from Jehovah*.—ABEL; *vanity, or cause of sorrow*.—SETH; *seed, or resurrection*; implying, *another sprung up to supply the place of Abel*---are words which, though so brief, are very copious in their meaning. These, with many other instances, may, therefore, be set down as evidences of that intuitive faculty already alluded to as having been impressed in our common parents, as well as of the comprehensive nature of original distinctions between one person and another having been expressed by something applicable to their respective peculiarities.

The true character of those persons, as well as their several destinies, being so perfectly designated, as they seem in these early specimens of the use of speech, lead us to regard some of the names as having been prophetically imposed; in confirmation of which opinion, we may cite a few other examples drawn from the customary principle of conveying titles in the first ages. NOAH; *justice, uprightness*; also, *cessation, rest, comfort*; a name importing, that consolation and peace, between God and man, should rest in this patriarch.---ABRAM; *an eminent father, or the parent of many*.---SARAI; *my princess, or the source of my principality*.---ISAAC; *laughter, joyfulness*; so styled by divine injunction before his birth, foreshowing that joy, or divine favour, should be vouchsafed to his posterity.---JACOB; *a champion, or combatant*; presignifying that he should contend for and uphold the true faith.---MOSES; *taken out of the water*.---JOB; *lamentation, affliction*; are instances sufficient to evince what was previously intimated.

Thus, without further multiplying instances of a single appellation being used in the primitive ages to identify persons, by characterising each according to some peculiar gift, some eminent qualifications, some intrinsic virtues, or some prominent circumstances individually manifested, that the idea meant to be included, and the emphatic brevity in which personal character was originally couched in one word in these first names, must be obvious to all; we, therefore, proceed now to consider the necessity for adopting secondary titles.

NATURE AND ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

As knowledge was advancing, and as certain men distinguished themselves above their fellows in the arts and sciences, and occupations and

enterprises that successively called forth their energies, they would necessarily gain fame; and the names of those who became in any honourable way celebrated, would, from time to time, be conferred upon succeeding generations, for the sake of exciting emulation, and creating a like ambition to excel in the various pursuits which offered themselves for competition.

We may take, for instance, the earliest authors. So few in number were those who, at the early invention of letters, became candidates for popular interest by writing books, that it sufficiently distinguished their respective productions to call them "the book of Moses"---"the book of Joshua"---"the book of Job"---"the book of Isaiah," &c.: indeed, the probability is, that there was not more than one person in a kingdom possessing the same name at the period here referred to, who was sufficiently versed in the use of the alphabet to write a history. Honour and renown, thus achieved, would tend to attach a sort of reverential homage to a name which had been so signalized; and hence others would be emulous to transfer it to posterity in their own families. As the scope and progress of improvement expanded and continued, celebrated names would constantly multiply, until at length a simple appellation would be insufficient to give distinction to the numbers of contemporaries who had received it: and some additional designation would be found requisite to prevent the confounding of persons thus bearing one and the same name.

Compelled as we are here to brevity, it would not be possible to dilate at large upon the assumption of the class of titles called *surnames*; yet, from the variety invented, and the manifold sources whence they have been derived, it is a subject which might furnish abundance of observation, and open a field of considerable amusement. The very earliest specimens lead to no further a deviation from the original custom, than that of distinguishing such-or-such-a-one from their namesakes, by attaching to their name that of their father for a surname; as Darius Hystaspes, for Darius the son of Hystaspes: but he having a successor in the throne of Persia, named Darius, this latter was distinguished from the former by the surname of *Nothus*, that is, *Darius the bastard*; and Darius III. was styled, from a defect in his hand, *Codomanus*, or *Cauda-manus*, stump-handed. Artaxerxes I., who had one hand longer than the other, was surnamed *Longimanus*: and his successor of the same name, on account of his extraordinary memory, had the cognomen *Mnemon*. We have Ptolemy *Lagus*, son or adopted of Lagus---Ptolemy *Philadelphus*, so called, by antiphrasis, for having murdered all his brothers---Ptolemy *Evergetes*, or benefactor---Ptolemy *Philopater*, an ironical appellation given because he poisoned his father---Ptolemy *Epiphanes*, the illustrious, a title also of irony, bespeaking his depraved nature---Ptolemy *Philomater*, the mother-hater, by antiphrasis---Ptolemy *Physcon*, so called on account of his enormous belly---Ptolemy *Lathurus*, signifying with a wart on his nose---Ptolemy *Auletes*, that is, Ptolemy the piper.

The object here has been to adduce a few examples of the choice of secondary designations, as we find them imposed upon the most eminent persons of remote ages. Any peculiarity seems to have been seized upon and adopted, which might serve to confer that nominal distinction designed to be accomplished. Whatever the kings themselves of those times might have thought of associating with the regal title the terms, *tun belied*---*pimple nosed*---*parricidal*---*fratricidal*---*piping*, &c.; the taste of few of the princes of the modern world would make them ambitious to cap their list of kingly epithets after the fashion prevalent among the ancient monarchs of the east.

OF FAMILY NAMES, AND THEIR ANTIQUITY.

Without tediously protracting our disquisition, we might, by an examination of certain of the names transmitted to the present generation, infer something respecting their original adoption; and hence trace many families to a high origin.

Those who may be anxious to follow the names of Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel, which, both as simple and as surnames, have come down, with many other primitive titles, to their descendants of the present generation, must be left to trace them through the courses along which they may appear to have been conveyed; our inspection must be confined to vestiges less doubtful.

Nature has scarcely a veil that has not been lifted for the sake of drawing from behind it a diversity of personal distinctions; and all the different channels into which arts and civil life have extended, have been fished in the adoption of secondary names. The attachment of the word *son* to original simple names, may perhaps be regarded as affording the earliest specimens of this class of appellations; as Jack's-son---Tom's-son---Dick's-son---Will's-son---Rob's-son, &c. The fund derived from the various occupations of life is particularly abundant, as we find in the several names of Shepherd; Gardener; Farmer; Mason; Turner; Smith; Taylor; Weaver; Harper; Piper; Painter; &c. The names of beasts of prey, of the chase, and of the field, according perhaps as they may each have, in some way or other, been connected with the feats or the avocations of particular men, have been assumed in numberless cases, among which are to be found the surnames of Lion; Wolf; Fox; Bull; Cow; Calf; Hog; Lamb; Hare, and many others. Those derived from birds are no less various and extensive: as Eagle; Swan; Duck; Peacock; Cock; Raven; Crow; Daw; Martin; Swallow; Finch; Wren, &c.: to which we may add the general name *Bird*. The common name *Flower*, which serves to distinguish so many families, may be brought also to recollection; as well as Rose; Lily; Woodbine, and other specific varieties: also fruits, as Peach; Cherry, &c.; which supply, altogether, an endless class. Colours, likewise, have been resorted to, and afford liberal contributions for the like occasion; as White; Black; Brown; Green; Dun, &c. All the varieties of local scenery are, moreover, included in the list of family names; as Wood; Mountain; Field; Hill; Dale; Warren; Forest; Brook; Pitt; Glen, &c. Tree and Plant, and the specific kinds of each of these, have contributed to divers families their several names; as Ash; Elm; Poplar; Broom; Heath; Lavender; Leak; Moss, &c. The seas and rivers have been also ransacked for the like purpose, and each has yielded from the several genera of fishes; as Dolphin; Salmon; Pike, &c.; an ample catalogue of personal titles. The various denominations of stones, rocks, metals, and earth, may also be quoted; as Sand; Gold; Steel; Iron; Clay; Coal, and many others. The phenomena of the elements, as Frost; Snow; Day; Night; Dark; Light; Noon; Cloud; East; West; North; South; Moon; Spring; Summer; Winter; with a collection of others, far too infinite to be introduced, have increased and multiplied the family names of people of all nations: to which we shall now merely add those derived from titles of royalty and nobility; as King; Prince; Duke; Earl; Lord; Baron; Knight. From architectural origin, as Tower; Spire; Church; Temple; Castle; Hall; Court; Wall. Together with such names as have been borrowed from particular countries, as French; English; Irish; Scot; and from domestic sources, as Garrett; Kitchen; Pot; Kettle; Fry.

Although but a hasty sketch has been made of the wonderful variety of sources from which the surnames of people have been drawn; the glance afforded will answer the purpose of a clue to those who may take a fancy to explore this Dædalian labyrinth.

NAMES AND HISTORY OF ROMULUS AND REMUS; AND OF LAMISSUS, THE THIRD KING OF THE LOMBARDS.

The most celebrated city of the whole world having derived its title from Romulus, its founder, attaches to such a name more than ordinary import. It may perhaps be said that every schoolboy is in possession of the singular history of the twin-brothers, Romulus and Remus: but it is not every schoolboy that looks into the signification and *Chaldaic* tenor of such names as

seem to carry within them the fate of those on whom they have been affixed; we may, therefore, it is presumed, without offence to our most classic readers, proceed to offer some brief remarks on these, a name or two particularly celebrated for their peculiar origin, among the others already brought under observation.

According to the legend, Numitor, the fifteenth Roman King, had a brother, named Amulius, and an only daughter, named Rhea Sylvia. Amulius became possessed of vast wealth, and employed his treasure to dethrone his brother, and supplant his family. Having sacrificed all his nephews, he caused Rhea, his niece, to become a vestal, and vow perpetual virginity. She, however, being called to perform some rite in the Temple of Mars, went to a spring in the sacred wood (wherein stood the temple) for water for the sacrifice, in the execution of which office, she was surprised and violated by a youth in the disguise of the deity, Mars. In due time she was the mother of two boys, and underwent the punishment for vestals who had violated their chastity, which was that of being buried alive; the twins at the same time being thrown into the Tyber. At the time when this vigorous sentence was executed, it is said that the river was much overflowed, and the water speedily retiring, left the children on the dry ground; and that a wolf descended from the mountains, gave them suck, and cherished them as her young, until they fell into the hands of a shepherd, who brought them up.

Romulus, the name given to one of them, importing strength, power, courage, prowess, and greatness, may be esteemed portentous of the child becoming, as he did, the author and founder of the most powerful city and empire ever established.

It may be proper here to remark, that, at the time *Romulus* laid the foundation of the Roman Empire, which is 2577 years ago, double names were not in vogue; and from the wonderful fulfilment of that grandeur and power which seems to have been so expressly predicted in the simple appellation given to Rhea Sylvia's child, and the singular story connected with his birth and infancy, the notice taken of it in the present place will no doubt be deemed a suitable prelude to the legend contained in the sequel; previous, however, to the relation of which, we beg leave to introduce a brief narrative of

THE SINGULAR PRESERVATION AND ENTHRONEMENT OF LAMISSUS, KING
OF THE LOMBARDS.

Dealing, as we now are, in the origin of names, as well as in their peculiar signification, it may not be amiss to mention what *Paulus Diaconus* alleges concerning the derivation of the name by which the Lombard nation was designated.

"The Vandals," says he, "warring against the Winnili, went to Wodin, or Odin, their Jupiter, to sue for victory. The Winnili, aware of this, sent Gambata, the mother of their king, on a like errand to Frea, Wodin's wife. Wodin had promised the Vandals that those whom he first saw in the morning, should conquer; and Frea, wishing to favour the prayer of Gambata, ordered that all the women of the Winnili, with their hair parted, bringing one half over one cheek, and the other half over the other, should appear betimes the next morning before her window."

This injunction having been executed as required, she called her husband up to the window, who immediately exclaimed, "Whence come these *Longo-bardi*, or *Long-beards*?" Their conquest over the Vandals having by this means been made successful, they ever after retained the national name *Long-beards*, since corrupted to *Lombards*.

From the same author we derive also the following story of *Lamissus*. *Agilmond*, the second King of the *Longo-bardi*, riding out a hunting, and passing by a fish-pond, espied in it seven children, of which a harlot had been delivered, and had barbarously thrown into the water. The king, amazed

at the spectacle, put out his hunting-pole among them, which one of the children seized, and the king thus drew him softly to the shore, and had him carefully brought up in his court. This boy, who received from the king the name of Lamissus (from *lama*, a puddle-pond, and *missus*, cast in), evinced such tokens of virtue and courage, that after the death of Agilmond he was unanimously chosen by the Lombards to succeed him on the throne.

The two foregoing instances of narrow escape from premature death, and of subsequent advancement to royal power, will be recognized as very appropriately prefacing a case somewhat similar, connected with the

ORIGIN OF THE GUELPH FAMILY.

The Dukedoms of Brunswick and Lunenburg having, with their royal race, for the last century, become so associated with the affairs of Great Britain, whatsoever appertains to the origin and name of the ancestry of these princes, will no doubt be regarded with more than common interest: we therefore extract from the work of a very celebrated historian the following curious and interesting account of the origin of the illustrious House of Brunswick Lunenburg.

In the time of Tacitus, the inhabitants of these Dukedoms were the Dugerblini, Chanci, and Chernsci, the last of whom signalized themselves by the blow they gave the Romans under Quintilius Varus, Lieutenant in Germany under Augustus Cæsar. This Roman commander having behaved with great insolence towards the natives, was attacked by the Chernsci, under the command of Arminius, their prince, in which engagement the Roman general was slain, and his whole army, consisting of three entire legions, cut to pieces. This disaster so galled the emperor, not being accustomed to be thus beaten, that he is said to have torn his beard, and knocked his head against the posts, crying, in the bitterness of his rage, *Rede mihi legiones, Quintili Vare.*

For a long time after this defeat, the Roman armies keeping to the French side of the Rhine, Brunswick and Lunenburg maintained their liberty, until they were at last subdued by the Saxons, of which great dukedom these continued a portion, until the time of the three Othos, Emperors of the Romans, and also Dukes of Saxony, who diminished both the consequence and revenue of the ancient government, by the erection of petty seigniories to be holden under them as chief lords, and moreover by the endowment of numerous bishoprics.

Lunenburg was one of the most considerable of these lordships, and in the time of Otho III., Bernard, Lord of Lunenburg, was made Duke of Saxony, and created the first Duke-elect. Thus again these dukedoms were united and held in the actual possession of the Duke Bernard, with a jurisdiction over the states parcelled out as aforesaid; the great bishoprics only excepted, in which united state it continued until the proscription of Henry, surnamed the Lion.

This Henry was afterwards reinstated, through the solicitation of Henry II. of England, whose daughter he had married; and by Barbarossa, the emperor, he had restored to him the cities of Brunswick and Lunenburg, with their several territories; and afterwards, by the Emperor Frederic II., his two sons, Henry and William, were created first earls, then dukes, one of Brunswick, the other of Lunenburg, which honours and estates are still enjoyed by their posterity, surnamed Guelp, of whose more immediate origin we come now to relate the particulars.

By the historian we are informed, that Jermintrudis, wife of Isenberdus, Earl of Altorf, in Schaben, accused a poor woman of adultery, and caused her to be grievously punished, for having had *twelve* children at a birth, and that she herself was afterwards delivered of a like number, and all of them sons. Her husband, the earl, being absent at the time of her delivery, and she fearing, as it seems, the like shame and punishment as, by her instiga-

tion, had been inflicted on the poor woman, ordered the nurse to drown eleven of these babes, who, as she was going to perform the command, was met by the earl, then returning home, who asked, what she had in her apron? to which she answered, "Whelps." He desired to see them; and upon opening her apron, discovered eleven of his own sons, of most promising appearance.

Upon learning the truth, he enjoined the nurse to secrecy, and had the children taken special care of. Six years afterwards, the earl having invited many of his own and his lady's kindred to a feast, had the children all attired alike, and presented them to their mother, who, suspecting from their number what had been done, confessed her offence, and received pardon of the good earl, at whose command the children were called by the surname *Guelph* or *Guelph*, in allusion to the whelps which the nurse told him she had in her apron*.

From the oldest of these Guelphs descended Henry Guelph, son of Robert, Earl of Altorf, whom Conrad II. made Duke of Bavaria, which dukedom was enjoyed by many of his posterity; enlarged at last by the addition of the dukedom of Saxony, conferred on Henry the Proud, father of Henry surnamed the Lion, the grandfather of Henry and William, the first Dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburg, whose legitimate successors still hold the throne, and a part of them that of these realms; having descended from the fourth Henry Guelph of Brunswick, who married Elizabeth, the sister of Anne, Queen of England.

"FORGET ME NOT."

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

"FORGET me not," said the lovely Julia Mortimer to the gallant Henry St. Clair, as the latter took his farewell, upon his departure to join his ship for a cruise against the French; "forget me not, though others more deserving than myself may seek to attach and to entice thee from her who lives only for her Henry." "Forget thee! no, never: sooner shall this arm forget its duty in the day of battle, than I will fail to remember the dear one who alone can make life worth deserving. In battle, thy image shall nerve my arm with more than human strength; in every danger I shall think thy protecting form is hovering near me, to animate to more than mortal daring; and, oh! how eagerly shall I anticipate that hour when we shall once more meet." "Come, come, no more leave takings, they only serve to make young folks melancholy," exclaimed Captain Adamant to his young protégée; "give her one salute, my boy, and then up anchor and away." Henry pressed the passive form of Julia in his arms, imprinted one fervent kiss upon her pallid lips, and yielding the weeping fair one to her aged parent, he followed his commander out of the house, and was soon separated many miles from the one so dearly loved and honoured.

The father of Julia was a pious clergyman, who lived in a retired part of the County of Glamorgan. She was his only child: her mother had been long since dead; and she alone was left, of a numerous family, to cheer the latter days of her surviving parent, and smooth his passage to the grave. Henry Neville was the son of an old school-fellow of Mr. Mortimer's, who had been early left an orphan, with a small independency, to the care of that gentleman. Educated in the same house, sharing the same amusements, partaking of the same pleasures, it would have been a phenomenon in the history of the human heart if he and Julia had not imbibed an affection for each other, which "grew with growth, and strengthened with the strength," and became in time the most cherished passion of their young and guileless hearts. Julia never knew a sorrow till this, her first departure from Henry

* See Heylin's *Cosmog.* by Bohun. Folio, p. 416.

Neville,---for she was too young when her mother, and her brothers and sisters, like the golden leaves in autumn, fell, one by one, around her, to feel the keenness of her loss. Now, when she retired with her father to the little parlour, where the trio had spent so many happy evenings, busy memory pictured the past delights, whilst fear and apprehension were ready to anticipate doubts that they never would be experienced again.

Captain Adamant, with whom Henry Neville had departed, was a bold seaman, who had accidentally encountered the youth some two or three years before this period, in travelling from Swansea to Cardiff. The day was tempestuous, the snow was falling in large and heavy flakes, and already covered the ground to a considerable depth. The captain had lost his way, and benumbed and bewildered, would probably have lost his life, had not Henry met him, and conducted him to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Mortimer. The frank and ingenuous manners of the youth, won the regard of the rough seaman, who, before they parted, made him an offer of his protection, on Henry's saying, that of all the professions in the world, he should like to be a sailor. That offer was renewed afterwards by letter; and much against Mr. Mortimer's inclinations, and still more against those of Julia, the gallant youth, on attaining the age of seventeen, thinking it high time to quit a life of inglorious ease, when his country was in danger, took the opportunity of a visit which Captain Adamant paid to his hospitable entertainers on a former occasion, to return with him to his ship, which was cruising in the Irish Channel.

Every thing was new on board the Emerald to the young sailor; but his genuine good humour soon made him a favorite with both officers and men; and his application and aptitude early made him a proficient in a seaman's duty. His contempt of danger admirably qualified him for a nautical life, and before he had been to sea six months, Captain Adamant prophesied he would be an ornament to the profession.

Whilst Henry was thus "reaping golden opinions" from the ship's crew, Julia and her father were endeavouring to render his absence supportable, by an assiduous attention to their various duties, and to each other. Time can never hang heavily on the hands of the virtuous, particularly when every moment of it is employed. They were therefore rather surprised to find the days and weeks pass away with more swiftness than they had anticipated; and letters from Henry, who wrote at every opportunity, served as topics of interesting conversations when the business of the day was finished; and, retired from the busy hum of men, the father and daughter sought, over their own comfortable fire-sides, that inexpressible pleasure which results from the mutual and endearing confidence of a fondly attached parent and child.

A year had thus passed away, and Julia was looking forward to the pleasure of seeing Henry, who had proceeded with Captain Adamant on a mission into the Mediterranean, and was on his return home. He had promised in his last letter to obtain leave of absence, if only for a few days, on the arrival of the vessel at Portsmouth; and from the moment she received it, the lovely girl was busied in making preparations for his reception.

One day she noticed an unusual bustle in the village, and many persons were seen hurrying with looks of importance, as if with some event of concern to the state which had just transpired; the barber's shop, of which there was a view from the parlour window, appeared to be full of anxious listeners to a man, who was apparently reading something from a printed paper; while the smith, whose forge stood at the corner of the green, was resting on his anvil, and eagerly receiving in the news which a person on horseback was retailing to him; and presently a loud huzza from the assembly at Ned Frizzles, proclaimed that the intelligence, whatever it was, was good. "Do, Nanny," said Mr. Mortimer to his servant, "do, Nanny, step over to Mr. Frizzle's, and ask him what good news he has received from Cardiff, and make haste back and tell me." Away flew Nanny with the speed of an

arrow from a bow, but before she reached the shop, a manifest change was observable in the deportment of its inmates. The ardour of joy seemed changed to the sadness of grief; and it appeared to Julia as if some of them looked towards the parsonage with emotions of pity and regret. An ominous foreboding took possession of her mind: she retired from the window, and seating herself in a chair, mechanically took up a portrait of Henry, and was gazing at his loved features, when Nanny returned. "Well, what is the matter?" enquired Mr. Mortimer. "Oh, sir, sir, there has been a battle; we have beat the French, but young Master Henry is dead."

And so indeed he was. Elated with hope, and glowing with love, Henry counted the hours as they flew, thinking each brought him still nearer to his loved home, and kind friend. But on their own shore, and just as they were making the wished-for port, a French man of war hove in sight; and though of superior force, Captain Adamant, much to the joy of his crew, resolved to attack her. "They fought and conquered;" for, after exchanging a few broadsides, Captain Adamant ordered the master to lay the Emerald aboard her adversary; and this was no sooner done, than accompanied by Henry, and followed by a gallant and determined band, he leaped on board, and soon overcame all opposition. Henry fought like a young lion: but whilst in the act of cutting down a sailor who was aiming a blow at his captain, he received a pistol-ball in the temple, and expired on the bed of glory, without a groan!

Julia lived to follow Henry to the grave, for his corpse was brought to Swansea, and from thence conveyed to R—, and interred in the churchyard; Mr. Mortimer performing the last sacred office to his young friend. Julia planted the "Forget me not" upon his tomb,—and she did not forget him: but painful recollection proved too potent for her health; she pined, died, and in six weeks after was interred by the side of Henry. Mr. Mortimer, like a withered oak deprived of its branches, drooped apace, and now occupies a grave beside the youthful pair.

Yorkshire, Feb. 1, 1825.

W. C. S—D.

MR. RICHARDSON'S SONNETS AND POEMS*.

WHETHER the extraordinary success which has, during the last twenty or thirty years, crowned the merited labours of some of the most popular poets—the Scotts, the Byrons, the Moores, &c. of the day, has tempted many a bard, whose sweet effusions had else perhaps slept unpublished and unknown, to give to the world his budding flowers of poesy; or whether the avidity with which even minor poetry of almost every description, from that of Melpomene to that of Thalia, has been read and admired; has been the main reason of so much having been of late committed to the press, matters indeed but little. Such, however, being the case, it must be evident, that were each periodical to which the different works are sent for criticism, to give any but a brief notice of them, other subjects, and, for the most part, more interesting, must be sadly curtailed of their fair proportions.

Let us now, however, turn to that species of criticism which belongs peculiarly to our present subject, and observe the principles it is acted upon. In regard to its impartiality then, it cannot but be allowed that there exists in the present day a degree of unfairness and illiberality which strangers to life and literature are but ill prepared to expect; for while some critics are crying down, as far below mediocrity, poems of undoubted merit, merely perhaps from their being ushered into the literary world by hostile or rival publishers (for there are parties even in the Senate of Criticism), others are found conferring upon authors, or at least authoresses, so it but serve

* Sonnets and Poems, by D. L. Richardson. Underwoods.

their own cause, the pall of oblivion or the wreath of immortality, with as little compunction or feeling as Sylla distributed with a dash of his pen death or honours. Pursuing neither the steps of the one nor of the other, and careless alike of affording pleasure or giving offence, it has ever been ours to aim at the "golden mean," and, whether the peer or peasant, young or old, fair or otherwise, to speak out boldly and fearlessly our own unbiassed opinions.

But we must now refer to our table, and upon it we find, as marked first for our editorial perusal, "Sonnets, and other Poems, by D. L. Richardson." To commence then, we think that Mr. R. has not been most fortunate in his selection of a series of *Sonnets* for the leading title of his pleasing little volume, not only as we feel the want of some continued and unbroken poem, whose pathos and interest might for a time so absorb our attention, as to render a recurrence to the minor pieces a sort of relief from the previous intensity of feeling; but also because we have ever considered the Sonnet as more suited to intermix with poems of a light and miscellaneous character, than to be clustered together for the purpose, it would seem, of attracting the attention of the reader peculiarly to themselves, when the chances of merit are often, especially in young writers, in favor of the minor production. Such, indeed, appears to be the case with the poems now before us; and we think that some of the miscellaneous specimens are far superior to any one of the Sonnets. Yet while we are thus drawing a comparison, the one with the other, we would not wish it by any means to be understood that we see no beauties in the former; on the contrary, there is, for the most part, an easy and graceful flow of versification, while at the same time they are far from being devoid of poetry. We would, among others, instance the 3rd, as expressive of a soothing melancholy.

SONNET III. — TO * * *.

LADY! if from my young, but clouded brow,
Joy's radiant beam depart so fitfully---
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
Cheer not the mourner's gloom,---Oh! do not *Thou*,
Like the gay throng, disdain a Child of Woe,
Or deem his bosom cold!--Should the low sigh
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply---
Oh! bear with one whose darkened path below
The Tempest-fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
Of Hope and Joy, nor leaves one living bloom;
Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's tomb,
Like the fond ivy on the ruined Tower!

And the 7th, from the calm and domestic feeling so sweetly pourtrayed.

SONNET VII. — TO A CHILD.

THOU darling CHILD! When I behold the smile
Over thy rosy features brightly play,
(Its light unrivalled by the morning ray,)
Thy fair and open brow upraised the while
With an appealing glance so void of guile,
(Untaught the trusting bosom to betray,)
Thy sinless graces win my soul away
From dreams and thoughts that darken and defile!
Scion of Beauty! If a Stranger's eye
Thus dwell upon thee,---if his bosom's pain,
Charmed by thine holy smile, forget to smart,---
Oh! how unutterably sweet *Her* joy---
Oh! how indissolubly firm the chain
Whose links of love entwine a *Mother's* heart!

The 10th, 12th, and 16th are also fair specimens of the author's talent in this species of composition.

Of the Miscellaneous Poems, we have been much pleased with the "Father's Address to his First-born," from its unaffected simplicity; more so with the "Lines on the Death of my Child." There is in them a pathos, mellowed, as it were, by a fine touch of nature, which cannot but come home to the feelings of every parent.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

OH! sweet, mine Infant! art thou laid
So soon where Death thy couch hath made,
Where Love and Pity wail and weep,
And requiems raise, and vigils keep!

Alas! shall that so worshipped form,
Though all untouched by Sorrow's storm,
Be snatched in ruthless haste away
By the cold grasp of rude Decay?

No more, my Babe, thy winning smiles,
Thy prattling voice and mimic wiles,
Shall fond maternal transport bring,
Or soothe a Father's sorrowing!

Oh! when my late foreboding strain
Spoke of thy bosom's lengthened pain,
I little deemed a Father's tear
Would fall upon thine infant bier!

But thou wert granted lighter fate,
Nor meant, like me, this world to hate,---

And shall I mourn the gracious doom
That gave thee to an early tomb?

His holy and benign command
Recalled thee from a dreary land
Ere life's dark-brooding tempest rose
To blast thee with unnumbered woes.

Oh! though bereaved and torn, my heart
Hath found its dearest hopes depart,
'Tis sweet to think *thy* sojourn brief
Was all unmarked by kindred grief.

And, though Misfortune and Dismay
Still haunt and gloom mine onward way,
'Twill soothe my troubled soul to know
Thou canst not share a Father's woe.

Thy rest no mortal pang may break,---
And, but for thy lone Mother's sake,
Oh! how this weary breast would pine,
My Darling! for a Home like thine!

"Morn, Noon, and Night of an Indian Day," is also poetical; nor less so "Stanzas," page 67; which want of room alone forbids our extracting. "The Warrior's Farewell to the Family Bard," breathes an innate spirit of freedom and independence which accord well with the feelings of the present day. Of the same cast is the "Spanish Patriot's Song," and the "War Song;" both of which speak the genuine sentiments of a Briton. There are many others of considerable merit; one of which, whose elegance and brevity is too tempting to allow us to omit, we present to our readers.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

OH! if there is a magic charm, in this low valley drear,
To cheat the Pilgrim's weary way---the darkened soul to cheer,
It is the soothing Voice of Love, that echoes o'er the mind
Like music on a twilight lake, or bells upon the wind!

Oh! dull would be the rugged road, and sad the Wanderer's heart,
Should that celestial harmony from Life's dark sphere depart!

Oh! how, for that far-distant Land, would sigh the lonely breast,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

Mr. R., from his intimate acquaintance with Eastern scenery, might, we conceive, give some sweet and Claude-like pictures of it; and in case he should be ever again tempted to tread the flowery paths of poetry, we should strongly recommend blank verse. Upon the whole, the present volume may well while away an idle hour.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S RESIDENCE AND TRAVELS IN COLOMBIA
IN 1823-4.*

COLOMBIA may be said to resemble a vast mine, which the cupidity of men about 'Change will not suffer to remain long unexplored; and though not paved with gold, its soil is gold dust. Hence information on this section of

* Journal of a Residence and Travels in Colombia in 1823 and 1824. By Captain Charles Stuart Cochrane, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

our colonies is important in a commercial point of view, while its geographical details, and the manners and customs of its people, are highly interesting to all classes of civilized society. Indeed, Colombia is a germ of the Transatlantic world which is just bursting into organization, and according to the interchanging scale of national prosperity, she may one day rise upon the fall and decay of European greatness. Such are the revolutions in the grand march of time, and their operations are perceptible in all the grades of national pride, which chequer the history of man from the remotest ages.

The establishment of settlements, and the formation of new states, is, however, a work in which the passions and prejudices of self-interest are allowed to assume too high a tone, and thus truth is often hoodwinked, and misrepresentation set forth as the lure for speculative adventurers. Mr. Mollien, whose *Travels in Colombia* were published a short time since, represented the republican interest of that country in a less flourishing state than certain of his readers could wish; his description of the country is frequently distressing, and often mixed up with unsparing caricature; and hence his book was generally denounced for its partiality and want of candour. On the other hand, Captain Cochrane, in his *Preface*, professes himself an enthusiast, and hopes that his readers may feel a tithe of his enthusiasm for Colombia and her children.

The author of the present work is evidently a close and shrewd observer of men, manners, and circumstances, but he disclaims any attempt at authorship. His work therefore professes to be the plain and honest journal of a traveller, and to prove its highly interesting character we shall proceed to the pleasant task of making a few extracts.

CARACCAS.

The route to Caraccas is interesting, and the city is well described in a translation from the French of M. Lavaysse.

Winding round the mountain for a short distance from this pass, I reached a point which afforded a beautiful bird's eye view of the city and valley of Caraccas. The latter is narrow, but of considerable length, and displays a verdant carpet of the most brilliant vegetation, threaded by a winding silver stream, and animated by herds of cattle scattered over the rich pastures. A range of conical hills partly intercepts the view, but through the intervals between them the plains are seen, stretching away towards the horizon, the extremity being lost in the distant range of mountains, clothed with brushwood, and of majestic forms.

The city appears from this point directly beneath the eye, and has a very imposing effect. On approaching the guard-house of the barrier to pay the toll which is exacted from travellers, I was struck with the wretchedness of its appearance, the filth which surrounded it, and the squalid figures of the soldiery, whose small stature, dirty ragged clothing, half-polished musquets, and lack of shoes and stockings, afforded convincing proofs of the exhausted and miserable state to which intestine war had reduced this fine country. From this barrier, the road lies along a ridge to the entrance of the town, where the first object that attracted my attention was a church on my left, which had been shattered by the earthquake. The walls only of the nave, although split in some places, stood erect, though partly concealed by the foliage of the wild vegetation, which in this country seems ever ready to take advantage of the desertion of any spot, to recover it from human usurpation: the central tower had not entirely fallen, but stood deeply rent from the top in a leaning position, threatening destruction to all within its reach. Many similar scenes of dilapidation characterized this part of the town, roofless and shattered walls, leaning with various degrees of inclination, being met with at every step; a little further on, symptoms of renovation appear, in a few houses which are building: and at length, on reaching the southern part, few traces of the calamity are seen, the houses generally remaining entire, with merely occasional flaws in the walls. These are chiefly built of sun-dried clay, or mud beaten down between wooden frames. The roofs are of tile, and the walls white-washed. The city is well situated, and airy. The average height of the thermometer is 72° , with a good breeze.

Caraccas, the metropolis of the province of Venezuela, while under the Spanish yoke, founded in 1566 by Diego de Losada, is situated in the delicious valley of Arragon. Although it is in $10^{\circ} 30'$ of latitude, and 67° of West longitude, this elevation, added to some other local causes, suffices to give it during winter the temperature of our spring, and in that season the heat is very seldom so great as our summers. It is the residence of the Captain-

General; of the Intendant; of the Audiencia, or supreme administrative and judicial tribunal; of an Archbishop; a Chapter; a tribunal of the Inquisition (abolished by the present government), and a University. It has somewhat of a triangular shape, and is about two thousand toises long on each side. Like all other towns in the New World, its streets are drawn at right angles, and are rather wide. Being built on an unequal surface, whatever Caraccas wants in regularity, it gains in picturesque effect. Many of the houses have terraced roofs, others are covered with bent tiles; there are many that have only a ground-floor; the rest have but one story more. They are built either of brick or earth well pounded, and covered with stucco,---of an architecture sufficiently solid, elegant, and adapted to the climate. Many of them have gardens in their rear, which is the reason that this town has an extent equal to an European one that would contain a hundred thousand persons. Four beautiful streams that traverse it contribute to its coolness and cleanliness, and give it an air of animation which is not found in cities deprived of running water. As in some towns of the Alps and Pyrennees, each householder in Caraccas has the invaluable advantage of having in his house a pipe of running and limpid water; which does not prevent all the squares and almost all the streets from having public fountains. In general there is much luxury and gilding in the decorations of the houses of wealthy persons, and among all more cleanliness and comfort than in Spain. This town does not possess any public edifice remarkable for its beauty and size, with the exception of the church of Alta Gracia, built at the expense of the people of colour in Caraccas and its vicinity.

During his stay at Caraccas, Captain C. was invited to an evening party, which he thus describes:

In the evening I visited several families successively, according to the custom of the place. At these houses I generally found the company assembled in a room ill-lighted with tallow-candles, and unincumbered with furniture, except sofas and mats. The ladies sit on these in general in the Turkish fashion, in a costume which is more remarkable for ease than for displaying to advantage the proportions of their figures. In fact, the head alone is exhibited or adorned, the rest of the person, loosely attired, being enveloped in an ample shawl. The young ladies, although of dark complexions, are not destitute of a ruddy glow of countenance, nor of agreeable manners besides. They converse with ease and vivacity, and are extremely inquisitive about the state of society in England; they sing with feeling and discrimination, accompanying their voices with the guitar, or a small harp, like the ancient Irish one; they are passionately fond of dancing, and the waltz is a great favourite with them. The natural capacity and talents they evince, excite regret for the entire neglect of their education, the defects of which the conversation addressed to them by the men is little adapted to supply. Gallantry, though universally professed by the latter, does not seem to inspire them with any idea of those pleasing assiduities, those delicate attentions, which elsewhere adorn and refine the sentiment; and when we observe how little attention is here paid to women before marriage, we cannot be surprised at the total neglect which generally succeeds that ceremony. To the same cause might, in some degree, be attributed the preference shown by the ladies to foreigners, did not their unquestionable attachment to the laws of hospitality afford a solution more agreeable to their native admirers.

At these parties, refreshments are handed round, consisting of sweetmeats, to which all the partakers help themselves with the same fork,---of water in large silver tankards, and sometimes chocolate. Little or no play takes place on such occasions; yet gaming, although discountenanced by the legislature, is carried on by the men, in places appropriated to this vice, to a ruinous extent; and thus they too often waste the treasures which ought to have been poured out for the public good in the exigencies of the state: a practice little less censurable than that of burying them in the ground, which is frequently resorted to by selfish and timid cupidity.

Chap. V. vol. I. consists of a neat historical sketch of the Aboriginal Indians; which is followed by an outline of the history of Spanish America, in which the patriot services are set forth, especially the fortunes of Simon Bolivar, to whom the Captain dedicates his work. At p. 421 we have the following notice of our gallant countryman,

LORD COCHRANE.

Peru was left nearly defenceless, in consequence of the number of troops it had sent to attack the patriots in Chili; but, owing to various circumstances, it was not till March, 1820, that any active progress was made in the Chilian expedition; nor would the Chilians then have had a sufficient naval force, (that of the Spaniards in the Pacific being considerable) had it not been for the exertions of Lord Cochrane, who on the invitation of the Chilian

government agreed to take the command of their navy, and which was conferred upon his lordship in November, 1818, on his arrival in Chili.

By September, 1819, the Chilian fleet, under the direction of Lord Cochrane, was greatly increased and rendered highly efficient; and an attack was then made upon the batteries and shipping at Callao, which served in some degree to intimidate the Spaniards. He had previously, on the 1st of March in that year, issued a proclamation, declaring Callao and the other ports of Peru in a state of blockade. His lordship afterwards sailed to Guayaquil, where he surprised and captured a number of valuable Spanish ships, laden with timber and naval stores: he subsequently went to Valdivia, an important and strongly fortified town, to the south of Chili, belonging to the Spaniards, where he not only successively carried all the enemy's batteries, mounting seventy pieces of cannon, but also possessed himself of the town and province.

The Chilian government was in the mean time employed in preparing the expedition, for which purpose it removed from the capital to Valparaiso, in order the more effectually to co-operate with San Martin in the organization of the army. Lord Cochrane, on his return from Valdivia, devoted himself with the greatest zeal and assiduity to the equipment of the fleet; and the expedition was ready for sailing on the 15th of August 1820. The number of troops consisted of nearly five thousand men. San Martin was appointed commander-in-chief and captain-general of the united liberating army of Peru. The fleet under Lord Cochrane comprised the *O'Higgins* of fifty guns; the *San Martin* sixty; the *Lautaro*, forty; *Independencia*, twenty-four; three smaller vessels, and twenty transports.

The expedition sailed on the 20th of August, and on the 11th of September the whole army had disembarked at Pisco, about one hundred miles south of Lima. The Viceroy, Don Joaquim Pezeula, having decided to concentrate his force near Lima, the liberating army at first met with no resistance. On the 26th an armistice for eight days having been agreed upon, a conference was held between commissioners nominated by both parties, at Miraflores, a village between two and three leagues south of Lima. Propositions were made on both sides; but the parties could not agree, and the armistice was declared to be at an end on the 4th of October. San Martin marched to Ancon; and Lord Cochrane, with part of his squadron, anchored in the outer roads of Callao, the seaport of Lima. Here his lordship undertook what appeared to be a desperate enterprise, the cutting out the Spanish ship *Esmeralda*, a large forty-gun frigate, which was moored with two sloops of war, under the guns of the castle, within a semicircle of fourteen gun-boats, and a boom made of spars chained together. The coolness and intrepidity with which this was effected, at midnight, on the 5th of November, were perhaps never surpassed: the frigate was most gallantly captured, and was steered triumphantly out of the harbour, under the fire of the whole of the north face of the castle. The Spaniards, in this action, had upwards of one hundred and twenty men killed and wounded; the Chilians, eleven killed and thirty wounded. Lord Cochrane thus obtained an ascendancy upon the coast, which the Spaniards did not afterwards venture to dispute.

BOLIVAR.

Bolivar, who is descended from a family of distinction at Caraccas, was born there about the year 1785. Having been allowed to visit Europe, a permission which was formerly granted to very few natives of Spanish America, he finished his studies at Madrid, and then proceeded to Paris. After travelling in France, he traversed England, Italy, and a part of Germany. He, in his twenty-third year, contemplated the establishment of the independence of his country, and all his studies and observations were directed to that object.

After marrying at Madrid the daughter of the Marquess of Ulstariz, he returned to Caraccas, where he arrived at the moment when the standard of independence had been raised; he, however, as already stated, disapproved of the system adopted by the Congress of Venezuela, and refused to join Don Lopez Mendez in his mission to England from the new government, with which he altogether declined having any connection.

Subsequently to the earthquake which destroyed the city of Caraccas, and in its effect the independent government of Venezuela, Bolivar seized the first opportunity of devoting himself to the service of his country, and hastened to join Miranda. The fate of the latter has already been mentioned. Bolivar also was at first unfortunate; the details of his alternate successes and disasters have already been given up to the year 1817.

Bolivar is a good swimmer, an elegant dancer, and fond of music: he is a very pleasant companion at table; neither smokes nor takes snuff, nor does he ever taste spirits.

We are compelled to pass over the details of the principal events in the recent struggles for South American independence; some of which might have been spared.

The second volume opens with the history of Bogota, the capital of Colombia, which occupies six out of eleven chapters; and as these may be considered the most valuable portion of the whole work, we shall quote a few passages.

BOGOTA.

Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, was founded in 1538, by Gonzalo Ximenes de Quesada, who originally built twelve houses in honour of the twelve apostles, on the skirt of the two mountains of Mont Serrat and La Guadalupe. It is situated in N. lat. 4°. 10', and W. long. 73°. 50', in an extensive and fertile plain, to the eastward of the great chain of the Andes. It is elevated to a height of 8615 feet above the level of the sea, and presents an imposing appearance to the approaching traveller, by the peculiar amphi-theatrical form in which the cathedral, convents, and houses, are situated; the whole being backed by the lofty mountains, on whose pinnacles are convents, towering 1000 feet above the town itself, which, extending from North to South, covers about a mile in length, from the extreme boundaries, and about half a mile in breadth in the widest part; the ends tapering off into nearly single houses.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The cathedral, which is of the Corinthian order, was built in 1814, from the design of a native Colombian, who was put to death during the war of emancipation, notwithstanding his entreaties to be allowed to complete the work he had commenced. The exterior is not in good taste, or good keeping, the façade being without symmetry or elegance; but the interior is very fine and even tasteful, the decorations being of white and gold, with handsome cornices, and superb altars around, dedicated to the patron saints. Under the dome, in the centre of the building, the principal altar is raised in great splendour, opposite to which is a richly covered choir, profusely gilded. There is, belonging to this building, a statue of the Virgin Mary, adorned with 1358 diamonds, 1295 emeralds, 372 pearls, 59 amethysts, a topaz, and a hyacinth; the pedestal alone is enriched with 609 amethysts; and the artist is said to have received 4000 piastres for his labour.

Of churches, monasteries, and convents, there are thirty-three in number; some of the churches attached to the convents are particularly rich; the best endowed are those of San Juan de Dios, and the Dominican Order. These buildings are generally square; in the centre is a fountain, and around the building are two galleries, one beneath the other, about fourteen feet in breadth, in which are the doors leading to the various cells of the monks. The walls are decorated with paintings of the patron saint, representing his birth, miracles, sufferings, and death. There are nine monasteries for men, and three convents for women, the others having fallen into decay in consequence of the revolution, and the increase of knowledge and penetration of the natives, who are fast throwing off the yoke of bigotry and priestcraft, and assuming the right of man to think and act for himself. A considerable number of these slugs are, however, still left to fatten on the plunder which they extract from the credulity of the populace, though it is to be hoped that the march of human intellect in the transatlantic world will not be long retarded by such drones, but that a short time will bring their total dispersion. There is a hospital dependent on San Juan de Dios, but it is rather a speculation for profit, than an asylum for the sick and suffering; all their medicines are sold; and thus do the monks make an income of the afflictions of their fellow men. There is a military hospital, the medicines requisite for which are also obtained from these same brothers of the cowl, by orders from the commissario, on the representation of the surgeon; this department has, however, most fortunately for the soldiery, been placed under the control of my friend Dr. Mayne, whose appointment as surgeon-general must be productive of much benefit to the afflicted tenants of the hospital, though, in consequence of the delay in procuring the necessary medicines, serious events sometimes occur.

There are three colleges, conducted on a scale superior to that of the hospitals; they are well situated and strongly built; that of the Jesuits is the principal; the majority of the professors are monks, there being but few of the laity. The youth are instructed in Latin, mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and theology. Besides this, there is now forming a school of mineralogy, under the auspices of Dr. Mariano di Rivero, a most sensible, scientific, and clever man, a native of Peru, educated in the schools of England, France, and Germany, and recommended by Baron Humboldt to the government. This gentleman, who is particularly skilled in the practical knowledge of the best methods of mining in all its branches, is also founding a National Museum, which has, under his hands, made considerable progress, and for which he has travelled, to increase the collection already amassed; and out of the four thousand dollars per annum allowed him by the government, he has generously resigned one thousand to augment the funds of the Museum. They

have established here a Lancastrian school on the most liberal principles, for which the natives are principally indebted to the praiseworthy exertions of the Vice-President, General Santander, through whose strenuous endeavours to put in force the commands of congress, these schools have been established not only in the capital, but in the most remote villages of the republic; and I am convinced that every one who has a feeling of interest in this subject, will agree with me in paying the meed of praise to the indefatigable Vice-President, who has so unceasingly exerted himself in furthering thus beneficially the vital interests of his country, and in this point giving an example to the old world, many of whose inhabitants are averse from disseminating the blessings of education, and instructing the minds of the poor.

By the high-sounding title of palace given to the residence of the President of the Republic, one might be led to expect a noble and sumptuous building; but it is in fact merely a flat-roofed house, built, like the other edifices of the country, of sunburnt clay. On each side of it are attached two lower buildings, or wings, without symmetry or proportion, the one being much longer than the other; the extreme part of the longest wing is the prison, at the windows of which the prisoners are allowed to appear and importune the charity of the passengers, or hold intercourse with their friends; between this and the main part of the palace is situated the office of the *Escribanos*, or Notaries, by whom the government stamps, &c. are sold, and who draw up writings at a moderate expense.

The mint is a large plain building. In consequence of the mistaken policy of the government in giving merely a debenture for the uncoined gold brought to them by the natives, instead of returning, as in former times, a proportionate quantity of coined metal, the machinery, &c. of this place is at a stand-still, and its treasury entirely exhausted.

There are three sets of barracks, formed from the old and forsaken monasteries; and two quartels, one for the militia in the Grand Plaza on the left of the Cathedral, the other in the square of San Francisco for the President's body-guard when off duty. There is a *mestranza*, or artillery depot, where all military furniture and equipments are made; but in a style which would be much benefited by aid of European workmen to direct and improve the whole. This is the only place in Bogotá where any repairs can be made to articles of European fabric.

The theatre is a well-constructed building, and its interior arrangements are better than might be expected: it is not difficult to hear in any part of it. The boxes are all let to families; but for two reals you gain admission to the pit, which is half covered with chairs, and the back part left for standing room; the company is mixed, but orderly and well behaved.

THE STREETS,

After the manner of the old Spanish towns, intersect each other at right angles. There are four plazas and squares; the rest of the houses are built in what are termed *quadras*. The principal streets are the *Calle Real* and *San Juan de Dios*; the former has a paved footway on both sides of the road, the latter only on one: these are the chief resorts of the fashionable loungers, and lead to the *Alameda*, or promenade. The streets, east and west from the mountains, have streams of water running down them, which empty themselves into the small rivers of San Francisco and San Augustin (so called from the convents whose walls they lave), and over which are five bridges. The roads are paved with a small species of stone, and incline from the side towards the centre, down which the water-channels are made, and not at the sides as with us. The principal *plaza*, in which the daily market is held, has on one side the cathedral, and the chapel attached to it; and on the other, the palace of the President, &c.; on the North side, private houses, with shops beneath; and on the South, the Quartel of the Militia, and the Record Office.

THE MARKET

Is well supplied with meat, consisting of beef, mutton, and pork. The beef and mutton are tolerable, but far inferior to English, the grain of the meat being coarser, the people not understanding how to fatten animals for killing; the pork is generally of a dark tinge, and very strong, consequently disagreeable to an European stomach; the natives, however, I think, consumed a greater quantity of it than of either beef or mutton. Beef is sold in the market at three-pence a pound; mutton, two reals (one shilling) a quarter; pork, at three-pence. The whole is badly killed, and worse cut up, so much so, that I looked out for a butcher, who did not frequent the market, and who had learned to kill in the English manner. The price of the meat was consequently increased, but then, besides being better killed, it had been carefully fattened. Poultry is reasonable, being from nine-pence to one shilling for a good fowl, and sixpence for a large chicken. There are but few vegetables at present; potatoes, *aracatchas*, *tomatas*, and salad, being the chief. However, all European

vegetables will thrive well; and ere long, I trust, all kinds of seeds, properly prepared, will be sent out for sale to that country. Indeed, few speculations in the small way would pay better than taking a small estate, or farm, close to Bogotá, and laying it out as kitchen and fruit gardens; one or two common gardeners would be enough to direct the whole, having labourers of the country under them: there would be a sure demand for all the produce. Every species of fruit and vegetable that comes to market is reasonable, and in great abundance.

Here are likewise some of the manufactures of the country, all made by hand, consisting of coarse blankets, roanas or cloaks, made nearly square, with a hole for the head to go through in the centre, coarse cottons for shirting, and the same striped for making trowsers for the lower class; besides these, they sell straw hats made in the neighbourhood, but which do not boast much neatness or durability; they have, however, the recommendation of being cheap, costing only two shillings and sixpence each.

Attempts have been made at pottery, but this is yet in a primitive state, chiefly consisting of a reddish coloured clay, formed into jars, and large vases for water, also pots for cooking, and some flat plates; they appear, however, inferior to the aboriginal Indians in this branch of trade, as some of the vessels dug out of the Indian graves are much superior. The Indians formed theirs supported by animals, and beautifully painted.---The market commences at day-light, and is generally over by noon.

The shops are generally right and left of the entrances to the principal houses, for which purpose the ground-floors are sacrificed, the dwellings being always up-stairs in the first floor, and the windows over those of the shops; above the front entrance are the apartments of the family, on the side within the court-yard are the best rooms, and facing the entrance the servants' offices, &c.; there is in some of the largest houses a second court beyond, which is devoted to offices, stables, laundries, &c. We paid at the rate of three hundred dollars per annum for the unfurnished house we inhabited. The shops are very small,---all retail, with very few exceptions.

The houses are low, in consequence of being subject to the shock of earthquakes: they are built of sun-dried brick, covered with tiles, and white-washed; small windows with iron bars, partly gilded, besides larger ones with framework of wood outside; very few glass windows; seldom any ceilings. The doors are of various heights. The rooms and staircases are sometimes painted with handsome borders, with festoons of flowers, and landscapes; and some large houses have the picture of St. Christopher, the patron saint, on the staircase.

THE COSTUME.

The costume of the people is remarkable, particularly that of the females. There is no distinction between rich and poor in the style of walking dress. The mantilla, black or light blue, made *à la mode Espagnole*, is worn; a piece of blue cloth envelopes the head, and frequently conceals the whole of the features, except the eyes; this reaches to the waist, and the whole is surmounted with a broad-brimmed beaver hat. This is generally allowed to be a preposterous and unbecoming dress; but as yet no fashionable lady has had the courage to set a new style for the example of her countrywomen. They are sedulously careful to deck their feet in the most becoming manner, and with studied coquetry, as they are in general well formed, and extremely small. Their step is very peculiar, all from hip to ankle without bending the knee; and a sidling motion of the body. How far this adds to the grace of appearance and ease of deportment, I will leave to abler judges to decide. The lower classes are generally barefooted, except the peasantry of the plains, who wear *alpargatés*, a kind of Roman sandal, made of the fibres of a tree. They wear likewise a full large mantle, called *roana*, or *roquilla*, made of the cloth of the country; the head passes through a hole in the centre, and the roquilla falls loosely and gracefully over the shoulders, and completely covers the body, and conceals the arms. The *tout ensemble* is elegant, as it drops in easy and becoming folds.

SUNDAY.

With the earliest dawn of Sunday morning the bells of the various monasteries and churches begin ringing, and masses commence and continue, with very little intermission, during the whole of the day. From ten to twelve the Calle Real is thronged with the inhabitants: at every corner are groupes of citizens and officers, anxiously listening to the reading of the Sunday's Gazette, or any new and interesting pamphlet that may have issued from the Colombian press.

A stranger wishing to attend mass at the most fashionable hour, should repair to the Calle Real a little before twelve, at which time the church bell of the monastery of St. Domingo rings; by taking a station in a balcony opposite to the door of this church, you have a full

view of the gay world; here you perceive the young military officers ranged in lines, through which the ladies have to pass, and undergo the scrutiny of their eyes: an infliction, by the way, to which I could not discover that any objection was made. The ladies appear dressed in black silk, with a mantilla of the same material, which covers the head, and a round black hat of the country. This dress was originally intended to be very plain, and peculiarly adapted to devotion, inasmuch as the eyes should not be attracted by the exterior of any one, but entirely engrossed by the devout purposes of attendance; but time has greatly altered the original costume, which is now the reverse of simple and plain, being frequently particularly elegant, and sometimes actually gaudy,---the present custom being to trim the dresses with a profusion of lace, black beads and bugles, and frequently long laces of threaded bugles hang in straight lines all round the dress, from the height of the knee, and at other times they are gracefully formed into festoons; these dresses are consequently expensive. Many of the lower class, in endeavouring to imitate their richer neighbours, make a grotesque appearance, being dressed in a gay gown, without the accompaniment of shoes or stockings. It is customary to wear white silk stockings with these black dresses, and often coloured shoes.

At the conclusion of mass, the ladies have, in retiring, to endure the same ordeal as on their entry, as but few men attend the mass, unless they have some particular object in view, some "metal more attractive" than devotion. After mass it is customary to pay a visit to the Vice-President, who holds a levee on this day, from twelve till two o'clock.

The evening is generally spent in visiting from house to house, and sometimes you may succeed in forming a little piano-forte dance, which may be done in a Roman Catholic country on a Sunday evening, without being considered as a sin.

The personal description of the natives is worthy of transcript:

The majority of the women are by no means handsome; they certainly have fine eyes and dark hair,---but neither features, complexion, nor figure are good when compared with those of Europeans. Some few have, when young, a little bloom on their cheeks, but in general a sallow or Moorish cast of face meets the eye; occasionally you do meet a young lady whose pretensions to beauty would be allowed even in Europe. The one most generally admired is named Bernadina, and is a daughter of a good family. She was about seventeen years of age when I saw her, lively and agreeable, her figure good, and rather above the middle height; amazingly fine eyes, with whose influence she was perfectly well acquainted; jet black hair of luxuriant growth, which she kept always neatly and elegantly dressed; fine regular features, with a charming mixture of red and white, bordering on the most interesting species of brunette; and pearly teeth, that shone between her vermillion lips. The women envied her, and the men did right in admiring her, as the fairest specimen of Nature's work they had ever seen.

The men, taken as a body, are far handsomer than the women, and their dark complexions more agreeable to the eye. They are better educated, being generally able to read and write: beyond this their abilities rarely extend, as they are seldom seen reading, and scarcely ever devote any time to study, or improvement of the mind.

At page 141 is a slight sketch of the Pearl Fishery, the Pearl Fishing Company, and the enactments of the session, in which is a clause granting our city jewellers, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the exclusive right of fishing for pearl oysters with machines, for ten years!

We have neither space nor time to follow our author in his route. He arrived at Carthagena March 28, and on April 30 he anchored in Port Royal, Jamaica. In our progress through his work we regret to observe a lack of information on the actual state of the country. We have too much of the author and his adventures, consisting of introductions and invitations, the details of which, though very amusing, do not partake of an important character. Our traveller's memoranda are occasionally trifling, such as, "saw a troop of long-tailed monkeys---passed a beautiful snake," &c.

The volumes are, as our fraternity in the Row would say, *well got up*, with fine coloured plates, and a map of Colombia by Sidney Hall. The frontispiece to vol. I. is, however, too grotesque, and reminds us of an old caricature called "the Earth-stopper." Again, in our economical and closely-printed pages, we must protest against such expansive and expensive printing as that of the volumes before us, both of which might easily have been compressed into one volume of ordinary bulk! Unfortunately, the literature

of modern travellers assimilates to the literature of the stage in the present day; and this work resembles a splendid melo-drame. Captain Cochrane is a good book-maker, and his chapter heads are the stage effect; the printer and stationer the machinist and scene-painter; and the publisher the manager, who is an adept in his art.

COOKERY AND CONFECTIONARY*.

THE alliterating title of this volume may at first induce our readers to imagine it a *lusus* of literature, but we can assure them it is in every sense a valuable practical manual, combining elegance with utility and economy. Mr. Cooke is, we understand, a professor of gastronomy, who ranks high in his art, and who possesses the advantage of experience, which is not the lot of a certain quackish rival. He is therefore well qualified to produce a valuable book, in which he not only figures as author, but as draughtsman of several tasteful designs in ornamental pastry and confectionary. In short, he is in every sense of the term a man of *taste*. In a slight preface, Mr. Cooke quaintly observes:

"Upon most subjects there is only a right and a wrong way, so that it may be logically inferred, he who is not in the one, must certainly be in the other; but it is not so with cookery, the modes of right, in that very popular art, being as various as the tastes of the rational biped, and how various that is, needs no discussion. Nothing, for instance, can well be more opposed than the cooking of ancient and modern times; the Romans, to say the least of it, were every jot as luxurious as ourselves; and yet, what modern stomach could digest the luxury of a dish of snails? and this was a treat to which the philosopher, Pliny, invited his friends, as if it had been a *gâteau de veau*, or a *frecandeur* of salmon. But to say the truth, the whole of the Roman cookery seems to have been borrowed from the kitchen of Macbeth's witches, and concocted much after the fashion of their 'gruel thick, and slab,' equally palatable and odoriferous. We need not, however, go so far back, as this being equally decisive between France and England; a Frenchman is in despair at the unmitigated toughness of plain roast and boiled. And an Englishman is still less likely to reconcile himself to a fricassee of frogs, even with the luxurious addition of garlic, or though it should be helped out with the Roman sauce of *assafœtida*."

On this argument the author grounds his claims to the special attention of the female world.

We shall not tantalize our readers with extracts from the present work, which cannot be surpassed by Gunter, Jarrin, Ude, or Beauvilliers. We are ourselves lovers of good living, and admire the taste and economy of the lady who served up a garnished dinner for seven-pence halfpenny. At the same time we know there are many jokes on female accomplishments in cookery; but being true Englishmen, we must side with the ridiculed party, who chose their wives by their proficiency in the several branches of domestic management, but more especially in that of the kitchen.

WESTMINSTER HALL†.

THE study of the law is strongly associated with technicality and dryness, but the editor of "Westminster Hall" has proved, that like every other profession, the law is not without its *facetiae*, nor its members without their eccentricities. For example, what choice morsels of wit and humour are to be found in the vivacious career of Curran, one of the brightest luminaries of his age. In these volumes we have assembled the curiosities of legal lite-

* Cookery and Confectionary, by John Conrade Cooke. 12mo. 6s. Simpkin and Co.

† Westminster Hall; or Anecdotes and Professional Relics of the Bench, Bar, and Woolsack. 3 vols. foolscap, 8vo. 21s. Knight and Lacey.

rature from Alfred to George the Fourth, and *vice versa*, in an amusing *melange*, combining the gravity of Bacon and Selden, with the lighter and more sparkling anecdotes of their successors. Nor is the work a mere compilation, for we recognize in it many judicious editorial touches, in addition to a series of original articles on the Temple and other Inns of Court. The volumes are embellished with several well executed portraits, a chart of eminent lawyers, and other interesting engravings, and altogether form an elegant addition to the library of the law-student, and the man of taste.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER*.

THIS volume is, as its title-page expresses, a compilation from the works of Democritus, and his illustrious disciples in England and France. It is prefaced by a smart prologue, reporting the opinion of a council of Wits, assembled on Salisbury Plain, to assist the editor in the compilation of this volume, by fixing a certain standard of wit, whereby to decide on admissible productions of that class, in the same way that jewellers' goods pass "the hall mark." Hence a scene of sharp discussion arises on the ever to be contended criterion of wit, in which Swift, Sterne, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Buckingham, Dennis, Johnson, Locke, Goldsmith, and Butler, are the disputants, in quotations from their extant works. But even these luminaries cannot settle the point, and the editors avail themselves of this contrariety of opinion, in presuming that there is no part of their volume which may not take shelter under one or other of the great authorities composing this illustrious convocation. On turning over the seven hundred pages composing this work, we recognize many old acquaintances, but, like the man in the jest, we are induced to doff our hats to them. As a repository of witticisms, bon mots, jeux d'esprit, and pleasant pasquinades, the Laughing Philosopher is a golden treasury, and the editors have shown their good sense and classic taste, by inserting such articles as Butler's Characters, from his Remains; the purest wit of Congreve and Swift; and, in short, the most humorous papers in the British Essayists.

The Laughing Philosopher will therefore be found an agreeable companion on a long journey, and a library for the coffee-room, which, had Washington Irving possessed when at the Derby inn, it would probably have crossed his interesting adventure with "the Stout Gentleman." We should mention that this exquisite piece of humour, together with similar productions of the same author, are to be met with in the present work.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE†.

THIS little volume is what Pierce Egan would call a "prime go;" but, quoting the same vocabulary, it is not altogether a "musical spell." It contains fifteen Odes, which in piquancy and poetical merit are very unequal. The best, however, are very replete with smartness and humour; and we do not recollect to have seen them surpassed since the days of Dr. Walcot, the satiric Pindar of his age. The author, in a quaint preface, apologizes to the unaddressed Great People in the following laconic terms:

To those unaddressed, an apology is due;---and to them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt, for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition. Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-blaster of the modern Stage, merits a line.

* The Laughing Philosopher, by John Bull, Esq. Square 12mo. 10s. 6d. Sherwood & Co.

† Odes and Addresses to Great People. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted. Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins. Mr. Kean, the great Lustre of the Boxes. Sir Humphrey Davey, the great Lamplighter of the Pits. Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket. Yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation.

The first Ode is addressed to Mr. Graham, the aeronaut, and as it is among the pleasantest of the volume, we shall introduce it to our readers.

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!---

A few more whiffs of my segar,
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:---
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!---

Away!---away!---the bubble fills---
Farewell to earth and all its hills!
We seem to cut the wind!---
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!---

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!---
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees---
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!---
The Dollond, if you please!---

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!---
Are those the London Docks?---that channel,
The mighty Thames?---a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!---

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!---I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!---
And that small stripe?---it cannot be
The City Road!---Good luck! to see
The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!---my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.---I must take
Their tolls upon my trust!
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!---less than flies!---
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?---none at all;
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!---

And there's Guildhall!---'tis far aloof---
Methinks I fancy thro' the roof
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls---a tiny show!---
Well,---I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs!---

Oh! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about---
Nay, then---let's even empty out
Another brace of bags!

A fig for earth, and all its minions!---
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!---
Look what a vantage height we've got!---
Now---do you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up,---or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?---
Speak up, my lad---when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!---

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

Our author avows himself to be Tims, the poor persecuted author on whom Blackwood has so often vented his spleen; and then by turns he satirizes the patronage of Campbell and Longman, the Lions of the "little Row;" Rothschild, the Golden Ball, &c.; and at length thus describes his descent:

Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!---the gas elopes---
Down goes our bright balloon!---
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the city nears---
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about---
We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
 Hawking the hour about the streets.
 Lord! what a cruel jar
 It is upon the earth to light!
 Well---there's the finish of our flight!
 I've smoked my last segar!

By the way, as our author is evidently fond of his segar, we would recommend him to the Segar Divan lately opened in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden.

Colossus Mac Adam, and Mrs. Fry, are the subjects of the second and third odes; but the propriety of satirizing philanthropy in such terms as the following, is perhaps questionable:

I like your chocolate, good Mrs. Fry!
 I like your cookery in every way;
 I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
 I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
 I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye;
 I like your carriage, and your silken grey,
 Your dove-like habits, and your silent preach-
 ing;
 But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.
 Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
 Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
 O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
 And take your moral place, before Sin seats
 Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
 Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
 To dress them in the pan, but do not try
 To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry.

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
 Good lack, the ancients did not set up schools
 In gaol---but at the *Porch*! hinting, no doubt,
 That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
 Before 'twas whipt by law.---O come about,
 Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
 All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate
 Street,
 But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!
 In brief,---Oh teach the child its moral rote,
 Not *in* the way from which it won't depart,---
 But *out*---out---out. Oh, bid it walk remote!
 And if the skies are clos'd against the smart,
 Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
 For that ensureth singleness of heart.---
 Do what you will, his every want supply,
 Keep him---but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Then follow Richard Martin, Esq., whose ultra-humanity exposes him to many a dresssing---the Great Unknown---and Champion Dymoke---and Joe Grimaldi, Sen.; but the ode to the latter falls short of the stanzas addressed to that facetious gentleman on his quitting the stage, which appeared a few months since in a dramatic periodical work. The *jeu d'esprit* on the A B C correspondence, and the church lore of Silvanus Urban, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is truly ludicrous, and will not tend to increase our satirist's popularity among its readers, nor get him dubbed F.S.A. The next subject is the "Steam Washing Company," followed by a letter of remonstrance from Bridget Jones, laundress, which rivals even the celebrated correspondence and orthographical elegance of Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom. We regret that we have not room for this wash-tub epistle, which concludes thus:

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
 And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
 But if you warnt Noddies youd Let women abe
 And pull off Your Pattens,---and leave the washing to we
 That nose what's what---Or mark what I say,
 Youl make a fine Kettle of fish of Your Close some Day---
 When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun at all,
 And Christ mass cum---and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
 Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
 Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and can't set uprite in his Chare---
 Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash
 (for you dont wash) but to stew
 And make Peples Stockins yellor as ought to be Blew
 With a vast more like That,---and all along of Steam
 Which warnt meand by Nater for any such skeam---
 But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
 And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,

For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn,---aye, and Moor to your Prays
If You Was even to Turn Dust Men a dry sifting Dirt,
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,

BRIDGET JONES.

The Ode to Dr. Kitchener, author of the Quack's (we beg the Doctor's pardon), the Cook's Oracle, is a show-up in its way. Our author thus apostrophizes this prince of gastronomy:

Hail! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking---
Master of the Piano---and the Pan---
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes,---
Or boiling eggs---timed to a metronome---
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass---
In the art of frying brown---as a digression
On music and poetical expression,---
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!

Could tell Calliope from "Calliopee!"
How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater*!*
Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

The Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and his colleagues is called forth by the exaction of fees for viewing the tombs in Poets' Corner; a measure which is disgraceful to the power that sanctions it. The volume concludes with an Ode to Mr. Bodkin, Secretary to the Mendicity Society, the smartest passages of which we transcribe:

Hail, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!
Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor I miss!
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now-a-days,
He would have written this!
Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

We confess that we have experienced much gratification in the perusal of these trifles. They possess the wit, without the indelicacy, of Peter Pindar; but the execrable puns with which they are interlarded, are a great drawback on the genuineness of their wit, and the sterling character of their sparkling satire.

THE TWO MINAS AND THE SPANISH GUERILLAS†.

A SHORT time since General Mina published "A short Extract" from his Life, which the translator of the present work appears to treat as a military court-card; for in his Preface he says—

The reader will here find no such splendid array of "143 regular or occasional actions (without reckoning small encounters)" as that set forth by the general, and in which he states himself to have "given battle, or sustained the attack,"---defeats are with him out of the question,---nor will he find any mention of the General having broken the enemy's squares upon three different occasions, one of which was at Placencia, where he says, "*Notwithstanding the superior numbers of the enemy, I made 1200 infantry prisoners, and put to the sword the whole of his cavalry.*"

* Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.

† The Two Minas and the Spanish Guerillas, translated from Capt. H. Von Brandt's work "On Spain." By a British Officer. 8vo., pp. 77. Egerton.

Neither does our patriotic countryman admire the Bobadil spirit of Mina, when speaking of Vittoria. He says—

Above all, the reader will in vain look for such particulars as might tend to confirm the assertion, that "the issue of the decisive battle of Vittoria," (which all military men must acknowledge to have been a most brilliant result arising out of the sound dispositions of the Duke of Wellington), "*would have been very doubtful*," if his Grace had not been supported by Mina and his band of Guerillas.

It should be observed, that Mina having set aside the profits arising from the sale of his Memoirs, to the relief of his suffering countrymen, calls forth the following liberal feeling :

The writer of these observations would have abstained from all idea of publishing the following extracts, had he supposed, for a moment, that they would tend to diminish, in any degree, the sale of General Mina's work, and thus operate as a check upon the benevolent purposes which he contemplates ; but, as it is well known that any thing likely to excite a critical investigation has invariably an opposite tendency, by the additional interest and curiosity which it creates, he trusts that the purity of his motives will not be questioned.

Our editor then proceeds to a brief sketch of the two Minas.

Some admirers of these remarkable men (says he) have asserted, that they are descended from the family of the celebrated Marquis de la Mina, who commanded under the Prince of Conti in Italy. This is not the case. Xavier Mina was the son of a poor villager ; and was studying at the *Seminario* of Pampeluna, at the time a part of Romano's corps passed through that city ; an opportunity of which he took advantage, to enrol himself secretly in a regiment of cavalry. When this step, to which he had perhaps been led by a dislike to his teachers (who are said to have entertained an unfavorable opinion of his conduct and application), and probably also by his inclination for a roving life, became known at the academy, he was imprisoned, and finally expelled. At this period the French were masters of a part of Spain, and Mina wandered about Aybar, Sanguessa, Monreal, and Lumbier, among his friends and relations, without any object or employment. If the information which has been given to me by very respectable Spaniards be correct, his course of life, at this period, was disreputable, since he was even noted for his connexion with a band of highwaymen. It would, however, be unjust on my part not to mention that the accounts given upon the spot differ essentially from each other.

We are fearful that the following *exposé* is far from adding to the character of modern patriotism :

We now come to the year 1808, when the catastrophes of the 2nd of May and the 19th of July had roused the whole of Spain from her lethargic state. At that time a commission collected the taxes in the Cinco-Villas, which were generally sent under a weak escort to Pampeluna, through Sanguessa, at which place Mina happened to be staying. The sight of the mule laden with the money, most probably inspired him with the thought of making himself master of this treasure. He held a consultation on the subject with some of his acquaintance, whose moral characters are said to have been likewise very doubtful, and then resolved to lay in ambush for the escort in the road between Ironzin and Sanguessa. A few shots sufficed to disperse an escort, consisting of only four men. The plunder, which is reported to have amounted to no more than a few thousand pesetas, was immediately divided ; and these *caballeros*, as the Spanish robbers call themselves, sought a lurking place in the mountains. The viceroy of Navarre, however, to satisfy the demands of the French, set a price upon their heads.

Nothing was more natural than that Mina should now suddenly become a great patriot. He disappears all at once from Navarre, and the history of the day transports him to the battalion of students, which was formed at Saragossa, from the seminaries of that place, as well as from those of Pampeluna, Huesca, Logronno, &c., and makes him join in the defence of the city. Well-informed persons, however, assert, that during his absence from Navarre, he remained in the neighbourhood of Logronno, and entered into a pretty close intercourse with the French.

In 1809, however, when a great part of the French army quitted Spain and Portugal, when the Spanish army advanced even upon Vittoria, and the most exaggerated reports of victories gained in Germany soon afterwards, increased the enthusiasm of the Spaniards, then *Partidas* were formed at Navarre, at the head of which Mina, whom the people only distinguished by the name of *el estudiante* (the student), suddenly appeared. According to the

account given by some of his friends, he forsook the army after Blake's defeats at Santa Fee and Belchite, to gain, if possible, a smile from fortune in his native country. But even this part of his history is enveloped in obscurity, since others assert, that they had frequently seen him during that time in Navarre. He recommenced action in the wood of Tafalla, by the capture of some waggons laden with money, and his enterprises followed each other so rapidly, that the governor of the province was very soon under the necessity of adopting severe measures respecting him.

The following anecdote is highly characteristic of the warfare which Mina carried on:

Being once pursued by several columns, he saw himself under the necessity of seeking refuge on a nearly isolated rock, which rises almost perpendicularly in the neighbourhood of Estella. His men defended the only accessible side with great firmness, and our *voltigeurs* did not succeed in establishing themselves upon it, until late in the evening. As we were not aware of Mina's being present with this little corps, and felt confident of taking them prisoners on the following morning with the greatest ease, the contest was suspended. Mina, in the mean time, took advantage of the night in a most peculiar way. At the steepest side of the rock, which might be from 150 to 160 feet high, he and his men descended by a rope; so that, when we climbed up in the morning to take the nest, the birds had fled. We found nothing but a piece of paper attached to a tree, which contained a still more ungracious compliment than that which Solon, the high priest of Heliopolis, once caused to fall into the hands of the Greeks*.

The volume before us, as our readers will perceive, abounds with accusations; and at page 16 we have the following curious affair:

There was a rumour at that time in Navarre, that the commandant of Pampeluna, General Dagoust, had indirectly favored Mina's enterprises; and it was even asserted, that he sent very considerable supplies of money, ammunition, &c. from Pampeluna under weak escorts, expressly that they might fall into the hands of the insurgents. However this may be, an inquiry into the general's conduct was instituted, in the course of which he took poison.

The following details of Mina's marauding system are highly interesting.

Mina's corps amounted, for a length of time, to about 1200 men. His enterprising and chivalrous spirit, his youthful vivacity, his military talents, and, particularly, the good fortune which accompanied all his undertakings, had given this increase of strength to one, who, the year before, was singly opposed to the whole of the armed power of Navarre.

His good fortune, however, seemed weary of accompanying him any farther. In order to secure the credit which he had gained by his active enterprises, he resolved upon a bold stroke,---the capture of a very considerable number of waggons, which had been laden with treasure at Pampeluna, and were on the eve of setting out for Saragossa, appeared to him a certain means of establishing his power. Mina had made the best arrangements for this day. His whole force was concentrated in the wood of Tafalla, which he jocularly called his powder-magazine and mint. Here he waited several hours, in vain, for the arrival of the enemy. The latter had set out, at the hour betrayed to Mina, but had halted when about half-way to the wood, for the purpose of being joined by a column of French troops, which was to come from the mountains: these, however, arrived so late, that the further progress of the enemy was delayed until the next day. In the mean time, Mina's spies brought him intelligence that the French, informed of his arrival in the wood, would not venture to proceed to Tafalla. This did not induce him to retire. He set out in the night, accompanied by only one of his confidants, to take cognizance himself of any circumstances which might tend to favor an attack. It was a beautiful moon-light night, when, mounted and well armed, with a mantle thrown round him, he quitted his followers. Little did he think that his fate would overtake him only a few hundred paces from the wood. The French, fearing their enemy's decision and coolness, and still more his proximity, had, contrary to custom, taken the precaution of forming a double line of outposts; and patrols were likewise diligently scouring the country. Two *gens d'armes* had even pushed on as far as the wood which concealed Mina's troops. As soon as they heard the noise of hoofs, they hastily retired, and concealing themselves under some trees, awaited the arrival of the two riders, who approached them carelessly and in close conversation. They then suddenly pressed forward, and before the Spaniards had time to turn their horses for flight, they were attacked, dismounted, and secured. Mina's hat, which remained upon the ground, and

* Greeks you are, and always will be---fools!

enabled his followers to account in some measure for his disappearance, was preserved by them as a precious relic; and a hundred affecting songs and elegies, of which he was the object, announced to the Spaniards the loss they had suffered. This successful event was made known to the inhabitants of Pampeluna and Saragossa by placards, in which Suchet was not ashamed to denominate the young hero a chief of banditti.

Of all the insurgent generals of Spain, and there was a great number in every province, Mina decidedly possessed the greatest talents. He united in himself all the virtues of a Guerilla chief, in an eminent degree. Indefatigable, brave, disinterested, reserved, shrewd, and, at the same time, inspired with chivalrous sentiments, he was on the way to become a second *Viratus*. The remainder of his political life, and his unfortunate end in so glorious a career, afford evident proofs of his enterprising spirit. However unimportant his fall may have appeared, I believe it was of more service to the French than a gained battle.

Francisco Espoz, an uncle of Mina, under whom he had filled the situation of treasurer, master of the horse, and master of the household, succeeded to the command of the troops raised by his nephew; he was originally a peasant at Irozin, not far from Montreal, where he was living in a state of great poverty, when his nephew took him under his protection. His local knowledge was of great service to the younger Mina, who deputed him to take charge of the payment and clothing of his troops, an employment which gave him, in some measure, that ascendancy by which he was enabled to succeed in the contest for the situation of leader. By means of his cruelty towards his prisoners, he turned the war into one of extirpation, and thus prevented the possibility of any reconciliation with the French. Whoever complied with a French requisition was shot; whoever was found with a *requisitoriale* in his possession lost either a hand or both ears; every *Afrancesado* (one disposed to favor the French) was hanged. In short, the guerilla war in Navarre assumed, under him, that sanguinary character which reduced the once high-mountaineers to a level with savages.

The following extraordinary narrative, if not questioned, will be read with regret by the enthusiastic admirers of Mina:

The commander of his cavalry, a certain Pesaduo, had fallen into the hands of a patrol, and was hanged by order of the General-in-Chief. He had formerly been a smuggler, and had been condemned to death many years previously, but, by escaping from prison, he also escaped from punishment. The events of the time had subsequently made a great patriot of him, and his country, in return for his bravery, had appointed him to the rank of a major of cavalry. The tribunal at Exea de los Caballeros, which had condemned him, received orders to have him hanged in presence of a strong detachment; this sentence was executed, although the rope broke three times, a circumstance which, according to the Spanish laws, entitled him to a pardon. The officer who presided at the execution remained with sixty foot soldiers and twenty-five mounted *gens d'armes*, forming the garrison of the place, in a convent which had been fitted up for this purpose. Hither came Mina, thirsting for vengeance. His summons to surrender was, as might be expected, disregarded by the officer (whose name I am sorry I cannot now recollect), and several attacks were most courageously repelled. Towards evening, Mina put a stop to the firing. The officer in the convent, who was aware that, if taken, the next day would bring him unconditionally to the place of the hanged Pesaduo, succeeded in effecting his escape, in a manner which brought as much honor upon him as it did disgrace upon his enemy. Under cover of a very heavy fire, he caused an opening to be made in a wall which faced the plain. His infantry marched through first, and succeeded in surprising and taking prisoners a post of six men, and in retreating, undisturbed, through the desert of Castejon de Val de Jasa to Saragossa. The cavalry soon followed the infantry upon the road to Zuera, where they surprised a detachment of twenty dragoons whom they routed, and arrived without any loss at Saragossa. Although the favorable situation of the convent greatly facilitated the execution of this affair, it, nevertheless, cast a reproach upon Mina's military talents, and many successful enterprises were required, to remove the evil impression it had made upon his followers.

Our translator then proceeds in a retrospective review of Mina's exploits, in which he exposes numerous misrepresentations and exaggerations. His volume is full of bold charges, which, for the character of patriotism, we hope will be answered to the satisfaction of the political world. The *Memoirs* are followed by a history of the Guerillas, from which we have only room for a brief extract.

Monsieur de Pradt, in the preface to his *Memoires Historiques sur la Revolution d'Espagne*, expresses a wish that the history of the Guerillas, both with regard to the time and circum-

stances of their origin, and to their numbers, chiefs, and military resources, as well as to their influence upon the liberation of Spain, should become the object of peculiar enquiry. The *Abbé* seems by this to hint at something, which, through ignorance of circumstances, is pretty generally believed; namely, that had it not been for the guerillas, Spain would have been subdued by the French. Although the author of these pages is well aware of the influence which, through the successful progress of the English army, and the powerful support of the British government, they have had upon the general issue of events, still he thinks himself justified in agreeing with Colonel Jones, that the guerillas, left to themselves, would have very soon "dwindled into banditti." As individuals, their exertions were laudable, and certainly spoke in favor of the firmness of a part of the nation; but they had too little weight to produce great results, or even to afford well informed men the least hope of seeing Spain liberated through their means.

FITZALLEYNE OF BERKELEY, *alias* COLONEL BERKELEY*.

THIS work is, in every sense, calculated to try the patience of all parties concerned in it—heroines and heroes, author, proprietor, and reader, and for aught we know the printer himself, or we may say the very devil himself; and our task of reviewing it resembles the misery of witnessing a damned farce at a certain Theatre Royal. Most of our readers have probably seen "The English Spy," an elegant periodical, illustrated by the humorous pencil of Cruikshank, and abounding in playful mimicry and good-natured sallies of wit and satire; in the present work, however, there is a feebleness and trifling which would not induce us to suppose it was by the same author; and notwithstanding his assurance that "it may serve as a lesson for those who stand in need of it," we doubt whether "it will at all events pass away a dull hour."

The public need not be informed, that Fitzalleyne of Berkeley is a mere sketch of the extraordinary career of a certain fascinating actress; that Fitzalleyne personifies Colonel Berkeley; Maria, Miss Foote; and Joseph will be easily recognized in a certain gentleman of no great attainments, and known in high life as the *Silver Ball*. The events here illustrated have so recently passed before the world, that to recapitulate them would be tedious to all parties; but the subdivision of the work into chapters under the following titles, evinces some ingenuity and tact on the part of the author.

The Comedy of Errors; the Inconstant; a Bold Stroke for a Wife; Every One has his Fault; Lovers' Vows; Know your own Mind; Who's the Dupe? Measure for Measure; and the Rivals; are the double entendre heads of the succeeding chapters in the first volume:—and All for Love; the Confederacy; a Chapter of Accidents; She Stoops to Conquer; the Devil to Pay; the Provoked Husband; Raising the Wind; the School for Scandal; A Cure for the Heart Ache; and Love, Law, and Physic; make up the second. Our readers may anticipate the substance of the second volume, in which personalities are certainly carried too far, and the narrative strays out of keeping, especially when we are told that Maria re-appeared in the Belle's Stratagem at Covent Garden Theatre, and that when overpowered by the applause of the audience, she leaned on the bosom of Mrs. Gibbs. The work is wound up with a "Contrast between the old English gentleman and a modern dandy;" in which there may be observed many smart touches of just satire, and some knowledge of life.

With all its imperfections, its dulness, and flippancy, Fitzalleyne of Berkeley will probably be in great request at the libraries, especially when we consider how vitiated is the taste, and how insatiate is the curiosity, of

* Fitzalleyne of Berkeley, a Romance of the present Times, by Bernard Blackmantle, author of "The English Spy." 2 vols. small 8vo., 13s. Sherwood and Co.

the public for disclosures which often involve points of great delicacy. This will, however, continue while the amours of actors and actresses, the *faux-pas* of green rooms, and the jealousies and heart-burnings of rouged rivals, are allowed to monopolize the attention of gentlemen about town, and ladies in their boudoirs. There is an unchasteness in such matters which is calculated to bring the stage into disrepute, and to render it more like the shambles of vice than the school of virtue; while the aberrations of its professors will become proverbial, and at length draw upon them the universal obloquy of the better ranks of society.

TREMAINE, OR THE MAN OF REFINEMENT*.

THERE are two species of novel writing; that which for a moment delights the imagination with its airy nothings, and then leaves it depressed and nauseated; and that which interests the understanding, and, at the same time, improves the heart by religious and moral precept, in home truths. Tremaine belongs to the latter class of novels, and altogether exhibits ease and grace, and other attributes of a masterly hand. The hero (Tremaine) is a man of fortune, family, and fashion, of an irritable and fastidious temperament: disgusted with the follies of the world, he retires an Epicurean, and almost infidel, a most unhappy and discontented hypochondriac, into the country.

Our readers will not expect extracts from a connected narrative, which turns on the reformation of Tremaine by the clergyman of the parish and his lovely daughter. We well know the zeal and interest which a true Christian pastor feels in such a task, and this from an instance within our personal observation and acquaintance. In the course of the narrative the reader is introduced to a multiplicity of scenes and characters, which exhibit life in all its multicoloured varieties. The philosophy of retirement, the only philosophy which wealth can purchase, is, however, the ruling topic, and such scenes of rural beauty as those described by our author, are well calculated to aid its study. It is here, when drawn from the hum of busy life, that religion introduces herself in the fairest form, without the cant and craft of the world, as the remedy for real and imaginary grief; and as the balm for the man of refinement, whose feelings have been blunted by the baseness of mankind. These lively contrasts, while they draw aside the contemplatist, induce the cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues, and after a few years of probation, he frequently returns regenerate to active life, and is thus reconciled to the weaknesses, and protected from the future injuries, of his fellow men.

THE LEGEND OF GENENIEVE†.

THE author of this extremely interesting volume is well known as the Poet Laureate of Blackwood's Magazine, in which we believe many of the poems here collected have appeared. The muse of Delta never fails of reminding us of some flowery mead, with a soft and quiet stream meandering throughout it: his principal charms arise from his delicacy of sentiment, the simple unforced style of expression, and the chasteness of his imagery. If there is nothing to elevate, there is nothing to disturb; his muse is like the stream we have compared it to, fluent, but yet unruffled. He is undoubtedly possessed of great sensibility, a feeling almost inseparable from the mind of

* Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement. 3 vols. post 8vo. Colburn.

† The Legend of Genenieve, with other Tales and Poems, by Delta (of Blackwood's Magazine). Blackwood, 1825.

the poet; and what may render his volume still more worthy the attention of our readers, is an unpretending spirit of morality, which is discernible in every page. There is a grace and a tenderness in the stanzas, which we must transmit to our pages.

STANZAS ON AN INFANT.

Even now, begirt with utter helplessness,
'Tis hard to think, as on thy form I gaze,
(Experience makes me marvel not the less)
That thou to busy man shalt rise, and raise
Thyself, mayhap, a nation's pride, and praise;
'Tis hard to let the truth my mind employ,
That he, who kept the world in wild amaze,
That Cæsar in the cradle lay---a boy,
Soothed by a nurse's kiss, delighted with a toy!

That once the mighty Newton was like thee;
The awful Milton, who on Heaven did look,
Listening the councils of Eternity;
And matchless Shakespeare, who, undaunted, took
From Nature's shrinking hand her secret book,
And page by page the wondrous tome explored;
The fearless Sidney; the adventurous Cook;
Howard, who mercy for mankind implored;
And France's despot chief, whose heart lay in his sword!"

The "LEGEND OF GENENIEVE," the principal poem in the volume, is related with great sweetness, and possesses considerable interest: the following graceful description is of

THE HEROINE.

Oh! who could paint young Genenieve,
The aged Baron's only child!
Upon that countenance, believe,
Or if she sighed, or if she smiled,
Unspeaking eloquence reposed,
Like dew on flowers by evening closed;
Shaded by bright, soft, auburn hair,
Her brow serene, and high, and fair,
Outvied, in its pure arch of white,
The moonshine snows of winter night;

Her cheek the rosebud bathed in dew
Resembled; from her eyes of blue
Shone out the seraph's depth of hue;
And for her form, so heavenly fair,
As in her loveliness she shone,
Bewitching all that gazed thereon,
Not Helen could compare!
Nor e'er was gaze on creature bent
So artless, or more innocent.

The ballad of "SIR HAROLD," reminds us of Sir Walter Scott, whose style we should judge Delta has studied very closely.

We should be surprised if in a volume bearing the impress of Scotland, we did not meet with a tribute to the memory of her unfortunate queen; nor are we disappointed; our author has further increased the good opinion we already possess of him, by the affecting effusion entitled "Mary's Mount," for which, on account of our narrow limits, we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

THE PICTURE GALLERY EXPLORED*.

THE publishers of this little volume have long been celebrated for the publication of juvenile works, and their fame is not a little enhanced by the known fact, that the character and tendency of their works are unexceptionable. The "PICTURE GALLERY EXPLORED," will add to this number. It consists of a series of engravings of interesting national events in English history, which are illustrated and explained in family dialogues. The anecdotes and biographical sketches interspersed throughout this volume, render it at once an useful and elegant present for children; and we recommend it to the notice of parents and guardians for the approaching holidays.

* The Picture Gallery explored; or, an Account of various Ancient Customs and Manners. Darton and Harvey.

RAMESES: AN EGYPTIAN TALE.*

WE have beheld, of late years, with sincere pleasure, the improved taste of the novel-reading public. We rejoice that the members of that community have no longer a religious abhorrence of the *new system* of novel writing. There was a time when the parties of whom we are speaking, estimated the merits of a tale by the number of spectres which figured in it; and unless there was an abundant supply of these, and knights in armour, bleeding nuns, trap-doors, sliding-pannels, and subterranean passages, the book was for ever banished from the presence of the novel reader. We shall not inquire into the origin of this taste, which might be traced back to the ignorance, superstition, and barbarism of the days when the monks, in the plenitude of their power, held so powerful an influence over the minds of the people. It is, however, rather singular that such feelings should have been cherished for so long a period after the world had freed itself from the trammels in which it had been enslaved. We may, perhaps, in a great measure, attribute the circumstance to the disreputable practice of those writers who chose rather to follow the public taste than to lead it; a class which will always be sufficiently numerous to keep alive the worst and most dangerous feelings. At length, however, a new system is established; and we may confidently hope that our novels will no longer be considered the most despicable branch of our literature. To the author of *Waverley* we are mainly indebted for this reformation. He has shewn that the real may be blended with the imaginary, without destroying the identity of either; and that the excitement produced by the latter, may, judiciously, be tempered with the usefulness of the former. Following his example, Galt, Grattan, and others, have done much towards advancing this species of writing; and we may, we think, safely pronounce that a novel has now very little chance of success, unless it has embodied in it either a series of historical facts, or the customs of a particular age, the habits and manners of a people, or some other useful information.

Upon this principle we may argue, that the tale which is adapted to convey to the reader the greatest portion of knowledge, is the most likely to meet with the greatest share of attention. But, although we have a right to use such an argument, we intend to do no such thing. We have none of the logic and wisdom of the man, who, having tasted an apple-pie with a few quinces in it, argued, that apple-pies would be still more improved, if they were entirely made of quinces. There is a possibility of making a work, which is designed for amusement, too erudite; and this is the very sin with which we have to charge the intelligent author of the volumes before us. We have begun with finding fault, because we have only one fault to find; although, upon reconsideration, it would perhaps have been better if we had withheld the accusation until the conclusion of our remarks; that our article might thus have resembled the bee, and have protected its sweets by means of its sting.

Rameses, as a tale, is exceedingly interesting: its characters partake of the spirit which presides over the seat of their actions; they are as much Egyptian as the Nile and the pyramids—to have made them otherwise than they are, would at once have destroyed that identity, which is now so well kept up, of time, place, and person. The incidents, which are founded upon the invasion of Egypt by the Palli, are remarkably striking; and are well adapted to the developement of the particular feelings, rites, and superstitions of the ancient Egyptians. This, together with an account of the colossal wonders of the country, appears to be the author's chief aim; and that he has succeeded no one will doubt, who is acquainted with the history of the people and objects described. That he may sometimes have erred in his details, we will not attempt to deny; neither will we that he is sometimes a little mystified: but this is the less to be wondered at, seeing that, on many of his points, there exists, and ever will exist, a variety of conflicting opinions. He is, however, evidently well skilled in Egyptian history; and to the student who is desirous of obtaining a great deal of information on the subject, with no great deal of trouble, we do not know a better book to recommend to him than Rameses.

* Rameses: an Egyptian Tale, with historical Notes of the Era of the Pharaohs. 3 vols. London: G. B. Whittaker.
Vol. IV.

The notes to the work exhibit considerable research, and bring, within a small compass, the collected facts and deductions of centuries. We trust that if, in addition to this statement, we express our regret that the author has not drawn more largely upon modern discoveries and modern writers—the remark will not be misconstrued into a declaration of censure. The labours of Clarke, Burckhardt, Salt, and other inquiring travellers, have effected much towards the unravelment of the perplexities in which the history of the ancient Egyptians is involved; and of these we should have been glad had the writer taken greater notice. We would mention, in particular, the great Androsphinx uncovered by Caviglia, which has been so much, and so deservedly, admired, not only as a monument of antiquity, but for its merits as a specimen of sculpture. This, and the Jupiter Ammon dug up by Belzoni, or, rather, we should say, by Mrs. Belzoni, during her husband's absence in Nubia, together with the many other recently discovered relics of distant ages, merit considerable attention. They are connecting links in the history of remote periods, and serve as monuments of man's superiority even in the most distant times.

Whatever relates to Egypt will always excite a powerful interest—the earliest traces of civilized man are to be found there: it is there we behold the dawns of that invincible spirit, which, for thousands of years, has given warmth and animation to the world. On this account it is that we have read Rameses with so much pleasure; it has served to brush up our school-boy recollections—and we have felt anew the delight arising from the contemplation of those splendid realities and sublime mysteries, the descriptions of which are so intimately connected with our earliest and most lasting impressions. The massy temple, the colossal statue, and the excavated mountain, are, at the present moment, as much the source of wonder to us, as they were in the days of our unripened reflection. In speaking of these temples and excavations, it may be as well to remark the strong evidence which they form of the Hindoos and Egyptians having been originally one people. These unrivalled monuments of human energy are only to be found in India and Egypt; and even the internal sculptural embellishments are so much alike in both countries, that it is almost impossible to deny their identity. It is a well-known fact, that the Se-poys, in their march to join the army under Lord Hutchinson, supposed they had discovered their own temples in the ruins of Dendera, and practised their devotions in them with the same ceremonies used in their own country.

With respect to the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians, it is very doubtful whether or not it was of that extent which some writers have represented. We cannot but believe that their sages would suffer very much in comparison with some of our modern philosophers. Not that we deny to them a very extraordinary share of information, considering the period in which they lived. Their acute knowledge of geometry, and their acquaintance with certain parts of astronomy, cannot possibly be doubted. The zodiac of Esné is supposed to boast an antiquity of upwards of 5000 years; and Hamilton, we believe, who is rather punctilious in dates, allows it to be nearly 4000. Thales, 600 years before Christ, calculated eclipses by the means of the learning he had acquired from the Egyptians; and if we consider the circumstance of the pyramids having their four sides to correspond with the cardinal points of the compass, we shall be still more surprised at the antiquity of their information on points of science. But their knowledge was more, perhaps, the result of happy combinations and of diligent comparison, than of superiority of intellect; for, as the author of Rameses justly observes—

“Building nothing upon conjectures, it is evident both from Herodotus, Diodorus, and every writer on their customs, that they noticed with the most scrupulous minuteness, in written records, every appearance of nature: all was noted down and compared; and by a diligent and watchful investigation for centuries, of all the heavens, the elements, man, beast, and animated nature and her vegetable tribes afforded, they amassed together a prodigious variety of data, whereon they reared the superstructure of their temple of knowledge.”

It may also be remarked, that their information extended very little beyond the mere elementary branches of science—they had no Newtons, Barlows, and Humphry Davies.

We are sorry that we cannot give an outline of the tale; which, as we have be-

fore stated, is of very considerable interest. We would also, if our limits had permitted us to do so, willingly have transcribed a few specimens of the author's forcible style. He is exceedingly happy in his descriptions, and clear in his narrative—he neither overpowers with his imagination, nor chills with the frigidity of his details. He is not too much of a poet to philosophize—nor so much of a philosopher as to scorn the aid of his fancy. On the whole, we pronounce these volumes the happiest attempt in our language, at uniting the facts of history with the splendid fictions of romance; and we have little doubt that they will ensure for their accomplished author the success which he so richly merits.

TALES OF ARDENNES.*

SINCE the first appearance of the Sketch Book, by Washington Irving, tales of the imagination, or slender facts garnished with fiction, have multiplied so fast as to overpower our critical industry. Whether an abundance of this species of reading is calculated to benefit mankind by improving the public taste, it is difficult to say, since it possesses a sort of negative interest. We all recollect the mortification of the man who, having just read Robinson Crusoe, was told it was a fictitious narrative. This is applicable to the above class of works: we would that they should be facts; and the nicety with which they are finished often deludes us, and thus tends to depreciate the popularity of works of a more useful character.

Tales of Ardennes are evidently the productions of a man of genius, and a warm admirer of Sterne, to whose spirit they are dedicated; but the title is a misnomer, or at least equivocal, since they were merely *written at Ardennes*, and, with a single exception, have no farther relation to that enchanting district. The work has been some time announced, and its title had induced us to expect a series of pastoral romances and sketches from the life, which are by no means rare in Les Ardennes, and such a work would have been of fascinating interest. At the same time, the opinions inculcated in this little volume are frequently of an extraordinary character, and we doubt not in this age of horror they will be perused with much earnestness by a certain class of readers. As a specimen we quote the Legend of Bernhard, of Ranstadt, which will be read with enthusiasm even by the warmest admirers of Cowper, in his most splenetic musings.

‘The legend of Bernhard contains no story. Whatever may have been the events of his life before he settled in Ranstadt, there it was almost devoid of incident. Those, therefore, for whom variety alone has charms, may pass it over. Those, also (if indeed there be any), whose sentiments respond to that line of the poet, where, speaking of suicides, he says,

“The common damn’d shun their society,”

need not waste their time in perusing this memoir. They will find nothing in it to fortify their opinions, and it would be a pity to shake their faith; but if there be some who think with another, and a greater, that

“The hand that smote its kindred heart might yet
Be prone to deeds of mercy;”

if there be any who judge not, lest they themselves be judged, and who would say of the suicide,

“He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone,”

let them read the opinions and death of Bernhard.

‘Bernhard was somewhat singular in his habits and opinions. He had no fixed hours, either for refreshment or repose. He used to say, “The beasts sleep in the night, because then it is dark; but man’s intellect has found a substitute for the light of day. God did not create darkness that men might sleep, but that the sun should enlighten all in their turn; but man having triumphed over the difficulty, there is no reason why he should sleep at one hour rather than at another, since all of them may be made equally subservient to the purposes of instruction and enjoyment.”

‘Bernhard’s studies were chiefly metaphysics and theology. Metaphysics, that wide ocean

* Tales of Ardennes. By Derwent Conway. small 8vo. London: Geo. B. Whittaker.

of rocks and quicksands, he used to say, he studied more from a sort of pleasure he felt in being lost in its darkness and profundity, than from any idea of profit to others, or instruction to himself. "All adventurers," says he, "are lost in it, because there is no beacon to guide them. Sometimes, indeed, a light-house is erected, and for a day or two a feeble ray is thrown across its darkness; but it is too feeble to lead the navigator through the shoals which it illumines. The only guides are former wrecks; but they speedily sink from view, and the next adventurer passes over them." In theology, the opinions of Bernhard were strictly orthodox. He believed Christianity to be a divine revelation; and his religion was the religion of the heart, as well as of the understanding. He seemed attached to no sect, though probably he had his preference. Wherever there were sincere worshippers, Bernhard could mingle his prayers with theirs.

'It was on the evening of the 31st of December that I received a note from Bernhard, saying that he wished to see me. I immediately went to him, and found him sealing a letter. "Sit down," said he, "Ludovick; I have something important to tell you: you must promise that you will not interrupt me." I gave him my word that I would not, and he then spoke nearly in the following words. "It is now six years," said he, "since I came to Ranstadt: I came a stranger, but I have lived among friends and brethren: I have found a kindness, and an interest, which, were it possible to forget the past, would have spread happiness around me; but the mind of man is leagued with the past. In the days, Ludovick, when you knew me not, I had my enjoyments; they were the enjoyments of friendship and affection. There have lived some, to whom the presence of Bernhard brought joy; one, who in the decline of years was called to the inheritance of the just; and there yet live those, whose hearts beat quicker at the name of Bernhard,—one, a dear and a holy one, who forgets not in the morning and evening prayer to supplicate the blessing of God for Bernhard. The dead, Ludovick, I shall not see in this world, and the living will soon be with the dead. Do not think me ungrateful; but the affection I meet with here but recalls that which is past; and when among you my ear meets the sound of sympathy, and when I grasp the extended hand of friendship, I feel the pressure of hands, some in the grave, and some yet warm, which have often welcomed my return, and told the pain of separation. The past haunts me for ever: days, hours, moments of past existence, are as green in my memory, and speak as powerfully to my heart, as if the intervening time were annihilated. Ludovick, I am going to join the dead, and await the living. Nay, do not interrupt me; my resolution is fixed: you know, Ludovick, that I am no sceptic; but my determination is not inconsistent with my creed. We are bound to follow revelation in all that it condescends to instruct us upon. Being once convinced of its divinity, this is true philosophy: but failing revelation, we are entitled to exercise that reason which has been given to us; revelation is silent upon the point. Suicide is condemned neither by commandment, advice, nor parable. The only example we have in the sacred writings is that of Judas, who *'went out and hanged himself.'* Had this been a parable, it might have been intended as a lesson, to shew that none but wicked men destroy themselves; but being related as an historical fact, it carries with it no authority. Revelation, then, being silent, I exercise my reason. I perceive that nature has given to every one a principle of self-preservation, which is the love of living, and which is usually the most powerful with which man is endowed. Men's actions must ever be determined by the comparative strength of the principles which influence them; and when the love of life is overbalanced, what is there then to bind him to it? A soldier who volunteers on a forlorn hope loves glory more than life, because he risks the one and ensures the other, and he is honoured for his choice. He who defends his creed at the stake sacrifices his life to his faith or his obstinacy. In both of these cases, the principle of self-preservation is overbalanced by other principles; and with those men who stand back from a forlorn hope, or renounce their creed, the love of life is stronger than any thing which is opposed to it. Women have often preferred death to the loss of honour; and in every one of the instances cited, the contempt of life has been esteemed a virtue, rather than a crime. There is no general rule, therefore, by which man is obliged in all cases to prefer life. With the saint, the soldier, or the Lucretia,—with the virtuous or the vicious, the choice must ever depend upon the comparative strength of the principles with which they are endowed. Many wicked men, indeed, have committed suicide; but it was the crimes which led to it that have thrown odium upon the deed which terminated them: but, whatever may be the cause which influences the suicide, the principle of self-preservation is overbalanced or extinguished, ere the act be committed. Ludovick, I have nothing more to say: take this paper---it settles one half of my fortune upon the poor of Ranstadt; the other half goes to my relations: send these letters to the persons to whom they are addressed. Remember me to your mother and sister, and tell them that Bernhard in his last hours had not forgotten their kindness. I have a little weakness, Ludovick, which you must promise to indulge me in; I dislike the idea of my body rotting in the earth. Let it be consumed, and deposit the ashes, I care not where.

And now, Ludovick, farewell." Bernhard ceased : need I say that all that friendship could do I did to dissuade him from his purpose. I knelt to him : I prayed ; I wept. Bernhard wept too : but his resolution was fixed. I even reasoned with him, and tried to shew that he was deluding himself ; but he only shook his head.

'The first of January that year was a sad one to the inhabitants of Ranstadt. Many were the tears shed as the ashes of Bernhard were carried to the grave ; and many an evening that winter was gloomily spent among circles he once enlivened. The poor wept his memory : they were told he had provided for them, but they wept the more. It was his face they loved to see. Poor Bernhard !'

The travels of Heidleburg we think we recollect to have seen in a German dress ; but they teem with interest and are worthy of translation.

In conclusion, we have reason to commend Mr. Conway's volume to the notice of the public, as possessing the deepest interest, and many exquisite touches of pathos and fine feeling ; and, as we have before said, they exhibit the strongest evidence of highly-wrought genius and original conceptions.

MR. PERCIVAL'S HISTORY OF ITALY.*

THIS work commences with the fall of the western empire, and the elevation of the Scythian Odoacer, A. D. 476, and terminates with the final overthrow of the republic of Venice, in 1789, on the first irruption of a French army already revolutionized. Mr. Percival observes in his preface, that "our language has hitherto offered no succinct and comprehensive narrative of the prominent vicissitudes in the long tragedy of Italy." He then proceeds to state, that the present work will in some measure fill a void in our historical literature. Mr. Hallam (he observes, too), in his view of the state of Europe in the middle ages, has devoted but a single chapter, valuable as it is, to the condition of Italy, and at that period only ; while the sixteen volumes of Mr. Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics comprise a period that can scarcely be said to commence earlier than the 11th, or to terminate later than the 16th century.

Mr. Percival has, therefore, produced what may be called the modern History of Italy, from the overthrow of the Roman empire in the west, to the French revolution, and in this task he has acquitted himself with great credit, and thereby rendered an important acquisition to historical literature.

MR. HARDING'S STENOGRAPHY.†

To expatiate on the utility of stenography in the present day, is altogether unnecessary. How many valuable documents, by means of this art, have been preserved ! The statesman, the divine, the lawyer, and, we may add, the public in general, have all partook of its advantages, and can bear testimony to its merits. While to the reporters of public debates, and lectures, and sermons, it is of essential importance, it is likewise adapted to afford assistance to persons of every rank and station—to the man of business as well as to the man of science, for the purpose of private convenience as well as of general information. On a careful perusal of the pages of this system of stenography, we can pronounce Mr. Harding's publication to be the most concise and useful book on the subject that has come before us. The work is neatly executed, and the price extremely moderate.

TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.‡

IRISH literature, or illustrations of Irish life and character, is every day rising in public estimation, and the press teems with proofs of this assertion, from the shilling pamphlet, to the splendidly embellished quarto. The above is a collection of three interesting tales, by three brothers, Mr. Abel O'Hara, Mr. Richard O'Hara, and Mr. Barnes O'Hara, or trinity in unity—by Mr. Banim, author of the Celts' Paradise, &c.

* The History of Italy. By George Percival, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London : Whittaker.

† Universal Stenography : or, new, easy, and practical system of Short-hand Writing. By William Harding. 12mo. London : Knight and Lacey.

‡ Tales of the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. small 8vo. London : Simpkin and Marshall.

They exhibit the manners of Irish society, at the close of the last century, particularly of the peasantry, their local superstitions, and the scenery of the country, which, notwithstanding some few inelegancies of description, are sketched with picturesque fidelity.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to make extracts, especially as these volumes resemble a collection of cabinet pictures of Irish life, drawn by a masterly hand, in which variety and shades of colouring are exhaustless. The relation which they bear to the superstitious traditions of Ireland, would be sufficient to render them intensely interesting, while the characteristic details with which they abound, render them at once the most popular series of narratives which have lately been sent forth to the world.

DR. ANTOMMARCHI'S LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.*

Of all the works which have appeared on what may be termed the private life of Napoleon, that of Dr. Antommarchi is unquestionably the most interesting. In the ill-starred career of this great man his posterity will ever read a fine lesson on the vanity of human ambition; but the circumstances of the last moments of his existence, a period when the sand of life was just run out, are calculated to produce emotions which must find their way into every benevolent heart.

The Doctor's conversations and anecdotage with the Emperor, occupy a considerable portion of these volumes, and abound with highly-wrought portraits of the greatest men of the age. But who can refrain from sympathizing with the patients of the following scene?

"The clock struck half-past five, and Napoleon was still delirious, speaking with difficulty, and uttering words broken and inarticulate: amongst others, we heard the words, 'Head... army,' and these were the last he pronounced: for they had no sooner passed his lips, than he lost the power of speech. Violent pains in the abdomen---last stage of dyspnœa---body cold and convulsed, covered with clammy perspiration---trismus (convulsive closing of the jaw). The pulsations were scarcely felt in the carotid and axillary arteries. I thought the vital spark had fled; but by degrees the pulse rallied, the oppression decreased, deep sighs escaped from his breast. Napoleon was still alive. * * *

"Ten A. M.---Pulse annihilated. I was following with anxiety its beatings, endeavouring to ascertain whether the vital principle was extinct, when I saw Noverraz enter the room, pale, his hair in disorder, and in the utmost agitation. The poor fellow, weakened by forty-eight days' sufferings of an acute hepatitis, accompanied by synocha (inflammatory fever), was scarcely beginning to be convalescent; but having heard of the dangerous state in which the Emperor was, he had caused himself to be brought down, and entered the apartment bathed in tears, to see once more a master whom he had served so many years. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to withdraw, but his emotion increased as I spoke to him: he fancied that the Emperor was threatened, and was calling him to his assistance, and he would not leave him, but would fight and die for him. He was quite light-headed: I flattered his zeal, succeeded in calming him, and returned to the patient.

"Eleven A. M.---Borborygmi---swelling and tension of the abdomen---icy coldness of the lower extremities, and, in a short time, of the whole body---eye fixed---lips closed and contracted---violent agitation of the nostrils---most complete adynamia (weakness)---pulse extremely weak and intermittent, varying from one hundred and two, to one hundred and eight, one hundred and ten, and one hundred and twelve pulsations per minute---breathing slow, intermittent and stertorous---spasmodic contraction of the epigastric region of the stomach---deep sighs---piteous moans---convulsive movements, which ended by a loud and dismal shriek. I placed a blister on the chest, and one on each thigh; applied two large sinapisms on the soles of the feet, and fomentations on the abdomen, with a bottle filled with hot water. I also endeavoured to refresh the emperor's lips and mouth, by constantly moistening them with a mixture of common water, orange-flower water, and sugar; but the passage was spasmodically closed; nothing was swallowed: all was in vain. The intermittent breathing and mournful sound still continued, accompanied by a violent agitation of the abdominal muscles: the eyelids remained fixed, the eyes moved and fell back under the upper lids: the pulse sunk and rallied again.---It was eleven minutes before six o'clock---Napoleon was about to breathe his last! a slight froth covered his lips---he was no more!--!--Such is the end of all human glory!"

† The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By Dr. Antommarchi, his Physician. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn.

COLONEL TRENCH'S PLAN OF THE THAMES QUAY,

AND OTHER PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

Subject of the Plate.

WHERE public improvements affect private interests, there is much of prejudice and cupidity to defeat, previously to their being carried into execution. Such has been the fate of the subsequently detailed plan of the Thames Quay, as proposed by Colonel Trench. Application has already been made to Parliament for a bill empowering this measure, and if we may judge from the persevering activity of the projector, we should imagine that his efforts will ultimately prove successful. In order to do justice to the subject, we have considered the plan with its objections.

The Thames Quay is certainly one of the most novel, grand, and captivating of the various propositions that have of late been laid before the public, and is at the same time highly important from the numerous interests affected. Amongst the higher orders, extending up even to the Duke of York, great way has been made. Col. Trench, who is the professed originator of the work, convened a meeting of the probable friends of the plan on board of a Thames barge, and the river committee having met, a very plausible scheme was laid before it, and the Colonel convinced the party that no time should be lost in carrying the plan into effect.

The Colonel's plan, we believe, is this :—It is proposed to take from the river on the Middlesex side, from London Bridge to Whitehall, a breadth varying according to local circumstances, but generally sufficient for a Quay of 100 feet wide, and leaving, between the Quay itself and the present banks, space for a floating dock. This dock is to be approached by flood-gates from the river, so that the vessels riding therein shall be always afloat.

The Quay is proposed to be raised on arches ; under these arches will be wharfs, open on one side to the river, and on the other to the New Docks. This Quay will present a fine drive or walk, commanding a view of the river, and will relieve the crowded thoroughfare of the Strand and Fleet Street.

The advantage of narrowing and deepening the River Thames has been admitted by all who had attended to the subject, and the late Mr. Jeslop, Engineer, presented a plan to the House of Commons, illustrative of that subject (which was published in the Report of the Select Committee for improving the Port of London in 1800). He recommended that the river should be narrowed to 600 feet, and deepened in proportion, so as to preserve an equal capacity for the volume of water. The late Mr. Mylne's opinion, and such an opinion was valuable, was also to the same effect.

Although this plan of the Quay comes upon us now sanctioned by Colonel Trench and the Committee with an air of novelty, it will be remembered by those who have attended to the history of our great city, that the illustrious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, proposed something of the sort in his plan for rebuilding the city after the fire of London in 1666, and an act of Parliament (22 Charles II. ch. ii.) was passed at his suggestion, to set out a Quay from London Bridge to the Temple.

This enlightened and patriotic measure, projected by Sir Christopher Wren, was defeated by private cupidity at the time, and various encroachments have since been gradually advanced : at length, when an attempt was made a few years back by some worthy citizens to improve the space between the Temple and London Bridge, these very encroachments received from the legislature a sort of sanction, by a bill brought in by an interested party with sufficient influence to carry the measure into effect.

Let us hope that at this day an effort of great improvement will be more successful ; and, considering the many royal and noble promoters of the measure, stirred up by the Colonel to "such a sudden flood of mutiny" against the old river side, it may be expected, that nothing on the part of the mere householders and wharf-holders can come in the way to prevent its completion. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, even by Colonel Trench and Mr. Rennie, that the interference with private property will be immense.

The plan is also open to an obvious objection. The principal works are proposed to be put down in the deepest part of the river, where they will be enormously expensive to execute, and will be liable to the greatest and most dangerous attacks by floods, &c. Thus one of the advantages of narrowing the river, viz. to procure a more uniform and equal depth of water, will be lost.

Our Engraving represents a portion of Colonel Trench's elegant improvement at the most picturesque point of view, viz. from the Strand Bridge.

CONDENSIANA.

NO. III.

MATTERS OF INFORMATION.

From original Sources.

MOTION OF THE ELECTRIC FLUID.

AN erroneous idea has long been prevalent, that an electrical discharge is capable of being transmitted through a very considerable distance, without its intensity being diminished. By employing wires of various lengths, up to 840 feet, and measuring the energy of the electric action, by the deflection produced in a magnetic needle, Mr. Barlow has, however, found, that the intensity diminishes very rapidly, very nearly as the inverse square of the distance. This ascertained fact explodes the theory of electrical telegraphs.

RAISING OF SILK IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The very interesting communications of Miss Rhodes and of Mr. Swayne, of Pucklechurch, near Bristol, on breeding and treating silkworms in England, are probably within the recollection of our readers. The scarcity of mulberry-trees which has so long been urged as an obstacle to this beneficial undertaking, is now likely to be obviated. A chartered company is about to be formed for that purpose, and plantations of mulberry-trees made. Mr. Agar, of Camden Town, has already 8000 white mulberry-trees growing in his extensive plantations there.

HINDOO LAPIDARY'S WHEEL.

This wheel, used for cutting precious stones, is composed of one part gum-lac, and two parts of powdered emery, which are formed into a paste. The paste thus made is beaten on a slab of stone, then rolled on a stick, and reheated several times. The mixture being uniform, the paste is formed into the shape of a wheel, polished with plate-iron, and bored through the middle by a heated metallic rod.

BRANDY FROM POTATOES.

Professor Oersted gives the following report of his process for distilling brandy from potatoes: The potatoes are put into a close wooden vessel, and exposed to the action of steam, which heats them more than boiling water. They are then reduced to the finest paste. Boiling water is next added to the paste, and afterward a little potash, rendered caustic by quick-lime. This dissolves the vegetable albumen which opposes the complete conversion of the potatoe starch into a fluid. Professor Oersted frees the potatoe brandy from its peculiar flavour by means of the chlorate of potash, which is said to make it equal to the best brandy made from wine.

BLACK LEAD MINE.

A valuable mine of black lead has recently been discovered in Invernessshire. It is situated near the top of a rocky ravine, close to the head of Lock Lorry, within a mile of the Caledonian Canal. The breadth of the vein is in many places full three feet.

CUT WOOD ORNAMENTS AND VENEERS.

We are indebted to our ingenious neighbours, the French, for the discovery of a method of converting pulverized wood, or saw-dust, into a solid substance, by which curious wooden articles may be formed into moulds, at a trifling expense, out of rare and valuable wood. This invention will, in some measure, supersede the art of carving in wood, at this moment so fashionable in household furniture and internal decorations.]

BOTANY IN RUSSIA.

In 1824 upwards of 40,000*l.* was given by the Emperor of Russia for carrying into execution an extensive series of operations in botany. Conservatories, greenhouses, and stoves were ordered to an immense extent, the whole of which were to be completed before the winter. This establishment is under the charge of Dr. Fischer; two secretaries, a Frenchman and Russian, and an excellent botanic painter from Germany, are likewise engaged. The collection of plants is already very great, and 18,000 rubles are set aside for the annual expenses in collecting plants. During the last year upwards of 14,000 packages of seeds were sown. Dr. Fischer visited England and Scotland in the autumn, and on his return took with him above 4000 living plants.

PRESERVATION OF FISH.

The antiseptic virtues of burnt wood are well known, and for ensuring the sweetness of fish during land carriage, the body of the fish should be opened, and the internal parts sprinkled with powdered charcoal.

HATCHING OF FISH.

The Chinese have a method of hatching the spawn of fish, and thus preserving it. The fishermen collect on the margin and surface of the water, all those gelatinous masses which contain spawn, and having found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. After a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young are then hatched. The sale of spawn for this purpose, forms an important branch of trade in China.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERATURE ON STONE BRIDGES.

A striking instance of the effect of change of temperature on a bridge has recently been observed on that constructed over the Dordogne, at Souillac. This bridge was of stone, had seven arches, each of above 24 feet span. As the masonry settled, the parapet stones slightly separated from each other, as is generally the case; but this occurred during the very cold weather of February, 1824. It was afterward found that cement, with which portions of the cracks had been filled, remained undisturbed during the cold weather, but as the warm weather came on, it was pressed out, and the joints were closed. The expansion and contraction of the bridge, was therefore entirely thermometrical, or depending upon the change of the temperature of the atmosphere. This expansion and contraction does not, however, change by time, equal effects having been produced on arches constructed the year previous, or not more than two months.

THEORY OF THE GROWTH AND COLOUR OF HAIR.

The structure and formation of hair, bristles, claws, nails, hoofs, horns, and other vascular substances belonging to the bodies of animals, have been recently elucidated in a lecture delivered by Dr. Roget. However much these several substances may seem to differ in form or use, they are severally composed, as the Doctor states, partly of a congeries or mass of minute vessels, and partly of a gelatinous matter in which these vessels are imbedded.

Hair is described to be the natural covering of that class of animals which suckles its offspring, termed *mammalia*, to which it is found to be almost exclusively confined. Each individual hair, we are informed, is rooted in a minute vascular pulp, seated within the interior surface of the skin, where it receives its nourishment from a set of vessels connected with each of these pulpy substances.

The colour is considered to be communicated to hair, by two kinds of oleaginous fluid, each containing certain metallic ingredients. Where the hair approaches to black the colouring material contained in these oils is of a ferruginous or iron-like quality. When it partakes more or less of a sandy complexion, sulphur prevails more or less in the composition of the oily substance: and as the proportions of these and other metallic ingredients predominate in the colouring fluids, all the different grades in the colour of hair are considered to be produced.

From microscopical examinations some curious facts relative to the hollow tubular formation of hair are adduced: and in the course of the lecture are discussed the opinions of various physiologists as to the bundles of fine filaments of which each individual hair is thought to be composed; also the inequality of surface by which hair is adapted for felting, and for thus being manufactured, and used for many valuable purposes, together with various other curious and interesting particulars on this subject, and embracing others with which it is intimately connected.

CARAVAN COMMERCE NEWLY ESTABLISHED IN AMERICA.

In May and June last a caravan, or company of trading persons, eighty in number, with 156 horses, and 23 waggons and carriages, performed an expedition from Missouri to Santa Fé in new Mexico. Thus a course of traffic has been opened across the vast plain which lies between the Mississippi and the Rio del Norte. The journey to New Mexico over-land, but lately deemed a chimerical project, had, in its recent accomplishment, already surpassed the visions of the wildest imaginations. Santa Fé was now considered only a stage in the progress of this expedition: for instead of turning back from that point, the caravans there broke up into subdivisions, some proceeding to the Passo del Norte—some towards the mines of Chihuahua and Duranga—some to Siera and Sinatoa—others seeking new lines of communication with the shores of the great Pacific, and all exploring new channels of commerce.

The fruit of this first enterprise amounted to 190,000 dollars in gold and silver bullion, and coin, and precious furs; no inconsiderable sum in the commerce of an infant state; and well worthy of consideration as an earnest of what may be expected from a regular and protected traffic.

EARLY PROFICIENCY OF THE PERSIANS IN CERTAIN SCIENCES.

M. Fontanier, an Asiatic traveller, has addressed a letter, dated Teheran, to a member of the Geographical Society in Paris, in which, after speaking of the errors and omissions of former travellers in those regions, he says, "Another circumstance that has not been sufficiently investigated is the state of science in Persia. What would be said, for instance," continues he, "if it were to be discovered that the Persians had an exact idea of the system of the world before ourselves—that, before the Europeans had any knowledge on the subject, the Persians were acquainted with the fixed position of the sun; of the motion of the planets; and of the theory of eclipses; and that they possessed means of calculating them much more simple than those we are in the habit of using?"

Now it would, perhaps, be considered hardly fair to question, from these observations of the French traveller, his knowledge of the Pythagorean doctrine of the universe: and yet, if he were really aware that the Grecian philosopher had propagated his theory 500 years before the birth of Christ, and 2000 years before it was renewed in Europe by Copernicus—if, at the same time, and knowing this, he had considered, the extension of the Greek Empire, and with it the circulation of the notions of the Greek philosophers, throughout Persia, it can scarcely be thought that he would have handed to France in these days an account of the early knowledge of the Persians on this subject, *as a matter of wonder*. Though the system of Pythagoras was so long compelled to give way to the prejudices of the vulgar, still it must not be supposed that the opinion of so renowned a sage could, during its long slumber, be totally disregarded. Though the doctrine that the sun was stationary in the centre, and all the planets moving in elliptical orbits round it, as taught by Pythagoras, was rejected as improbable and chimerical, yet it must not be looked upon as wholly extinguished and lost sight of. It was recorded among the other profound and luminous speculations of the Samian philosopher, which was as well known in Chaldea, Persia, and Egypt, as in his native country, notwithstanding it was suffered to continue dormant until the deep inquiries and more experienced philosophy of the sixteenth century proved it by the most accurate calculations and experiments to be true and incontestable: and it might rather be considered a matter of wonder than otherwise, had not the Persians been in some degree acquainted with this order of the universe before it became known among the nations of Europe.

CHINA INK.

A good substitute for this beautiful article may be made by dissolving six parts of isinglass in double their weight of boiling water, and one part of Spanish liquorice in two of water. The two liquors should then be mixed, and one part of ivory black incorporated with them. When properly mixed, the water should be evaporated by placing the compound in a water-bath.

TELESCOPES.

The children of one Hanson, a spectacle-maker at Middleburgh, in Holland, while amusing themselves in their father's shop, accidentally placed a convex and concave glass so as to cause a weather-cock to appear much nearer and larger, on being looked at through the two glasses, and by their expressions of surprise drew the attention of their father, who, having examined the effect, soon ascertained the cause; and this accidental circumstance gave birth to the telescope, from which instrument science has derived such numerous and great advantages.

Since the power of thus enabling ourselves to extend our prospects through the spacious heavens, and minutely examine their structure and action, has been afforded by a combination of glasses, the true theory of the universe, as proclaimed by Pythagoras, and revived by Copernicus, may be said to have been fully satisfied by observation: and from the great improvements he made in the instrument, and being the first who employed it in astronomy, as well as the vengeance he was destined to endure under the inquisition in consequence of his philosophical discoveries, the name of Galileo will ever remain illustriously conspicuous.

FINE ARTS.

PAINTINGS DISCOVERED AT POMPEII.

THE excavations of the Bath at Pompeii are rapidly proceeding, and a chamber of beautiful paintings is among the latest discoveries. On this subject the following direct information has been received.

"Opposite to the baths is a small gallery or passage, which leads into an extensive dwelling. The wall on the left hand of this passage is covered with a yellow ground colour, on which a genius is painted, with a laurel-branch in his hand. On each side of him is a round compartment. In one of them is the representation of a small temple; in the other, fish and fruit. Proceeding into the chamber, we perceive, immediately on the left hand, the wonderfully beautiful figure of a Venus; the upper part of which was unfortunately destroyed by the unskilfulness of the workmen who cleared the place. On the right hand, a painting, of three or more figures, excites astonishment by its excellence. It represents a barbarian (Frigio) seated, and near him a woman of majestic deportment, and with features full of expression. Near to this is another picture of the same size. It contains about a dozen figures---one sitting: another representing a warrior, holding by the hand a beautiful girl, who is veiled. This painting is in every respect so beautiful, that we can expect nothing superior to it, if all Pompeii should be cleared."

The rooms to the left of the above Venus abound with curious relics. A Triton and a boy sitting on a dolphin, battles of the Amazons, triumphal cars, &c. are enumerated, and the discoverers anticipate still more from their researches in these apartments. Of course the antiquarians are enraptured with their success, and altogether the adventure is one of the most interesting topics in their cabinets.

THE EGYPTIAN TOMB,

Of which the model is now exhibiting in Leicester Square, has recently been opened to a select few of the antiquarian world. The new chamber is very rich in hieroglyphic figures, some of which are very important as illustrative of the mysteries of this early symbolical language.

ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. George Cooke has lately published an exquisite view of Rotterdam, from the celebrated picture painted by Calcott, for the Earl of Essex. We understand that it is the first of a series of Engravings from the works of Mr. Calcott, and we sincerely congratulate the public on the commencement of a series which argues so well of the artist's success.

ILLUSTRATION OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

An enterprising publisher, Mr. Prowett, of Old Bond Street, has engaged Mr. Martin to illustrate this noble work. The first book, and 1300 hundred lines of the second, which form the first part, just published, contain two designs on steel---Satan hurled from heaven, and his appeal to his fallen associates. The engravings are of the foremost order of true genius. The work is dedicated by permission to the King, and in every respect worthy of his august patronage.

PORTRAIT ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait engraving, like portrait painting, is every day rising in public favour. Hence our printsellers' depositories resemble so many portrait galleries. Perhaps the most successful of recent enterprise in this branch of engraving, are the celebrated portraits of his Majesty and the Dukes of York and Sussex, published by Sams, of Pall Mall; and we hear with much pleasure, that portraits of the other members of the Royal Family are in hand.

Within the month, a fine portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of York has been published, engraved in line, by Doo, after a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Mr. Doo's portrait has not, however, transferred the peculiar excellencies of the original with perfect success. This portrait is the first of a series of line portraits after Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, &c. and the undertaking is altogether worthy of the respect of the lovers of the Fine Arts.

NEW ACADEMY OF ART.

We rejoice to find, in these piping times of peace, the legislature think seriously of erecting a new academy. The rooms at present occupied by them will be given to the society opposite. The site, as yet, is not determined; but the plan originally proposed, of having it in the Mews, is found to be impracticable. An eligible site may, doubtless, soon be found, when once the determination of the legislature is made public.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

PARIS is incessantly annoyed by a series of uninteresting debates on the laws relating to sacrilege, on the indemnity of the emigrants, and the reduction of the five per cents. Those who affect to be interested in these matters, occasionally read the speech of some distinguished orator, but oftener refer to the denouement, as an indifferent man looks at the sum-total of his tavern-bill. A recent speech of M. Chateaubriand on the reduction of the five per cents. is, however, worthy of notice. M. M. Pettier, and Petitot, two distinguished literary men, have died within the month, and M. Paul Courier, one of the most ingenious writers of the age, has fallen a victim to assassination. In our own country, we have to record the death of Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A. a painter of the first order, whose works are inferior only to M. Angelo.

The law of indemnity was passed on the 21st, by a majority of 96, which was much greater than had been anticipated.

The affairs of the Greeks are reviving, and Mr. Canning is said to have received a letter from the provisional government, calling upon England for support, and adverting to the anomaly of our recognizing South American independence, and excluding Greece.

The Catholic emancipation bill has already passed a second reading by a majority of 27! Petitions are, however, preparing in every parish in the empire *against* the Bill.

Within the month the usual dinner has been given to Mr. Brougham at Edinburgh, and notwithstanding the high tone of Whiggery which prevailed, there were some brilliant bursts of eloquence, especially in the highly-wrought paragraphs of Mr. Brougham's speech.

The King held a levee at Carlton Palace, at which the presentations were very numerous, on Wednesday the 16th. On Monday the 25th his Majesty visited Covent Garden Theatre, and was received with the warmest greetings of a loyal and affectionate people, both within and without the doors.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

ON Easter Monday, after the usual holiday performance of Pizarro, a new melo-drama, entitled Abon Hassan, was produced at this theatre. It is taken from the well-known story of the Sleeper Awakened, in the Arabian Nights, and as a vehicle for the new music of Weber, it is very amusing. The adapter is said to be Mr. Dimond, who has executed his task with more taste and good sense than are usually met with in such productions. It was perfectly successful, but much of its good fortune as a drama rested on the inimitable acting of Harley, and the vocal talent of Miss Graddon, who is daily rising in public estimation.

On Monday, the 10th, Mr. Macready re-appeared for the first time since his recent indisposition, in Romont, in Massinger's Fatal Dowry. He was deservedly well received by the audience, and his acting throughout the character drew forth immense applause. Der Freischütz continues unabated in its popularity, and is generally performed here three nights in each week.

COVENT GARDEN.

The usual Easter novelty has been dispensed with at this theatre and the revived melo-drama of Aladdin has been put forth as a substitute. The result has not, however, been favourable to the concern, so untractable is John Bull when his taste and whim are not studied and gratified. Mr. Dimond's long-promised play of the Hebrew Family, or a Traveller's Adventures, has, however, been produced, and we think acted two nights. It was from beginning to end a wearisome train of plot and underplot, and even in the present dearth of novelty could not be tolerated. Mr. Young has re-appeared, and has, during the month, repeated Rolla, King John, and other of his popular characters. The appropriate comedies of the Belle's Stratagem, and the Inconstant, have, likewise, been performed with great *eclat*, but whether with a view to Miss Foote's misgivings, we are not able to decide. A weak attempt has been made to profit by the *ci-devant* popularity of Miss Paton, who resumed her theatrical duties on the 5th; but this was met with such coolness by the public, as will, we trust, be a timely lesson to all parties. Orestes in Argos, which has been announced in the bills of the theatre for three months past, was at length produced on Wednesday, the 20th---but we fear will not prove very profitable.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

PART I.

The approbation conferred upon the analysis of CAPTAIN PARRY'S VOYAGE---The LIFE OF NAPOLEON---and MR. HUNTER'S CAPTIVITY, in recent numbers, has induced the insertion of the following paper, which will, we trust, be equally appreciated. SUBJECTS OF VALUABLE INFORMATION, as well as the LIGHTER DEPARTMENTS of the BELLES LET TRES, will, it is hoped, secure a permanent value to the volumes of our Journal.

FEW events of history are more generally talked of and less generally known, than this most strange and sanguinary one. It were impossible, within the limits of a work of this nature, to give a full detail of that eventful period, or to trace the latent causes which led to the phenomenon; and which are still operating upon the state of European politics, or more extensively vibrating upon the mind and morals of its inhabitants. Suffice it, that we compress into the bounds prescribed to us, the most important features and history of those "fearful times;" and thereby teach to the present generation the grand lesson of national virtue and of individual forbearance. We wish not to inculcate the principles of passive sufferance of public wrongs; or to exhort men to bow down and receive the yoke of tyranny; but only not to be easily led away by the declamations of designing villains and petty tyrants,

"Who call that freedom when themselves are free."

And, again, should ever that time come, which God forbid! when forbearance under oppression would endanger the glorious boon of liberty, to avoid, if it be possible, those errors and calamities, which we have seen to float a nation in her own blood, and render a people, famed for their social virtues, the assassins of each other.

For many years prior to this event, the French nation seems to have been gradually growing into a state of moral corruption, from the influx and circulation of works, founded upon a specious philosophy, and propagating false theories of the rights of man, and visionary definitions of national liberty. It was, indeed, a species of enlightened knowledge, but as far different from that now spreading over all classes of society, as the state of this country at present is from that of France in the height of her rebellion.

Louis the Sixteenth, in the midst of difficulties arising from the divisions in his own ministry—the state of the public finances—and the murmurs which began to reach the throne, resolved to convene the States-General, an assembly partaking the nature of our Parliament, yet never assembled but at the will of the sovereign, and only called in times of commotion and public distress; and which had not been before assembled for upwards of a century and a half. This act of Louis has been much censured by those who now look back, with calculating indifference, upon the events, of which it may be said to have been the dreadful forerunner: and, perhaps, it was a step ill advised and imprudent in itself, but most laudable if viewed through the medium of the motives which induced it. Louis was, indeed, too good a king for so corrupt a nation, and the result has proved how little they merited this endeavour at conciliation, when he might, by severity and firmness, have riveted the yoke of slavery upon them, as firmly as they have the stain of infamy upon the times they lived in.

On the 5th of May the States-General assembled, and the king went in procession to attend the deputies. This assembly was not rendered famous so much for any thing said or done in it, as for the tone which the nation assumed upon its authority and the opportunity it offered to the leaders of faction to make a bold stand in their revolutionary cause.—The *tiers etats*, or commons of this French Parliament, were chosen by public election, and by that means the chief part of the members who found their way into it were men of ambitious and daring souls, who, having purchased their first step by the degradation of public subserviency, were

ready to hazard every thing to preserve it; these men, by their declamation, fanned the sparks of insurrection which were already lighted in the very bosom of the nation, and increased rather than diminished, the difficulties under which this unfortunate monarch laboured, and which he had too virtuously hoped by this means to have alleviated. It was now, however, too late to recall the step; and the only course left, was either to resist with austerity, or to submit with indifference; but the mind of Louis was too noble for the one, and too compassionate for the other, and, by steering a middle course, he seemed to give so much check as to excite resistance, and so much submission, as to encourage audacity.

Every sentence of the national assembly and of the public press, every motion of the nation, bespoke a state of things pregnant with some approaching change; many were the insults offered to royalty; and many deadly frays took place on account of the clash of political opinions:—at this time it was, that an accident occurred, indifferent in itself, but which tended to draw closer into a focus the collecting rays of public ferment. On the 20th of June, 1789, the king had ordered some repairs to be done in the chamber where the *tiers etats* were accustomed to assemble, without having given any public notice of its being closed. When the members arrived and found the doors closed upon them, they were not long in finding a cause favourable to their ambitious hopes, and the report was soon spread, that the king was going to dissolve the assembly, and to attempt, by force of arms, to restore the unlimited power of the crown. This filled the city with turbulent sedition, while the members themselves adjourned to a neighbouring church, and there swore "*never to separate until the constitution of their country should be completed.*"

From this time the democracy began to assume an important station in the legislative power of the country, and so prosperously did their scheme of encroachment go on, that after some ineffectual struggles against the tide of misfortune, the king himself at length condescended to attend their meetings, and shortly afterward issued his public request to all orders, to join the "National Assembly." This is but one of the many actions in this strange catastrophe, which probably, while the narrative of these times shall be looked upon otherwise than as a sanguinary fable, will be left to speculation and doubt as to its causes; but we must observe, that the king saw his kingdom torn by contending factions, and tottering, as it were, in the convulsions of internal discord; a sacrifice he thought might restore tranquillity, but it only gave stimulus to spreading treason.

Several skirmishes had already taken place between the soldiers and the mob, in which the former had sometimes evinced reluctance to act, and had at times positively refused to fire upon them.

Another imprudent step taken by the king about this time, was the dismissal of Necker, one of his ministers and the favourite of the people, from his councils. An act of this kind is always pregnant with a degree of danger, but at a moment like this it was fatal, and fatal did it prove.

On the 12th of July, 1789, Necker was dismissed, and on that night Paris was the scene of open rebellion, the public buildings were attacked, the city was illuminated by the conflagration of the finest edifices, troops were galloping about in all directions; the echo of cannons, fire-arms, and alarm-bells, resounded through the continual din of shouts and yells, and Paris that night seemed deserted by every virtue, and nothing was to be seen or heard but riot and general destruction.

However dreadful the scenes acted in Paris on that night, they were but the preludes to the more sanguinary and dreadful 14th of July, rendered ever memorable by the destruction of the Bastille. This building had become odious to the French people from the exaggerated reports of its dungeons being crowded with the friends of liberty and the advocates of the favourite dogmas of the day; but when those dungeons were thrown open, it produced only the release of seven prisoners, and those of no great notoriety.

It was at that time reported, and still is a matter of doubt, that the governor had inveigled within the walls, a number of the assembled mob, and caused them immediately to be inhumanly murdered on the spot—it is certain such was the general belief, and the fury of the populace became more desperate. The place was too strong to be forced by muscular efforts, and it underwent an assault with all the skill and regularity of a siege; cannon played upon it from without, while those within

returned upon the crowd with grape-shot; which, though it produced immense slaughter, diminished nothing from the ardour of the attack. After this had lasted some hours, a band of revolutionists, who had formed themselves into, what they were pleased to term, "*The permanent committee of the Parisian militia*," issued an order, that the troops of Paris should be admitted to defend the place, being, in other words, an order for capitulation. To such an extremity of resource and hopelessness was the governor reduced, being cut off from all communication with his superior authorities, and finding himself unable longer to hold out against the accumulating thousands before the place, that he was at length obliged to surrender. Whether this surrender was unconditional, or whether it was upon the simple terms that the inhabitants should be spared from massacre, remains a matter of historical dispute; but that they *were* massacred, is a fact upon which there can be none. The enraged and enthusiastic multitude rushed into the gates, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter upon its defenceless inmates; and when there were no remaining objects to glut their vengeance, but the mangled carcasses of those whom they had butchered, they turned their fury upon the building, and hardly left one stone standing upon another. The governor fell an early victim to their rage, and his head was paraded about the streets of Paris, amidst shouts of "liberty"—"*vive la nation*," and the general uproar of a successful mob.

England, in all her afflictions, has never beheld a day like this—all business was suspended—and the marts of public traffic closed, or only opened as scenes of murder and destruction—the houses of the peaceable inhabitants were pillaged, and every corner ransacked for bread to supply the starving mob. For, as if fate had resolved to mark this as the climax of public suffering, a dreadful famine at this time raged throughout the whole empire, and which was, of course, the most severely felt in the more crowded resorts of population. The cause of this famine was a dreadful storm, which had the year before, and on the very anniversary of these bloody proceedings, laid waste the most fertile provinces of this unhappy kingdom. Although such was the true cause, yet the poor, while famishing for want, were ready to hear, and willing to believe, the insinuations of the artful and designing, that the famine was the result of a royal conspiracy against the lives and liberty of the people; and this added rancour to hatred, while it gave animation to revenge.

This attack, and the scenes of riot which had before taken place, seemed, from various evidences, to be marked by more design than usually attends such excesses; and it was generally believed, that there were parties behind the scene directing and goading on the people in their mad career. There were, indeed, too good reasons for suspecting the Duke of Orleans of being concerned in these rebellious projects. His wealth, which was immense, and his close connexion with the royal family, alone might have made him an object of suspicion; but it was currently reported that his money found its way into the pockets of the leaders of the faction, as well as to the hands of the mob; and it was a matter of public notoriety, that his gardens were the resort of republican demagogues, who were there constantly declaiming upon public grievances, and fomenting discord in the minds of men, and sometimes stirring them "to a sudden flood of mutiny." It is severe to accuse a man of crimes so heinous, without abundant proof, and we can only say, therefore,

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath he answered it.

With this night, which too plainly proved the insecurity of life or of fortune, commenced the system of emigration, led on by the Count d'Artois, who, finding himself on the list of those against whom public hatred was levelled, hastily fled for safety to a foreign court. These are the emigrants for whom France is now so busily engaged in affording compensation for their loss of property, which was shortly afterward decreed by the National Assembly, as forfeited, as well as their lives, if they should not return within a fixed period, to take their trial; or rather, to go through the mockery of judicial sanctions, to the forfeiture of both life and fortune.

On the following morning the king went to the National Assembly to complain of this outrage. His speech was firm and patriotic, and wrung from the hearts of unwilling auditors, loud marks of public approbation. Every one joined in reprobation of the transactions of the 14th, but none dared go a step farther towards

punishment of the perpetrators of that day's enormities. The effect, however, was, that comparative tranquillity was restored, and the National Assembly went on quietly in their task of preparing the new constitution, and their declaration of the "rights of man."

Shortly after these events, Necker was restored to royal favour, and by this means tranquillity appeared reviving. It was declared that "no man should henceforth be punished but according to law;" but this, even, was not done without opposition; and in this opposition it was, that the too celebrated Robespierre first gave publicity to those sanguinary principles, which were afterward so fatally proved to be the only rule of his remorseless actions. He now contended that the people had a right to execute immediate justice on their public enemies.

On the 4th of August the assembly issued their decree for the abolition of all feudal rights, thereby sweeping off whole families from affluence to poverty, by depriving them of their hereditary possessions; and at the same time they also abolished all tithes throughout the kingdom; giving to the clergy a fixed stipend. By this means did the assembly erect a column of public approbation and support, upon the wrecks of private fortunes; and we may therefore cease to be surprised at the wonderful effects they wrought by their arms abroad and influence at home, when they were supported by the body of the nation, upon the strongest inducements of self-interest; while those who might have opposed them in interest, or by wealth, were either glad to escape with life, or were themselves reduced to the dependance of the most abject poverty.

In times like these, it may well be supposed that every one thought himself exempt from the payment of taxes; and, accordingly, the revenue of the state became unproductive. In this state of things the assembly issued an order for the payment of one-fourth of every man's property, towards the public necessities. It is true, the order was almost ineffectual: but what a strange anomaly in the conduct of men does this decree present; an assembly formed, as it were, for the redress of public grievances, commences, almost, by enacting a law to levy on the kingdom more in one year, than under the old order of things they would have been called upon to pay in twenty.

About this time the queen had become an object of public detestation, and a mob, consisting of the lowest orders of that sex, and of men who assumed that garb the more easily to effect their purposes, attacked the palace at Versailles, penetrated even into the queen's chamber, and pierced the bed with their weapons; but fortunately the queen had sought protection with the king, and thus protracted for a few years that life which was doomed at last to fall a sacrifice to public odium.

The next morning the king and queen were both led like captives, though with the semblance of their own free-will, to Paris, and the procession that accompanied them, was preceded by the heads of two of the king's favourites, carried upon pikes, and in this manner was the king conducted to the Tuilleries.

It were tedious to detail the scenes of riot and confusion, which, from day to day, now marked the progress of the revolutionary cause, and kept the capital of the empire, nay the whole kingdom, in a state of constant alarm.

While this was the state of the nation in general, the assembly was the scene of equal confusion, and desperate controversies; each new theory of government met with advocates; and every change of circumstances produced fresh situations of difficulty, and dispute; votes, the most absurd, or the most destructive, were carried by acclamation. In this manner the church property was voted to the state, and all monastic institutions for ever destroyed; at times they were even bold enough to assume the reality of virtue, and actually ordered the execution of the leader of a mob, which had murdered a baker, upon suspicion of his having secreted bread from the starving inhabitants.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

On the 4th of February, 1790, the king attended the assembly, and made a solemn declaration to preserve the constitution as settled by the nation,—a constitution which was not then formed, but, as yet, rested only in the floating notions of the leaders of the kingdom, and upon the visionary principles of “liberty and equality.” That the unfortunate Louis should have been induced thus to sanction this speculative code of national jurisprudence, is to be accounted for only from the necessity of the moment, or on the feelings of commiseration for his country, which he vainly hoped by this means to have solaced by a restoration of tranquillity and peace, though at the expence of his own rights.

The next important era, for every day was marked with its own scene of rebellion, in the progress of the revolution, was the public acknowledgment of the constitution by the king and all orders of people, in the *Champ de Mars*, on the 14th of July, 1790, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastile. An immense amphitheatre was to be raised, capable of holding upwards of 400,000 persons; and when the intention was first known, and the order for its erection given, so eager was the nation for its completion by the day appointed, that besides the 2000 regular workmen engaged for the purpose, priests, artisans, women, indeed, people of every class, sex, character, and station, flocked to the place to lend their assistance towards the completion of the task; and thus it has been remarked, that it was no uncommon sight to see a priest digging up the ground, a *fille de joie* shovelling it into a barrow, and a cobbler wheeling it away. By these means the place was ready some time before the appointed day. In the middle of this immense building, an altar was erected, upon which the oath was to be taken by the king, and which was to be re-echoed by the surrounding multitude. The day arrived, the multitude, to the number of 400,000, took their seats round, the guards of Paris surrounded the place, every thing was marked by unusual splendour; the oath was taken; and *Te Deum* sang by the whole assembly. A sight more grand and imposing than this must have been, cannot well be conceived; and, if not tarnished by the remembrance of those scenes of blood from whence it sprung, or to which it led, might be pronounced the most glorious that an assembled multitude has ever presented to the eyes of mankind.

The day passed off without riot or accident; and the night was marked only by festivity, splendour, and acclamations. The ruins of the Bastile were filled with groups of men and women dancing over the ruins of oppression as they termed it, and giving themselves up to feelings of laudable but misguided patriotism.

This day was emphatically termed “The day of federation:” and in order to give fresh joy to the lower orders of the nation, an act of oblivion and impunity to past excesses was passed; and in the rage of the moment, as one absurdity leads on to another, it was decreed by the assembly, that all titles should be abolished, and that nobility should no longer be hereditary, as being “*revolting to reason, and repugnant to true liberty*”; four figures in chains, at the foot of a statue of Louis, were ordered to be removed, as a memorial of slavery; and those who had been concerned in the taking of the Bastile, were termed conquerors; and for which they were to receive “*an honourable certificate, expressive of the gratitude of their country*.” We are indeed compelled to avow with Cassius,—

In such a time as this,
It was not meet that every nice offence
Should bear its comment!

But that men, and those too of the lowest classes, who had, in cool blood, murdered their fellow creatures, and indulged in the most riotous and profligate excesses, should be held up as the supporters of a nation, and flattered into crimes still more terrible, was monstrous even for times like these. But the whole course of this contest was a mass of contradiction, error, and absurdity; of actions without apparent causes, and effects in opposition to all rational calculation; of schemes thwarted by accidents; and every fallacy rendered plausible by the moment; of the failure of the best designs to give place to the successes of the worst; and, in fine, as though reason, virtue, and volition had given up every thing to the dominion of chance.

After this affair, things remained in a state of comparative tranquillity, which means no more than that the scenes of riot and bloodshed were not of nightly occurrence. Different parts of the nation were at this time attracting the notice of the capital, by the recurrence of acts of open rebellion, in which many lives were lost, and domestic treason still deeper impressed upon the hearts of the nation. These feelings were still more firmly rooted in by the reports speciously framed, and actively circulated through the nation, of massacres and assassinations by the royalists, or by persons in their pay. But Paris now, in her turn, became the spectatress of scenes which had commenced within her own walls, and saw with fear and wonder the dreadful excesses of riot and pillage, the example of which she had herself set.

Thus did the year pass away, marked by no event but such as frequency had rendered unimportant, and the state of public agitation let pass unregarded. Even the resignation of their once popular minister, Necker, and for whom they may be said to have first steeped their hands in the blood of their country, was a circumstance scarcely heeded, certainly not regretted. He sent in his resignation on the 4th of September; and retired most prudently, if not loyally, from all public responsibility, to the seclusion of the mountains of Switzerland.

The year 1791 commenced with hostile appearances beginning to evince themselves in the neighbouring states of Germany, Spain, Italy, and Savoy. Events like those we have been just describing, could not have happened without exciting a deep sensation in the different courts of Europe: and the supporters of the new order of things, as they had cause to dread, looked upon every motion of the foreign courts with suspicion and distrust. However, nothing had occurred as yet to bring about an open rupture, and the situation of France was not one to induce her rulers to be the aggressor, or to hurry headlong into foreign disputes, while domestic ones rent the nation to its centre. We shall presently, however, have occasion to observe and wonder at the efforts of the nation under the united pressure of civil and foreign wars.

On the 20th of February, 1791, the aunts of Louis (daughters of Louis XV.) left Paris, and an incident, so unimportant in itself as this, was, however, in times of such public jealousy, deemed of grave importance enough to be the subject of a message, on the same morning, from the king to the National Assembly. Their journey was not opposed, and the princesses were left to pursue their course, to which alone they may be considered as indebted for their lives. The king and Monsieur, his eldest brother, were now the only branches of royalty remaining in the kingdom; and with the other branches had fled all its chief nobility. The intention of the nation, should any attempt be made on the part of the king to leave the country, was pretty plainly evinced by the conduct of the national guards in stopping the king's carriage, when the king only meditated a journey to St. Cloud. He complained of this obstruction to the assembly, and was afterwards permitted to pursue his journey. La Fayette, upon this occasion, was so disgusted with the behaviour of the guards, that he threw up his commission; but afterwards resumed it on the pressing solicitations of the people.

On the borders of Alsace (part of Germany), the emigrants were collecting

in considerable numbers, and with the attitude of war; they wore a black uniform, their device was a death's head, and their motto "conquer or die." The clergy, offended, not so much at the insults offered to religion, as at the more direct attacks on their property and privileges, were every where endeavouring to excite a public feeling against the existing authorities. From these and other sources, the apprehensions of a counter revolution began to be very generally felt amongst those by whom it was to be dreaded; and as confidently anticipated by those to whom it held out the only means of recompense or security.

In this state of things it was, that on the 21st of June, 1791, it was suddenly announced to the assembly that the king and all the royal family, with Monsieur and Madame, had left the capital, and none knew the rout they had taken; and, with this event, we shall conclude this part of our narrative, as forming one of the three natural divisions of the events it records.

Up to this period, the king had been looked upon as one of the essential branches of the nation; and however he might have been insulted by the mobs of Paris, or endured contumely from the representatives of the assembly, there was still in the great body of the nation a loyalty of feeling in his behalf, and a general respect for his person and dignity, which from this time began gradually to wear away, until it ended in that fatal event, which will conclude the second division of this tragic narrative.

CONCLUSION OF PART I.

THE LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON,

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S OPINION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS*.

"MORE last words of John Baxter!" our readers will exclaim: we have already Medwin's Conversations; Dallas's Recollections; Gamba's Residence; Childe Harolde's Wanderings; and a host of others, in all shapes and sizes, from the ponderous quarto, to the pigmy "pocket edition." If we required any further evidence of the extent of the illustrious subject's talents, or the probability of his immortality, than what his works are capable of bestowing, we should regard the never-dying interest that is attached to every thing concerning him, as the completest evidence of the permanency of his literary fame. Mr. Parry writes in a bold seaman-like style, and his work bears with it a very evident air of identity. In Medwin's and Dallas's books, we have too much of the poet; in the volumes before us, the man stands upright in the various lights and shades of his character. Lord Byron neither required the fulsome adulation of the Dragoon Captain, nor the sage apologies of Mr. Dallas, to make us believe, that at the bottom he was a really good, but dreadfully misled, man; and that had his life been spared, there was no doubt but what the finer qualities of his soul would have endeared him to the world which he so eminently adorned. From the intelligence Mr. Parry's book affords us, we entertain no doubt, that had medical aid been procured at the period of the lamentable catastrophe, the life so dear to Greece, liberty, and song, would have been saved.

Byron has been represented as a misanthrope, as a man utterly deaf to the tenderer feelings of our nature; how far he was indebted to the malice of his enemies for the attainment of this reputation, the following anecdote will give us a tolerable conception:

"On one occasion, he had saved twenty-four Turkish women and children from slavery, and all its accompanying horrors. I was summoned to attend him, and receive his orders, that every thing should be done which might contribute to their comfort. He was seated on a cushion at the upper end of the room, the women and children were standing before him,

* The Last Days of Lord Byron, with his Lordship's Opinion on various Subjects. By William Parry. London, 1825: Knight and Lacey.

with their eyes fixed steadily on him ; and on his right hand was his interpreter, who was extracting from the women a narrative of their sufferings. One of them, apparently about thirty years of age, possessing great vivacity, and whose manners and dress, though she was then dirty and disfigured, indicated that she was superior in rank and condition to her companions, was spokeswoman for the whole. I admired the good order the others preserved, never interfering with the explanation, or interrupting the single speaker. I also admired the rapid manner in which the interpreter explained every thing they said, so as to make it almost appear that there was but one speaker.

"After a short time it was evident that what Lord Byron was hearing affected his feelings: his countenance changed, his colour went and came, and I thought he was ready to weep. But he had on all occasions a ready and peculiar knack in turning conversation from any disagreeable or unpleasant subject ; and he had recourse to this expedient. He rose up suddenly, and, turning round on his heel, as was his wont, he said something quickly to his interpreter, who immediately repeated it to the women. All eyes were instantly fixed on me, and one of the party ; a young and beautiful woman, spoke very warmly. Lord Byron seemed satisfied, and said they might retire. The women all slipped off their shoes in an instant, and going up to his lordship, each in succession, accompanied by their children, kissed his hand fervently, invoked, in the Turkish manner, a blessing both on his head and heart, and then quitted the room. This was too much for Lord Byron, and he turned his face away to conceal his emotion. When he had recovered a little, I reminded him of our conversation, and I told him I had caught him at last. Addressing me in the sort of sea slang I sometimes talked to him, and which he liked to repeat, he replied, 'You are right, old boy ; you have got me in the *bunt*---I am an Englishman.' "

One anecdote like this in a man's life, is worth a thousand panegyrics.

The following account of his last moments, will be read with intense interest :

"When he took my hand, I found his hands were deadly cold. With the assistance of Tita, I endeavoured gently to create a little warmth in them ; and I also loosened the bandage which was tied round his head. Till this was done, he seemed in great pain, clenched his hands at times, gnashed his teeth, and uttered the Italian exclamation of *Ah Christi!* He bore the loosening of the hand passively ; and, after it was loosened, he shed tears. I encouraged him to weep, and said, 'My lord, I thank God, I hope you will now be better; shed as many tears as you can, you will sleep and find ease.' He replied faintly, 'Yes, the pain is gone, I shall sleep now,' and he again took my hand, uttered a faint good night, and sank into a slumber ; my heart ached, but I thought then his sufferings were over, and that he would wake no more.

"He did wake again, however, and I went to him ; Byron knew me, though scarcely. He had then less of alienation about him than I had seen for some time before ; there was also the stupor of death. He tried to utter his wishes, but he was incapable ; he said something about rewarding his Italian servant, and uttered several incoherent words. There was either no meaning in what he said, or it was such a meaning as we should not expect at that moment. His eyes continued open only a short time, and then, about six o'clock in the evening of the 18th, he sank into a slumber, or rather, I should say, a stupor, and woke and knew no more.

"He continued in a state of complete insensibility for twenty-four hours ; giving no other signs of life, but that rattling in his throat, which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April 19th, at six o'clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased---Lord Byron was dead.

"At the very time Lord Byron died, there was one of the most awful thunder-storms I ever witnessed. The lightning was terrific. The Greeks, who are very superstitious, and generally believe that such an event occurs whenever a much superior, or, as they say, a supreme man dies, immediately exclaimed, 'The great man is gone !' On the present occasion, it was too true ; and the storm was so violent, as to strengthen their superstitious belief. Their friend and benefactor was indeed dead."

Thus England lost her poet---Greece her saviour---the world its proudest ornament.

POEMS, BY JOHN WILSON*.

THIS is a reprint of two very charming volumes, by no less a personage than the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

* Poems, by John Wilson. A new edition. Edinburgh, 1825: Blackwood.

From the unpretending character of many of these pages, some individuals may conceive the volumes beneath the dignity of the Professor's chair; yet, for our parts, we cannot but congratulate the author, that amidst the abstruse sciences and metaphysical researches in which his mind has been engaged, he should still retain the freshness of feeling, and simplicity of expression, which are too frequently sacrificed at the shrines of learning and knowledge. We shall offer no apology for extracting the following delicately imagined little piece.

"LINES WRITTEN IN AN HIGHLAND GLEN.

"To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent,---as infant at the breast,---
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

"The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or 'mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth
Seems bound unto the sky.

"O! that this lovely vale were mine!
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

"There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime;
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of time!

"And did I ask to whom belonged
This vale?---I feel that I have wronged
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children from their birth
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

"Yea! long as nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice,
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,---
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!"

MEMOIRS OF MOSES MENDELSON, THE JEWISH PHILOSOPHER.*

THE life of Mendelsohn is an extraordinary instance of self advancement, and well calculated to excite emulation. Born of humble and indigent parents, with little or no opportunity of instruction, he gained an eminence in the literary and scientific world, as a metaphysical writer, of which the proudest members of the republic of letters might be envious.

"Mendelsohn was born, in 1729, at Dresden, in Germany, where his father was a transcriber of the Pentateuch, and kept a Hebrew day-school; both humble and precarious professions, and scarcely adequate to the support of their followers. According to the custom of educating Jew boys, young Mendelsohn was sent to the public seminary, where children were taught to repeat mechanically the Mishna and Gemarra, comprising various abstruse points of civil and ecclesiastical law, far above their comprehension. To pursue these unprofitable studies, when he was only seven years of age, and naturally of a delicate constitution, his father would make him rise at three or four o'clock on winter mornings, and, after giving him a cup of tea, would carry him wrapped in a roquelaure to the Jewish seminary. Mendelsohn, however, was not like other children; already at that tender age the spirit of inquiry stirred within him, and he apprehended he was not pursuing the proper course to arrive at solid knowledge. He applied himself to study the Hebrew language grammatically, was soon able to write it with purity and elegance, and before his tenth year composed indifferent Hebrew verses. Intense study impaired his health, and brought on a nervous disorder, the neglect of which produced deformity of the spine, and made him a valetudinarian the remainder of his life."

At the age of fourteen we find him at Berlin, where he was in such a destitute condition as to be frequently in want of a meal. When he had the means of purchasing a loaf, so rigid was the economy he was necessitated to

* Memoirs of Moses Mendelsohn, the Jewish Philosopher. By M. Samuel. London, 1825: Longman and Co.

exercise, that he was accustomed to notch it into as many meals as the state of his pocket could best inform him. It was in this miserable period of his existence that he acquired a knowledge of the Latin, French, and English languages.

"A more cheering prospect opened to Mendelsohn; Mr. Bernard, an opulent man of the Jewish persuasion, became interested in his favour, admitted him into his house, and intrusted him with the education of his children. He had now the means of pursuing comfortably his studies in every department of science: he applied himself zealously to mathematics; his knowledge of algebra, fluxions, and astronomy were considerable, and his acquaintance with natural history was far above mediocrity. He also wrote a beautiful and masterly hand, and possessed peculiar dexterity in mercantile accounts. These caligraphic and arithmetic acquirements suggested to Mr. Bernard that Mendelsohn might be placed in a more profitable sphere than a school-room. Accordingly he engaged him first as clerk; then raised him to cashier; he next made him manager of his extensive silk manufactory, and finally he became partner."

Among other distinctions that afterwards occurred to him, was his friendship with the celebrated Lessing; of whom we have the following highly interesting anecdote.

"Lessing once brought to Mendelsohn a work written by a celebrated character, to hear his opinion on it. Having given it a reading, he told his friend, that he deemed himself a match for the author, and would refute him. Nothing could be more welcome to Lessing, and he strongly encouraged the idea. Accordingly, Mendelsohn sat down and wrote his 'Philosophical Dialogues,' on the most abstruse subjects, in which he strictly redeemed his pledge of confuting the author, though, for quietness sake, he forbore mentioning his name, and carried the manuscript to Lessing for examination. 'When I am at leisure,' said Lessing, 'I will peruse it.' After a convenient interval, he repeated his visit, when Lessing kept up a miscellaneous conversation, without once mentioning the manuscript in question; and the other being too bashful to put him in mind of it, he was obliged to depart, no better informed than when he came, which was also the case at several subsequent meetings. At last, however, he mustered sufficient resolution to inquire after it, and still Lessing withheld his opinion. Want of leisure was pleaded as before, but now he would certainly read it; Mr. Mendelsohn might, in the mean time, take yonder small volume home with him, and let him know his thoughts on it. On opening it, Mendelsohn was not a little surprised to behold his own 'Dialogues' in print. 'Put it in your pocket,' said Lessing, goodnaturedly, 'and this mammon along with it. It was what I got for the copy-right; it will be of service to you.'"

Mendelsohn, afterwards, was enabled to keep an hospitable table, where he enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of Germany; among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Lavater. His life will be found one of uncommon interest; we know, in fact, of no biography more calculated to call into life the seeds of emulation in the youthful breast.

FOREIGN SCENES AND TRAVELLING RECREATIONS*.

WE understand this gentleman was formerly connected with the press; indeed, from his style and fluent expression, he gives evident proof of considerable experience in the art of authorship. His *Sketches of Upper Canada*, published some time since, procured him a deserving celebrity, which his present work will do much to increase. The pen in his hand, becomes a pencil; he sketches the scene before him with freedom and spirit; lays on the colouring with taste and judgment, and leaves not a portion of the canvas uncovered with the varnish that only a highly cultivated mind is capable of bestowing. Mr. Howison is just the travelling companion we like. He is not so brim full of egotism, so thoroughly enraptured with his own adventures, as to be perpetually boring you about what occurred to himself; but he makes you acquainted in a familiar and pleasing manner with every thing that appeared to have rivetted his observations. He has a versality of dis-

* Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations. By John Howison, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service. Edinburgh, 1825. Oliver and Boyd.

position that is truly desirable; with power of bringing before your eyes the scenes he describes, with all the delicate variation of light and shade, which only an enlightened mind can distinguish. How dexterously he transports us into a cabin, and at once makes us acquainted with

LIFE AT SEA.

"In large ships, an abundant, and even elegant, table is usually kept; but its comforts are not available, except during moderate weather. When there is a high sea, meals become an annoyance rather than a pleasure; for all the plans that have yet been invented to obviate the inconvenience of the rolling of a vessel, prove of little actual utility. A party at dinner, in a gale of wind, is a scene as illustrative of the miseries of a sea-life as any that can be chosen. On such occasions, the more experienced passengers know when the ship is on the point of making a violent lurch, and prepare for it accordingly; but the novices are usually taken unawares, and their plates, knives, forks, glasses, chairs, and own persons perhaps, suddenly hurled to the lee-side of the cabin. However, those who retain their places are probably in a situation not less ludicrous. A delicate young lady, just recovered from sea-sickness, will have a large ham precipitated into her lap; all the wine-bottles on the table may collect around a determined water-drinker; the epicure of the party may lose sight of his plate of dainties, and find a dish of boiled rice in its place; an old Indian may have a quantity of grilled liver forced upon him, and a roast pig will perhaps be seen going full speed towards a man who detests pork. When quietness is restored, and when every one has extricated himself from his difficulties, a great deal of merriment may probably ensue; but the accident, if two or three times repeated, ceases to be an entertaining one, and eventually causes irritation among the sufferers, instead of putting them into good humour."

As a specimen of Mr. Howison's descriptive powers, we extract the following account of the

CITY OF HAVANNAH.

The streets of Havannah are narrow, and during the rainy season, excessively dirty; for some of them remain in a state of nature, having no pavement of any kind, either for carriages or foot-passengers. The houses are plain in their architecture, and never exceed two stories, and are usually painted blue, or some other bright colour. All the good houses are built upon the same plan, viz. that of a hollow quadrangle, which is the form best calculated for promoting a free circulation of air. In general, a gallery, surrounded by piazzas, extends around the upper flat, and forms, along with the court below, a place of recreation in the evenings, and a shelter for the heat during the day. The public apartments are usually spacious and tastefully furnished; no carpets are used, and in most houses the floor consists of a composition which is as hard as freestone, and admits of being washed several times a day; but some of the nobility have their rooms paved with black and white tablets of marble, placed alternately,---and this has a very beautiful effect. The shops in Havannah are small and meanly furnished. Instead of the names of their occupants being placed above the doors, as is common in most countries, each has some figurative appellation to distinguish it from others of the same description, such as the shop of victory, of humility, of pearls, of happiness, of good fortune, &c.

"Havannah contains many taverns and boarding-houses, two of which are resorted to by English and Americans only. For the first three days after my arrival, I was obliged to reside in an establishment of the kind, which has some curious peculiarities. The charge was two dollars and a half per day, and for this sum an excellent breakfast, dinner, and supper, were furnished; but the sleeping rooms resembled damp and gloomy cellars; each of them contained three or four beds for the accommodation of an equal number of individuals. The landlord is a man of low origin and vulgar ideas, but of much shrewdness, and remarkable assurance. To the business of a hotel-keeper, he adds that of an undertaker; and thus turns to account every individual who arrives in Havannah, by furnishing him with board and lodging if he lives, and with a coffin should he die. He sits at the foot of his table, does it honours as if his guests were visitors, takes the lead in conversation, and boldly contradicts any thing they advance, if he happens to differ in opinion. Should a boarder be too late for any meal, he loses it altogether; and if he does not return to the hotel within a certain hour of the evening, he runs the risk of being shut out all night."

"The Protestants who die in Cuba are not allowed interment among Catholics; and, therefore, the hotel-keeper already mentioned has a burying ground of his own, in which the bodies of the English and Americans are deposited; however, within these few years past, the mortality has been so great, that the premises have become rather small, and the corners of the piles of coffins, which occupy every part of them, may be seen projecting through the earth."

We have a terrible instance of the dreadful power of the priests in Cuba, through whose influence crime is not only palliated, but if the culprit has means to bribe the priesthood, too frequently escapes unpunished.

"Some years ago, a Spaniard, who lived in the suburbs of Havannah, discovered that his wife carried on a criminal correspondence with her confessor. In his jealous rage he hired a negro to murder the priest. When the assassin had accomplished his purpose, he went to the house of his employer at a late hour one night, and told what he had done, and demanded the promised compensation; but the Spaniard either would not or could not give this, and some high words which ensued between the parties having been overheard by the neighbours, the whole affair was soon brought to light. The Spaniard was apprehended, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. However, by means of bribery, he succeeded in delaying his execution for more than two years. His funds being at last exhausted, the black cross and lanterns, the appearance of which announces, in Havannah, that the criminal has only two days to live, were exhibited before the prison windows. Nevertheless, on the succeeding morning, to the astonishment of all, they were suddenly withdrawn; for the wretched murderer had, by a desperate effort, raised a small sum of money, and purchased with it a few weeks' respite. On the expiry of these he was hurried to the scaffold and executed.

"While in Havannah, I saw a mulatto suffer death for a murder which he had been found guilty of seven years before. He had obtained a series of respites by occasionally paying money to the church; but his resources having at last failed, he could not delay the evil day any longer."

Our next extract is a description of a religious procession the author met with at the village of Jejoor.

"Several religious processions passed near my tent in the course of the day. The finest was one which accompanied the car of a god, whom the Brahmins were bringing from a neighbouring village to visit the grand deity of Jejoor. Two men, carrying long poles, each with a series of flags of various colours upon it, led the way. They were followed by a bull, splendidly and fantastically caparisoned. His horns were gilt, and encircled with brass rings, and had large tufts of horsehair tied to their extremities. Next came several people in white dresses, on which great quantities of the powder of a crimson-coloured ochre had been sprinkled. A band of native musicians succeeded them. It consisted of five persons, three of whom played instruments somewhat resembling the clarionet in shape and the bagpipe in sound; the fourth blew a very large semicircular brass horn, the tones of which were coarse, but indescribably sonorous and powerful. His companion rode a bullock, having a drum swung on each side of it. The pitch of these was different, and he beat sometimes on both at the same time, and sometimes on one of the two alternately. The car containing the god was borne closely behind, on the shoulders of six men. It was shaped like a canoe, and so completely veiled, that its interior could not be seen. A crowd of people closed the procession, some carrying flags, and others beating small drums, and the whole of them joining in a loud shout at intervals."

On the whole, "Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations" is a most interesting and intelligent work; and from the extracts we have given, we feel assured that our readers will require no recommendation of our own to induce them to give it a place on the shelves of their libraries.

TRAVELS OF MY NIGHT CAP.*

SINGULAR as the medium chosen for the display of a very considerable fund of pleasantry and wit, we believe this is not the first time "My Night Cap" has come before the world in a literary dress; some half dozen anonymous stanzas (ascribed to the witty and voluptuous Moore) have previously celebrated this very humble repository of the most dignified part of the person. The author of "Travels of my Night Cap," has already been introduced to the public, by the very clever *jeux d'esprit* "Sketches of St. Stephens," and we think his present volume likely to keep up the acquaintance on a more friendly footing. The following pair of portraits of the Ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, and her one eyed Chamberlain; who, as the report

* Travels of My Night Cap; with Scenes at the Congress of Verona. London, 1825: Whitaker.

goes, are latterly married, is extremely felicitous, and among the best things in the book.

"A vet'ran warrior usher'd to her seat
A princess, once the partner of a throne
That saw all Europe prostrate at the feet
Of him who rais'd it. Now must she disown
His name and lineage, nor presume to treat
Her son as though the father ere were known;
While yet that son can proudly boast a sire,
Whose fame with history only can expire.

Napoleon's relict seem'd not to repine
At glories vanish'd, and departed sway;
Of widow'd mourning she display'd no sign;
Her dress was gorgeous and her manner gay.
A wreath of brilliants did her locks confine:
The robe she wore might suit her bridal day:
Some slavish painters to her face have lent
Such charms as nature for her face ne'er meant.

Her cheek was pallid to the last degree;
At Ackermann's 'tis blooming as the rose:
Her mouth is large; her eyes appear to be
Too far apart; and shapeless is her nose.
If in description I've been rather free,
I've shown no more than what her mirror shows:
But in their mirrors ladies never find
The portrait homely---vanity is blind!

Her chamberlain, a Polyphemus, stood
With hideous aspect close behind her chair;
Monstrum horrendum! he did all he could
To make his features uglier than they were.
His widow'd optic had not, as it should,
A glass companion, and was seen to stare
From a deep region, which a bandage black
Had half-conceal'd---his breeches seem'd a sack.

A bristly covert crown'd his upper lip,
Besmear'd with grease, and parting into twain,
With forked points converging towards the tip
Of his huge nose, which o'er them hung amain.
These mad mustachios he forbore to clip,
But let them still a savage growth attain.
His oblong mouth their wild luxuriance hid;
His face seem'd all things human to forbid."

WADDINGTON'S VISIT TO GREECE*.

It is a melancholy view that Mr. Waddington has taken of the existing condition and future prospects of the most interesting nation upon earth; but really after all that has reached our ears from innumerable, and, moreover, authentic, sources, as to the disunion and fickleness of the leaders of the Greek forces, we have little hesitation, though certainly much reluctance, to express our full coincidence in the hopeless opinion of that gentleman, of Greece ever obtaining that rank as a nation she once so proudly possessed. This work pretends to no very high character, as, in fact, the very title confesses. It is, in truth, merely an account of a visit to Greece, yet the visitor

* A Visit to Greece, in 1823 and 1824. By George Waddington, Esq. 8vo. Murray. 1825.

has neither been uninquiring nor unsuccessful in his search for objects of national and classical information. As the greatest part of the work is in form of detached sketches, made at the spots to which they allude, we shall prefer that mode of giving our extracts.

DESCRIPTION OF ATHENS.

"The modern town of Athens was never remarkable for beauty or regularity of construction: it has now suffered the demolition of about one-third of its buildings. Many Turkish houses were burnt by the Greeks, in the first siege of the citadel; many Greek houses were ruined during the occupation of the place by Omer Brioni; and many of both have fallen into the streets from mere humidity and neglect. The churches and mosques have not met with greater mercy in this religious war; and even the ashes of the dead have not been allowed to repose in security. The spacious Turkish burial ground at the foot of the Areopagus, formerly solemn and sacred, and now scattered over with the fragments of its monuments, and profaned by the insults of the conqueror, attests the fury of a revenge not to be satiated by blood.

"By a singular change of national character, modern Athens is, of all the cities of Greece, the least maritime. In fact, she does not possess one single vessel of any size or description, ---not one Athenian sailor exists to pay homage at the tomb of Themistocles. The commerce of Attica is, therefore, entirely in the hands of foreigners, and the natives have no means of supplying even their own wants and necessities. It is possible that this cause may have contributed to augment their sufferings.

"In my daily rides among the mountains and villages (by which, though unarmed and alone, I risk little under the vigorous government of Odysseus), I observe little else than distress and poverty. The villages are half-burnt and half-deserted; the peasants civil, but suspicious; the convents abandoned or defaced, and their large massive gates shattered with musket-balls; while human bones may sometimes be discovered bleaching in the melancholy solitude. In the mean time, there is no appearance of depression or indolence. A great portion of the ground is cultivated, and crops are sown, in the uncertainty who may reap them 'for the immortal gods:' the olives too, and the vineyards, are receiving almost the same labour which would be bestowed upon them in a time of profound peace.

"In the city, the Bazaar exhibits a scene of some animation; and, owing to the great influx of refugees from Thebes and Livadia, some of whom have even preserved a part of their property, there is here no appearance of depopulation. There is even occasionally some inclination to gaiety; genuine native hilarity will sometimes have its course in spite of circumstances, and the maids of Athens will dance their Romaic in the very face of misery. But it will scarcely be credited, that the celebration of the Carnival is at this instant proceeding with great uproar and festivity. Drunken buffoons, harlequins, and painted jesters, are riotously parading the streets, while Gourra's sulky Albanians sit frowning at the fortress-gate, and the Turks and the plague are preparing to rush down from Negropont and Carysto."

POPULATION.

The present population of Athens appears, by a calculation of Mr. Waddington, to be 13,000, the majority of which are in a state of the most miserable poverty. Speaking of Greece generally, he says,

"I made every inquiry in every part of Greece respecting population, without ever arriving at any very satisfactory result; I am, however, strongly of opinion, that the whole number of actual insurgents is somewhat under one million. I should estimate the population of Eastern and Western Greece at one hundred and fifty thousand; that of the independent islands, including refugees, at two hundred and fifty thousand; and that of the Morea at half a million."

COLOCOTRINI.

"I have presented myself three or four times at the levees of Colocotrini, and have received from him repeated assurances of his peculiar respect for the English nation, and his attachment to its individual members; and, in fact, he immediately provided me with an excellent lodging, which I could not otherwise have procured. These professions amuse me the more, as the old hypocrite is continually and publicly accusing the British government of designs to occupy and enslave the Morea. His manners, however, to do him justice, are utterly devoid of urbanity, and, like his countenance and dress, are precisely those which best become a distinguished captain of banditti. His court seems to consist of about fifteen capitani, who seat themselves on the sofa which lines three sides of his spacious hall; from the walls are suspended Turkish muskets curiously inlaid, with many valuable pistols and sabres. His capitani are as filthy a crew as I ever beheld, and, for the most part, ill-looking, and very

meanly attired; but the most miserably starving wretch that I have observed among them, is a Papas, or priest, bonneted and bearded, but still military. The usual covering for their head is nothing more than the red cap of the country; but there are generally two or three of the party who think proper, from whatsoever feeling of vanity, to burden themselves with extremely large and shapeless turbans; Colocotroni takes little notice of any of them, and seldom rises at their entrance. The fourth side of the room is occupied by a number of soldiers, who remain standing; upon some occasion Colocotroni thought proper to command them to retire; they obeyed reluctantly and slowly, and in a very few minutes returned in parties of two or three, and re-occupied their station. There is no smoking, nor any circulation of coffee or conversation. This singularly dull scene may last about twenty minutes, and then, on some signal from the chief, the party rise and disperse."

PROSPECT OF AFFAIRS.

Mr. Waddington seems still to cherish the hope of the final release of this beautiful country from her present hideous slavery. Greece may yet be a flourishing, but will she ever regain the station she formerly occupied as a nation? bright as the hope may be, we fear it will never be fulfilled. We shall present our readers with his opinion on this subject, and with it conclude our extracts from a work, which, if not in every respect satisfactory to our wishes, contains much interesting information on a subject which must be dear to the heart of every patriot, conveyed in a manly, though rather a peculiar, style.

"The internal condition of the country was at least as promising in the commencement of 1822, as at this moment. The government was the same, or nearly so, with this advantage, that Maurocordato was then at its head; the power of the capitani was not then so clearly defined, and their hostility to the constitution so decided; party and personal animosities were not then so general or so violent.

"Are we then from these facts to conclude, that the hopes of Greece are suffering a gradual diminution, and decaying year by year? That the insurrection is less vigorous, because it is less extensive, and that a few more efforts would suffice to crush it altogether? I am very far removed from that opinion. A few extremities have indeed been lopped away, but the heart is grown stouter and warmer. By the loss of some parts of the confederacy, the population of the rest has been augmented and concentrated; and a spirit has grown up among them, which would render their extermination very difficult, and their submission impossible. They have acquired the *habit* of independence; they have learned to despise and scorn their former master, and they have not ceased to detest him; in energy, in talents, in courage, they assert or feel their own superiority; and it is this feeling which, in spite of all their vices and follies, preserves, and will still preserve, them."

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OWING to the circumstances we have mentioned in our introductory address, we have been unable to give the customary critique on the Fine Arts in the present number. For this department we have engaged a distinguished artist, the first proof of whose abilities will appear in our next publication. However, not to disappoint our country readers, we have borrowed the following account of the opening of the Royal Academy from a respectable hebdomadal contemporary—a circumstance so unusual, that we feel an apology to be necessary.

"A single glance about the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is sufficient to convince us of its superiority over many of the collections which we have seen at Somerset House for the last dozen of years; if, indeed, it does not surpass all of them during that period. To this effect, the splendid performances of Mr. Hilton and Mr. Etty*, in the great room, mainly contribute; while Mr. Danby's 'Delivery of Israel out of Egypt,' in the School of Painting, elevates that department by one of, perhaps, the most daring and fortunate

* "Christ crowned with thorns," and "the Combat, an ideal group, woman pleading for the vanquished."

efforts of the imagination to give locality to a supernatural event, that has ever been produced. Nor are these alone the works belonging to the highest class of Art which raise the character of this Gallery. Thomson's* charming Juliet is almost as beautiful, surrounded by the glare of the public Exhibition, as it appeared to us in private: although in private is the only mode of forming a true judgment upon pictures. In the course of our remarks, we shall have occasion to animadvert upon some of the most showy and attractive specimens of the season, which are chiefly rendered so by being painted out of all the modesty of nature, and in tone up to the gold and glitter which surround them; while far better compositions are extinguished and killed by the want of the same meretricious qualities to sustain them in the general shine. Stothard's Titania, with some of his peculiarities, is also eminently worthy of a name in the list of those things which display *genius*. Allan's historical picture of the Assassination of the Regent Murray, Hayter's Trial of Lord William Russell, and Cooper's Bosworth Field, also belong to the prominent contributions; and much as we dislike the subject, the large piece of Christ casting out devils, by W. C. Ross, is of first-rate promise. The artist is, we believe, a young man. But even were we without these high productions† (we allude to productions of higher merit only as belonging to a nobler class of Art, as we value a first-rate tragedian above a clever clown), there would be felt a redeeming excellence in the portrait department. Many of the portraits are not mere likenesses; they are superb pictures; and will preserve a value for centuries, not only as representing famous individuals, but as delightful examples of execution and style.

"We throw out these hints without minutely individualizing---for, after all, a crowded room, a heated eye, and an excited mind, are sad drawbacks upon the formation of a correct judgment; and we shall, accordingly, defer those details which belong to criticism, till we can take other opportunities for re-considering our early impressions.

"Of landscape, animal, and familiar still life, there are fair proportions; though of the first certainly not the usual number. The absence of Mr. Callcott's pencil is not compensated by Turner's brilliant experiment upon colours, which displays all the magic of skill at the expence of all the magic of nature. On the opposite side of the room, we were glad to contemplate the more chastened scene of a Beech on a hazy morning, by Collins. In other parts there are other landscapes of great beauty, by Arnold, Constable, W. Wilson, &c. Of the remaining branches we have indicated---the humorous and familiar, or ordinary life, leads us to mention Wilkie, not laboured but admirable, in a Highland family; Mulready, a travelling druggist; Lesslie, Ann Page; both the latter done at the top of their author's powers of conception and finish. Newton's "Dull Lecture;" Sharp's Barber Politician; and Clint, exceedingly happy in Fawcett and C. Kemble, from the entertainment of Charles II. Ward shows us his usual noble stud of horses, of all kinds. The Antique Academy has much variety in very nearly 450 numbers of every description. Some of the miniatures are of extraordinary merit. The Library is again deformed by the admixture of portraiture and other subjects with the architectural designs and elevations---many of the latter are replete with excellence. The model Academy does not strike very forcibly, though there also are some monuments, figures, and busts, deserving of liberal commendation."

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

The twenty-first season of this elegant and delightful source of mental entertainment commenced on Monday last; and the novelty that drew the first visitors, has been succeeded by a warm and universal approbation. The pieces sent in are very numerous, and not a few of them of the first description of merit. They are partly from the pencils of the members, partly the labours of their associates, and amount to three hundred and forty-four. Of so great a number of pictures, some, of course, are of inferior excellence; but in justice to the larger portion, we must say, that they display much fertility of imagination, as well as cultivated judgment; and are brilliant specimens of English talent for this province of painting. To remark upon, or even to name, every piece that caught our eye and rivetted our attention, would demand more space than the variety that characterizes our journal will

* This distinguished Artist, report says, is to succeed Fuseli as Keeper: there could not be a more honourable choice.

† There has been an immense outcry among artists, that the country gave no encouragement to works of the first class. Probably not, when, in most instances, it was the painters and their friends who saw their prodigious merits, and not the public. But look at the answer now, No sooner were these really fine works seen, than the British Institution paid Hilton one thousand guineas; Etty obtained the same sum from an individual whose name we have not heard; and Lord Stafford gave five hundred guineas to Danby---very liberal prices for their respective pictures.

allow; but the principal of these too imperiously demand the critic's notice, to pass without our comment.

Richter's "*School in repose*," is one of the most pleasing pictures in the exhibition, and highly favourable to the artist's peculiar abilities. The picture is abundantly characteristic, and full of accident. The scene is the school-room, where the young ladies are taking advantage of the nap in which their governess is indulging. The frolicsome pranks, and juvenile humour of the children, are admirably delineated, while the colouring and execution are equally creditable to this deservedly popular artist.

Christall's "*Welsh Peasant Girls*," is a very charming performance. The objects have all the natural simplicity and ruddy health that characterises the Cambrian lasses.

Stephanoff's "*Selim and Nourmahall*," is one of the most attractive pictures in this highly interesting exhibition. There is a tenderness of sentiment depicted in the countenance of the heroine, that immediately fixes the eye of the spectator. The colouring is rich and glowing in the extreme, and the grouping highly effective.

Hill's "*Scene in the River Mole*," has quite a poetical effect. The shades of the wood are beautifully reflected on the quiet stream: the contemplation of such a scene leaves that soft and unruffled impression which rural objects can only afford. Our limits prevent us from indulging the inclination we have to expatiate on the beauties of "*Heath Abbey*," by Dervint; Fielding's Inverary, in Argyleshire; the *Ponte di Rialto*, by Prout; and the many specimens of Mr. Barrett's genius and industry; and can only recommend the lovers of the Fine Arts to taste of that treat we ourselves have already enjoyed.

THEATRICALS.

MR. ELLISTON'S PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

ON Wednesday, the 11th of May, a new historical play, in five acts, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *William Tell*. It will be familiar to many of our readers that Schiller, the German dramatist, has produced a tragedy on the same subject. It is a curious fact that this tragedy was performed at *Lucerne*, in the immediate vicinity of the place that the incident occurred of which it is composed. The principal actors were Swiss, whose ancestors had figured in that affair; all the costumes were rigorously observed, and the scenery painted after nature. Even the arms used in the performance were those wielded five centuries ago by Tell and his brave companions.

To Mr. I. Sheridan Knowles, the author of *Virginius*, we are indebted for the present dramatic embodiment of these romantic events. Independent of considerable dramatic effect, it possesses a poetical beauty which will redeem, in a great measure, the sinking character of the age, in reference to dramatic writing.

The scene and subject, and some even of the incidents, will be instantly suggested by the name by which this piece is entitled. The cruel and, still more galling, the insolent, tyranny, of *Gesler* (or *Gressler*), the Austrian Governor under the Emperor Albert; the consecrated league of the three Cantons, formed by a few burghers and mountaineers, of whom *William Tell* was one; the death of the tyrant and of tyranny itself, are recorded in the authentic annals of Switzerland; the homage to the bonnet of the Governor, and his punishing *Tell's* refusal, by forcing him to shoot at an apple placed upon the head of his child, are mere traditions, and most probably of those marvellous fictions with which nations at an early age love to consecrate the birth of their freedom. The perilous trial of the apple is also told of a Goth soldier before the time of *Tell*.---They are, however, fair, and perhaps the most fertile materials for the dramatist, and accordingly they have been largely pressed into the service of this play. Another incident of ancient record which should not be omitted is introduced. It is, that the storming of the tyrant's castle was favoured by the stratagem of a lover to gain entrance to his mistress's chamber. The changes of scene, of groups, and of incident, without any immediate chain of connection or affinity, were so frequent, that it is difficult to give an outline of the story. It opens with the lover's serenading his mistress, and the suggestion of a stratagem by his friend to gain entrance to her chamber. The next scene exhibits a prisoner in the hands of *Gesler's* guards, on his way to a dungeon. *Tell* appears only for a moment, but his transient feelings addressed to *Michael*---an ingenious person, whose share in the business is important, but of the comic kind---are significant of his spirit and designs. The two friends enter the castle disguised as a "leech" and his servant---and the latter, who began the adventure only as an amateur, becomes enamoured of the *Seneschal's* niece, as the former had already been of his daughter. Acquaintance is next made with the wife and son of *Tell*, before their cottage. After an ethical dialogue, in the way of catechism, *Tell* enters unperceived, whilst the latter is practising with his bow at a target. The father approaches---gives him an animating lecture in archery and patriotism. "Suppose it," said he, "to be a wolf---suppose it *Gesler*."---The boy shoots to the very centre. *Tell* exults, and at that instant enters *Old Melchtal*, whose

eyes *Gesler* has just caused to be put out. This scene, perhaps the best in the piece, was acted with electric power and pathos by Mr. Macready. *Tell* now sends the boy with a poignard---the concerted signal of revolt---to the son of *Melchtal*. He falls in on his way with the very *Gesler* in the mountains---fainting---all but dead---and guides him to *Altorf*. *Gesler* asks his father's name; the boy discreetly refuses to tell, and *Gesler* detains him. The bonnet is next exhibited at the top of a pole, in the public way, to receive the homage of the Swiss, several of whom make the required obeisance---awkwardly it must be owned. *Tell* looks on indignantly, but is retiring by the advice of a friend, when *Michael's* refusal to bow down, draws upon him the resentment of the Austrian guard. *Tell* returns and rescues him in an instant; but the next instant, unfortunately, the Austrians return with a reinforcement, and bear off *Tell* in chains. He is brought before *Gesler*. A suspicion arises that he is the father of the boy---who is produced, but has the discretion to affect to behold a stranger. The emotions of the father---and child too---are too strong, and *Gesler* puts *Tell* to the fearful and memorable trial of his skill in archery, already mentioned. Whilst the bow is bent with an equal tension of the father's agony, one woman in the crowd faints---and he relaxes for an instant. He draws again---another woman shrieks, and he relaxes again. A third time, and the arrow flies---the apple is hit---the boy is saved---*Tell* sinks exhausted in an ecstasy of joy. They bare his bosom to give him air, and an arrow is found concealed there. *Gesler* asks why he had concealed it. "To kill you," replies *Tell*, "had I hurt my child." He is of course again loaded with chains, and *Gesler* resolves to have him conveyed in a boat across the lake, under his own eye, to a dungeon where escape was impossible. A storm overtakes them---the helmsman despairs---*Tell*, whose address at the helm is equal to his skill as an archer, is released from his chains---steers the boat clear---escapes---is pursued---gains a rock, and shoots *Gesler*. In the meantime the lovers have borne away their mistresses. The castle being now occupied within, is assailed without---the Austrians are vanquished---*Tell's* son delivered, and Switzerland is independent and free.

It will be seen, from the preceding sketch of the incidents, that much, or in fact all, depended upon Macready; and we feel great pleasure in saying, that he acquitted his Herculean task in a manner which must add considerably to his already distinguished reputation. There was a charm, a subdued melancholy---now sinking into the bitterness of despair, now kindling into the energetic glow of patriotism, that delighted and electrified the audience. No rant, no studied declamation, all was the genuine motions of nature, that irresistibly came home to the heart. There was a nobleness of demeanour, a lofty indignation in the scenes with *Gesler*, that defies the power of description. Every lover of the drama must judge for himself of this inimitable performance. Mrs. Bunn, as *Tell's* wife, must not be forgotten; where the meagerness of her part did not interfere, she portrayed considerable energy, and natural feeling. Clara Fisher has more strongly convinced us, she is nothing short of a prodigy; really the knowledge of stage effect she discovered, would have done credit to a performer of the greatest experience. Wallack, as the gay mountaineer, surprized us with a fund of genuine humour. Miss Povey sang with her usual sweetness; and Mrs. Yates, how charmingly she looked!

FAUSTUS.

On Monday, the 16th instant, a new "romantic drama," under the well-known title of "Faustus," was produced at this theatre. The materials are gathered partly from the admirable play of Doctor Faustus, by Marlowe---partly from the mystical romance of Goethe; but more largely from a piece brought forward at the little theatre in the Strand, called *Valmondi*. Similar as, in some respects, it may be to these, it is without the deep and passionate intensity of thought---the rich and luxuriant poetry, of the old English dramatist, and the mystical interest that pervades the German romance, where the genii of the air, and the tenants of the earth, mingle with each other: but it has all the straining after effect---all the nursery bugbears---the common-place horrors of the *Adelphi* stage, borrowed as they are from the "Terrific Register," and "Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales."

To analyse the plot would be a task above our power---there was a little of love and a great deal of brimstone---one or two flashes of wit, and half a dozen of lightning. There were serenaders and scholars, masqueraders and monkeys, hunters and hobgoblins, beauty in tears, and Mr. Terry in a red night cap: the whole making the most devilish compound we ever witnessed. However, for the sake of connecting our remarks, we will endeavour to collect the principal incidents. The reader must suppose himself by our side in the pit; and after being agreeably entertained by the squabbles

— of the gods above,

he will see the curtain drawn up, Mr. Terry enter, make his bow, and recite with considerable energy a very passable prologue, recommending us to grow young again, a piece of advice which, by-the-by, we should have no objection in following. Next comes the Overture, mysteriously wild; it prepares the mind for the *diablerie* it is to usher in; witches and

cauldrons, "spirits of the vasty deep," and vapouring clouds, seem flitting before us, till the elevation of the curtain restores us to life again.

The first scene is a very beautiful representation of the romantic "*Drachenfels*." The time is sun-set, and a storm is gathering; the rays of departing light are beautifully blended with the advancing shades of evening. *Faustus* (Wallack), after an opening chorus, enters with a huge volume of occult science, just at the point of time when he had discovered the long-sought secret of commanding the ministry of the Fiend, who obeys his call, first in the sublime apparently gigantic form of the winged Prince of the Air, too terrible to be gazed upon; and afterwards in the more familiar shape of a ludicrously hideous valet, and whose language blends throughout a mixture of ludicrous quaintness and atrocity, well accorded to the shape and physiognomy assumed. From the dialogue that ensues, we find that the career of guilt had already been commenced by *Faustus*, in the seduction of *Adine*, for whom, however (though separated from him), he still retains his affection. By the power of *Mephistophiles* (and scenic mechanism), he is conveyed, *hey presto*, without motion of his own, into the centre of Venice. The machinery here is wonderfully well executed; almost before the eye can shift its object, we are transported from the desert mountains to the scene of the voluptuous Carnival. Here he sees *Adine* and her certainly very beautiful cousin *Rosolia*; his unquenched love for the former, does not prevent him from conceiving a vehement desire for the latter.

By the contrivance of the Fiend, he obtains a lone interview; and by another effort of scenic magic, we find them instantly in the midst of a moonlight wilderness. The reciprocations of devoted affection are, however, soon interrupted by the pious and gentle *Adine's* utter rejection of the idea of sharing with him the power and splendour to be obtained by compact with the spirits of darkness, and his equally inflexible determination not to relinquish the worldly advantages of such alliance; and invoking the presence of the Fiend, he is about to bear her away by force, when upon her falling upon her knees, and invoking the aid of heaven, *Mephistophiles* vanishes through the floor, not by the usual obvious opening of a square trap, but in a manner perfectly unintelligible to the spectator; and the ravisher flies dismayed. Instigated by his infernal counsellor, he now proceeds to attempt the chastity of *Rosolia*, but encountering the brother of *Adine*, kills him in a duel, and though agonized by remorse for this first deed of blood, withdraws with his attendant demon to the splendour and revelry of his palace, where an interesting scene takes place between him and *Adine*, yet unconscious that he was the person who had slain her brother, in which she had nearly prevailed upon him to renounce his vicious compact, by a holy bond of nuptial union with her, when the entrance and menaces of *Montolio* kindle his pride, and change his resolutions; and *Adine*, informed of the circumstances of her brother's murder, after a struggle of contending passions, is at last induced, upon the condition of a sacred pledge and vow from *Montolio*, to avoid all combat with, and all attempts of vengeance against, *Faustus*, to suffer herself to be separated from him. Neither space nor time permit us to pursue the thread of the whole story; suffice it to say, that *Faustus*, instigated by the devil and his ally, the inebriating bottle, renews his pursuit of *Rosolia*; that being discovered in the palace of *Count Casanova*, and in apparent danger of being seized by his retainers, and delivered up to the Inquisition, he not only escapes by one of the most extraordinary and best executed illusions ever attempted in theatric representations, that of suddenly multiplying himself and his *Famulus Wagner* six-fold, and appearing at one and the same time in six different parts of the stage; from whence also, at the same instant, they altogether, with *Mephistophiles* and the lady, whom he had seized, as mysteriously vanish. This was an excellent hit, and came in good season, for without it, as the performance had till now hung excessively heavy, the play would have been, like its hero, inevitably damned.

Miss Stephens, as *Adine*, endeavours in vain to reclaim *Faustus*, and really surprised us with some chaste and pathetic acting; but in vain; her lover is seized and confined in the dungeon of the Inquisition. For the purpose of lengthening the piece, a little nonsensical episode is here introduced, in which Knight makes his appearance as a *tapster*, the only effect of which was that of wearying the audience. *Mephistophiles* releases *Faustus* from the dungeon, on the latter consenting to murder the King of Milan, whose throne his infernal patron promises him he shall afterwards ascend. After the murder, we find *Faustus* in possession of his regal dignities. *Adine*, insane and inspired, discovers him as her lover, and once more endeavours to reclaim him; but in vain; *Mephistophiles* seizes and transports him, *monstrum horrendum*, with the whole of the court, to the infernal regions, where the play ends, with a profusion of brimstone and phosphorus, squibs and crackers. It is lucky for the author the piece went off a little better than the fire works, or else it would have met with the fate it so richly deserves. There is in the midst of this twaddle, a redeeming quality in the character *Mephistophiles*. The dry caustic manner in which Mr. Terry repeated the character, conferred an equal obligation on the audience, as well as the author. All joking past, if the devil had not come to the assistance of the piece, the piece, we feel well assured, must have gone to the devil!

Mr. Wallack, though he had little but rant and fustian assigned him, acquitted himself with great *eclat*. Miss Stephens sung as bewitchingly as ever, in songs which the daily papers declare to be superior poetry; our readers will think so too, when they are told the following is a part of the duet with which Mr. Harley and Miss Povey favoured us:

Amo, I love, am loving, or do love,
And the love that I feel shall be ever a true love.
Bene, bene, cor meum, I see you'll improve,
Oh! yes, I am sure---I shall quickly improve,
And bless the conjunction of learning and love.

The scenery was almost without exception new, and extremely splendid. The music, by Bishop and others, was one of the most barefaced plagiarisms we ever saw foisted on an audience. It was a mere echo of "*Der Freyschutz*" from beginning to end. Mr. Harley sung the following burthen of a comic song to the melody of the hunting chorus.

Don't you think so? I do.
Oh, yes, gentlemen,
Nine out of ten
Will admit what I say to be true.

With all its inconsistencies, we shall not be surprised at Faustus having a run. As *Der Freyschutz* still retains its attraction, Mr. Elliston may bless himself on having a pair of spectacles: we hope he may see *his way* through them.

PUBLIC EVENTS.

On Tuesday, the 14th inst. all hopes of an immediate, and perhaps of a prospective, emancipation of the Catholics, were finally crushed by the House of Lords throwing out the bill which had passed the lower house in their favour. From the beginning of the late contest, we flattered ourselves that the bill would not, could not, reach the throne; but admitting that it had, and that the king—not regarding his Coronation Oath in exactly the light in which the same oath was always viewed by his royal father—had given it his deciding sanction; would it, with *all* the danger in which the Protestant faith would then have been placed, have rendered an iota of benefit to the great body of the Irish Catholics? Would it have ameliorated their poverty-stricken condition? Would misery have quitted the abode of the people? Would they have had any more reason than they now have to be satisfied with their situation? Would they have derived that benefit which their tyrannical priests, and a few politically interested men, religiously and superstitiously taught them to expect? No: if they are ever to be rendered comfortable, happy, and contented, it will be by a very different cause than that of their Catholic lords and masters being entrusted with official and legislative authority.

We feel, deeply feel, for suffering Ireland; and could we cause the voice of our sympathy to be heard by the middling and lower orders of her population, instead of recommending them to look for plenty and felicity, to what such men as the Messrs. O'Connells, O'Shiels, and O'Gormans, denominate *Emancipation* (a term, by-the-by, about which the majority of the poor of the Sister Island know as much as do the natives of Owhyhee,) we should say to them, Look to yourselves—search for the *real* causes of your unhappy indigence and misery; be no longer imposed upon by your priests and taskmasters; set both your hands and your minds to work, and prove your determination both to be usefully industrious, and to obtain ease and comfort as the reward of your toil. To the O'Connells, the O'Shiels, and the O'Gormans, we should say, Talk no more to a poor bigotted and misguided race about concessions and privilege, which, if it were right in us to grant, *they* are not qualified to enjoy or appreciate; but do something that shall effect their substantial good. Find them proper employment, and reward their labour liberally—raise their manufactories—teach them the mechanic arts—instruct them to cut canals and make public roads—give them a more equitable system of judicial administration—a revision of the revenue laws—*do away the Middle Men*, and give the peasantry the advantage of the presence of the actual owners of the soil: but above all, provide a system of education for their children, that the rising race may become wiser, better, and less dependent and wretched, than their neglected, ignorant, and debased parents.

This is the language we should hold, confident that it is sound, and that attention to it would produce more solid good to the bulk of the people of Ireland, than all the concessions that the hardest Catholic advocates could ask, or Protestant England be crazy enough to grant.

INDEX

TO THE

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Animal Bodies, vital matter in, 40

Brandy from Potatoes, 120

Black-lead Mine, *ib.*

Botany in Russia, *ib.*

Caravan Commerce in America, 121

China Ink, 122

Crocodile of the Ganges, new species of, 43

DRAMA, introductory observations, 16

Abon Hassan, 124

Der Freischutz, 16

Fall of Algiers, 30

Fatal Dowry, 39

Faustus, 142

Harley, Mr., and Miss Graddon, 124

Hebrew Family, *ib.*

Mathews's Memorandum Book, 62

The Modern Stage, a critical sketch, 45

Pantomimes, 30

William Tell, 141

Earth-hail of Quito, 60

Earthquakes, causes of, and Signs by which they are commonly preceded, 59

Electric Fluid, motion of, 120

Emanation of Light from various solid and liquid substances and animal matter, 40

Excess of Rain in 1824, 43

Expansion and Contraction of Stones in Buildings, &c. *ib.*

Fish, hatching of, 121

— Preservation of, *ib.*

FINE ARTS—

Academy, the Royal, 133

Engravings, 123

FINE ARTS—

Engraving of Lord Byron, 32

Egyptian Tomb Engraving, 123

Illustrations of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *ib.*

Lithographic copy of a Dutch Burgo-master from Rembrandt's original, 16

New Academy of Arts, 123

Painting discovered at Pompeii, 123

Portrait Engravings, *ib.*

Peristrephe Panorama, 32

Raphael Tapestry, *ib.*

Water Colour Exhibition, 140

Fossil Bones, extraordinary, 59

— Bat, 43

Forget Me Not, 90

French Revolution, 125, 129

Geological Intelligence concerning the environs of Celte, 62

Hair, theory of its Growth and Colour, 121

Hindoo Lapidary's Wheel, 120

Island, discovery of an, 59

Mezzotinto engraving on steel, 43

Mummy of the Mill, 42

Napoleon Bonaparte, 72

Ornaments of Cut Wood, and Veneers, 120

ORIGINAL PAPERS—

Forget Me Not, a tale, 90

Napoleon Bonaparte, 72

Origin and Nature of Personal Names, including those of the Guelphian family, 85

St. Petersburg, history of that city, 65

INDEX.

Persians, their early proficiency in certain sciences, 122
 Personal Names, view of their origin and nature, 85
 Public Events, 15, 44, 124
 Catholic Relief Bill, 144
 Earthquake in Persia, 29
 Home, *ib*
 Liberty of the Press in Russia, *ib*.
 Neva, Overflow of, *ib*.
 Royalist Army in Peru, 64
 Shakspeare's Plays, newly-discovered copy, 29
 War in India, 64

Rain, excess of, in 1824, 43

Red Snow, 40

REVIEWS—

Alice Allan, &c. 21
 Astrologer, the, 8
 British Gallery of Art,
 The Book of the Roman Catholic Church, 22
 Captain Lyon's Narrative, 17
 Caprice, 21
 Castle Baynard, 12
 Comic Tales, and Lyrical Fancies, 40
 Cookery and Confectionary, 102
 Dance of Death, 25
 English Spy, 7
 Elements of Euclid, 12
 English Life, 36
 Fireside Scenes, 22
 Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recreations, 134
 Fitzalloyne of Berkeley, a Romance of the present times, 110
 Historical and Topographical View of Northumberland, &c. 12
 History of Italy, 117
 Horæ Poeticæ, 13
 Hunter's Captivity among the North American Indians, 49
 Journal of a Residence and Travels in Colombia, in 1823, 1824, 94
 The Legend of Genevieve, 111
 Letters from the Irish Mountains, 22
 Lisbon, in Years 1821, 1822, 1823, 53
 The Laughing Philosopher, 103
 Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon, 118
 ——— of Lord Byron, 131

REVIEWS—

Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London, 13
 Memoirs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht, 33
 Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish Philosopher, 134
 Modern Athens, 55
 The Two Minas and the Spanish Guerillas, 106
 Our Village, 37
 Odes and Addresses to Great People, 103
 Poems, 132
 The Picture Gallery explored, 112
 Rothelan, 56
 Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, 9
 Rameses, 113
 Sayings and Doings, 37
 Scenes and Thoughts, 24
 Smiles and Tears, 26
 Sonnets and Poems, 92
 Tales of Ardennes, 115
 Tales of the O'Hara Family, 117
 Tales of Modern Days, 40
 Theodric, 1
 Treatise on Navigation, 28
 Tremaine, 111
 Travels of my Nightcap, 136
 Universal Stenography, 117
 Waddington's Visit to Greece, 137
 The Wandering of Childe Harold, a Romance, 11
 Westminster Hall, 102
 Seeds, preservation of, 43
 St. Helena, origin and structure of, 42
 Silk, British, on the raising of, 120
 Straw Bonnets and Hats, English manufacture of, 61
 St. Petersburg, history of, 65
 Telescopes extraordinary, 60
 Temperature, influence of, on Stone Bridges, 121
 Toads, longevity of, 42
 Unicorn, 40
 Vital Matter in Animal Bodies, *ib*.
 Weights and Measures, 60

